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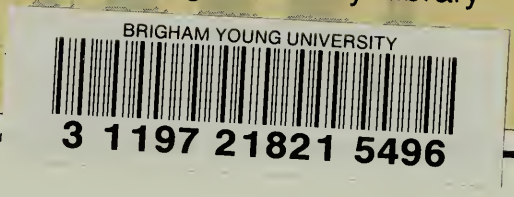

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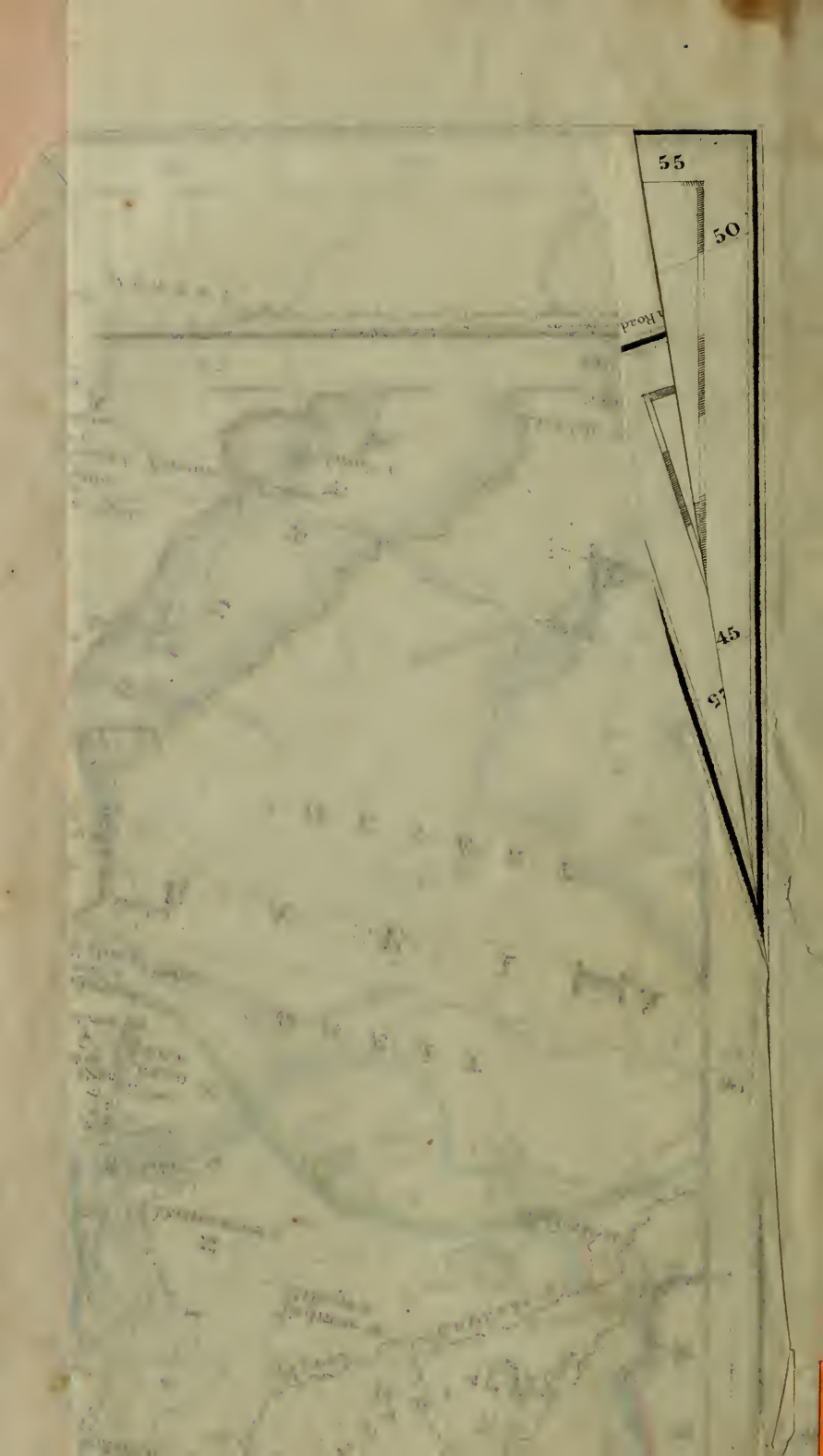
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MY WANDERINGS.

BEING

TRAVELS IN THE EAST

IN 1846–47, 1850–51, 1852–53.

BY JOHN GADSBY,

BIBLICAL AND ORIENTAL LECTURER,
AUTHOR OF "A TRIP TO SEBASTOPOL," &c. &c.

WITH MAP, AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

LONDON:
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MY WANDERINGS.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

CAUSE OF MY TRAVELLING.

The question may be asked what could induce me, a husband and a father, blessed with every domestic comfort, to leave all that was dear to me on earth, and undertake the "Wanderings," of which I am about to give an account.

Now, as I write only for friends, and as I presume no one but a friend would take the trouble to ask the question, I can have no hesitation in answering it.

In the previous editions of this work, I entered fully into my case, and gave a long account of what I had to endure; but I have thought it advisable to omit all from this edition, except what is necessary to explain the cause of my travelling.

In August, 1843, I caught a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, causing me to expectorate blood. I consulted some of the most eminent medical men of the day, including Sir J. Clark, Dr. T. Watson, &c., and was by them pronounced to be in a consumption. I remained under their treatment for several months, and was then advised to go to Madeira, as the winter had overtaken me. My cough was exceedingly violent, notwithstanding that I regularly wore a respirator, was encased in flannel, and took as much care of myself as the most timid doctor could have wished; until I became so weak that I could scarcely dress myself.

This winter (1843) was unusually mild up to the end of the year. Dreading that the new year would bring with it severe weather, and not having courage to go to Madeira, I left home early in January, 1844, for Bath, where I remained until a severe domestic affliction (the death of my dear and highly-honored father) caused me to return to Manchester almost at a moment's notice. All my friends gave me up, and I had certainly the appearance of one whose days were numbered within the compass of *tens*. My cheek-bones became more prominent, my finger-ends more shrivelled, my knuckles more projecting. I was too weak and low to venture back to Bath.

Thus I went on until the autumn of 1844, when, as I became gradually weaker and weaker, I resolved, as a last human resource, to attempt a journey to Grafenberg, in Silesia, to see the celebrated hydropathist, or "water doctor," Priessnitz. This

journey I undertook, without a companion, and without knowing a word of the language except what I learnt on my way from my German and English dictionary; but, through the mercy of God, I arrived in safety, after travelling over Germany for 10 or 11 days.

I found Priessnitz in his corn-field, hard at work with some of his patients. After a close inspection of me by his penetrating eye, he said my lungs were evidently in a very weak state, but he believed he had cured worse cases, and he advised me to try the milder parts of the treatment, at some establishment nearer home. Sweating and plunging I was *by all means* to avoid. Having taken a brief inspection of his immense establishment, in which there were upwards of 500 patients, I returned home with all due speed, my mind being made up to try the water. Accordingly, a few days after my arrival, I went to an establishment,* having been previously told by two medical men that, in my case, it was a very ill-advised step, and by one that I should never come back alive, he, at the same time, confessing that *he* could not cure me.

I remained there during the months of October and November, and my recovery was so rapid as to astonish all who knew me. My cough entirely left me, the expectorations nearly ceased, night perspirations disappeared, the pain in my chest rapidly diminished, and I was, in fact, another man. My eyes were opened to see the *uncertainty* of the faculty, and how much the Lord, in his providence, could bless even the simplest means.

From this time to June, 1845, I cannot remember that I suffered from any particular ailment, excepting that I was never very strong; but at that time, owing to my exertions in the cause of free trade, I was again prostrated, my old symptoms, from cold and exhaustion, returning upon me in an aggravated form. I made all possible haste to ——, and water and its accompaniments were again the means of restoring me.

I now continued gradually to gain strength, until September, 1846, when I again took cold, while travelling on a railway. As my old symptoms returned more violently than ever, and as I was unable to leave my bed, I resolved upon consulting Dr. Roots, of London, where I then was, of whose ability in chest ailments I had heard much. On his arrival, I insisted upon his giving me his candid thoughts. He hesitated, and said it was "a very serious question." I told him I knew it was; but, as I had sent to him for the purpose, I must press

* I omit the name of this establishment, as it is now in the hands of a doctor whom I could not recommend any one to consult.

for his answer. He paced the room, again examined my chest, and then said, "There is that on your lungs which will prevent your living many years. There are tubercles on one of your lungs, but they have not yet become soft." I asked him which lung. "The *left*," he replied emphatically. I then told him that Sir James Clark, two years before, had pronounced my *right* to be the worst. He seemed astounded, and was for a short time silent, but at length said, "It is not the first time that I have had occasion to differ from Sir James. I have been for 40 years connected with the hospitals," (so I understood him to say,) "and have seen disease in all its forms in innumerable cases; and I stake my reputation on the correctness of the opinion I have now given." After some other conversation, he left, saying, as he departed, "I advise you to go to Malta." On arriving at the bottom of the stairs, he was, of course, assailed by my dear wife; but he desired her not to alarm herself, as there was no *immediate* danger. She told him I was very susceptible of cold, and that riding in an open carriage, which some doctors so strongly recommended, frequently gave me cold. "Then," said he, "he must not do it."

As soon as able, I again went to the water establishment. The disease had, however, evidently increased; and, as the winter was close upon me, the doctor thought I could not do better than have a six months' tour, as recommended by Dr. Roots.

Now, though it was to my mind clearly as much my duty to go to Malta, under the advice of my doctors, as to do any other thing which they might deem necessary, yet, as the sea never did agree with me, and as I could foresee a thousand annoyances, I was quite determined not to go if I could help it. However, I felt that it was too important a step to decide upon from my own inclination merely; therefore I ventured to ask counsel of Him who alone can guide aright; and, while on my knees before him, the words, "My presence shall go with thee," came with such power to my mind that my way was made clear, and I had not afterwards the slightest misgiving on the subject.

My partner in life readily gave her consent, and thus I undertook my *first* tour.

In 1849, my premises in London were burned down. I was much amongst the ruins, and again took cold. Though up to that time, from my return from Egypt, I had been favored with better health than I had ever enjoyed before, yet now my old symptoms, with spitting of blood, &c., returned with as much force as in 1846. As soon as I had made the arrangements necessary after the fire, I went to Malvern, and

placed myself in the hands of Dr. Balbirnie. Under his treatment, (water,) and the blessing of God being again bestowed upon the means, I soon gained strength; but *he* also advised me not to risk the winter in England, but to depart for a milder climate. This, then, was the cause of my *second* tour.

On my return, I went to Malvern, and again saw Dr. Balbirnie. He was, he said, surprised at the great improvement in my lungs, and recommended me to go for two or three successive winters to the same parts, strictly adhering to hydropathic rules in the interim, as well as during the time that I was away. The following winter, however, I remained at home. It was throughout exceedingly mild, and I was carried through it far better than I had any reason to hope, having only two or three attacks.*

In November, 1852, I again left for Egypt; and I earnestly desire that it may be the last time I shall have to leave my native land; though I shall not hesitate to travel again if to do so should appear desirable. It may be all very well to visit those spots of sacred history *once*, as the pleasures afforded may counterbalance the annoyances; but to go again and again, not from choice but compulsion; to be worried with fleas and mosquitos, constantly searching your clothes for vermin of even a worse description, surrounded with filth, smothered in sand, perpetually tortured and thrown out of temper with myriads of flies, separated thousands of miles from all that is dear to you, and, above all, to have no friend near to whom you can open your heart either on temporal or spiritual matters, is a greater trial than I wish to have repeated. And those who think they could endure it without murmuring are quite at liberty to make the experiment. For myself, I can only say that, though I have penetrated into Nubia, the ancient Ethiopia; though I have traversed the length and breadth of Egypt, and have gazed with wonder upon the ruins of her monuments, those "relics of departed greatness," and the existing witnesses of the truth of Scripture prophecy that Egypt should become the "basest of kingdoms;" (Ezek. xxix. 15;) though I have crossed the dreary desert, and visited the Holy Land, (Zech. ii. 12,) and have carefully examined her sacred spots; though I have stepped into Turkey, and have beheld her marble palaces and glittering mosques and spires; though I have wormed my way amongst the graceful ruins of Greece, and have stood on Mars' Hill at Athens; though I have wandered from north to south and

* I have several times tried to take cod liver oil, but cannot make it agree with me.

again from south to north of Italy, where alabaster and marble, of every possible shade and vein, are so plentiful that they may be said figuratively to run down the streets like water, and where monuments, statues, paintings, and noble churches and cathedrals, (their altars groaning under the weight of silver and precious stones,) are as thick comparatively as daisies in a meadow; though I have passed along roads lined with myrtles and fragrant with fruits, have revelled in enrapturing gardens and promenaded mid numberless orange groves; though sumptuous palaces, curious museums, and gorgeous galleries have all passed under my eye; yet for the whole, nay, for *ten times* the whole, I would not give up my own dear country, or ever again quit its shores, unless necessity compelled me, or except on a tour of recreation. Nevertheless, I am bound to say that my "wanderings" have been wonderfully blessed to me, as I shall more particularly hereafter show.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

An architect who began a work without a plan would be considered to be almost as foolish as the man who built his house on the sand; yet I am bound to confess that though I have commenced *my* work, I have been unable to fix upon any plan on which to proceed. At first I thought I would write in the form of a diary, describing the respective countries in the order in which I visited them, and relating the various incidents as they occurred to me; but I soon found that this plan would be an imperfect one, and be attended with many inconveniences; because, as I had visited some of the places to be described, Malta for instance, five or six times, and as I had on each visit made myself more and more acquainted with the peculiarities of the people and with most other matters worth recording, I should only confuse my readers unless I completed my remarks on one country before I turned to another. Then I thought I would discard my journal altogether, and, taking the respective places in alphabetical order, content myself with describing them, without saying much about the intermediate parts of my journey; but on naming this plan to several of my more immediate friends, at whose especial request this work is published, I was not long in ascertaining that it would cause them great disappointment, as it would necessarily exclude many little "incidents of travel," anecdotes, &c., in which, for friendship's sake, they would feel as much interested as in any other part of the work.

My present mind, therefore, is, to lay as a foundation the journal of my first tour; to describe the various countries,

cities, people, &c., in the order in which I first visited them, incorporating with my remarks the results of my subsequent visits, so as to thoroughly clear my way as I go on; and to record, as I proceed, those incidents that occurred to me which I think will interest, instruct, or entertain my friends. But from even this plan I shall not hesitate to deviate whenever I think it can be done with advantage. I may, indeed, find it desirable to abandon it altogether before I have gone half through the work. My object will be to compress the largest amount of information into the smallest possible space; to insert in one volume incidents, descriptions, manners and customs, history, religious ceremonies, superstitions, prophecies, illustrations of Scripture, &c., without much concern about either regularity or style; as I think my friends will look more at the matter than the manner, more for facts than for fine writing.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

If any of my readers should make up their minds to travel, let me give them a word of advice. Do not seek to join company with any English travellers with whom you may meet, unless you know something of them beforehand or can receive a good report of them on the spot; for if you do, you must be prepared to have your eyes and ears too often offended, and your peace of mind molested; and if it be known that you are in any way of business, you must be further prepared to encounter contemptuous looks, and probably insulting remarks. There are far too many Englishmen abroad (and is it not too much the same at home?) who are hardly able to do anything but drink champagne, smoke cigars, hold up their eye-glasses, and take the name of God in vain. I have met with some who have passed for great men whom I would not "put with the dogs of my flock," and whom hundreds of our tradesmen, perhaps myself amongst the number, could buy up and not much miss the outlay, and yet who have eyed me with a sneer, because I was only a publisher, and not ashamed of my calling.

Again. Do not take your passage in a French steamer. With one or two exceptions, the French steamers are very dirty, and their table department totally unfit for an English uninitiated stomach. I must, however, make an exception in favor of French coffee. It is delicious. How it is I know not, but I never yet met any one in England who could make anything like it. Tea the French *cannot* make. It is now regularly put on the table in the first cabin of their steamers, but it is very slush. One day the steward of the steamer in which I was going to Malta in 1852, was pouring out some *tea*, when

it proved to be nothing but *water*. "Ah, Monsieur!" he exclaimed; "non reposé." That is, the tea had not *reposed;* but I could see no tea in the pot at all; so I suppose it *was* reposing—in the caddy. We had a Greek on board, who resides at Manchester. "Ah!" he said, looking at the teapot, "give me England. I loves everyting English, 'special de roast beef and potate." The French bread also is excellent. Though not equal, I think, to some of the bread in Italy, it is beyond comparison superior to most bakers' bread in England.

The French steamers, again, are old, and, I think, not over safe. I have known them several times compelled to put back to Malta, when it has been blowing a little fresh, while the English steamers have pursued their course uninterruptedly. The best boats on the Mediterranean, not only for speed and safety, but also for the table and every comfort, are beyond all doubt those of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Besides which, all their charges are included in one; whereas the French advertise that their fares are only so much, being rather less than the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and they then add six francs a day for food, two francs for passports, &c. (1853.)

I remember one Sunday, when on board a French steamer, a passenger from India asked me if the captain had service on board. I told him if he would go into the first cabin, which I had just left, he would procure the information. He went, and returned, as I had left, with feelings of disgust. There were the captain and two of the officers playing at cards, and the Bishop of Beyrout, as I understood, a Romanist, looking on.

ORIGINALITY OF THE WORK.

I shall not attempt to deceive my readers by telling them that every sentence in the following pages is original. On the contrary, I frankly avow that I have not hesitated to borrow from others whenever I have read or heard anything that has struck me as worth noting. For many of the engravings I am indebted to the "Pictorial Bible," the publishers having kindly allowed me to take casts; for others I am indebted to a work called "Nile Notes," written by an American in true American style; others I have borrowed from a work entitled "The Capitals of Europe;" and the remainder I have had engraved expressly for this work.

Of one thing my friends may rest assured, namely, that where an incident, or a custom, or a ceremony, or what not, is recorded as having been witnessed by myself, that incident, or custom, or ceremony, will be faithfully described, without a

shade of exaggeration. And this is more than can be said of almost every book on the East that I have read, for travellers are amazingly fond of using a magnifying glass. I dare not say that I shall record every custom without extenuation, for some such customs that my eyes have beheld are far too revolting to be put on paper.

The familiar style in which the work is written may surprise those who are not aware that I had originally no expectation of its ever being seen by any but my own immediate acquaintance. Such, however, is the fact; and though, greatly to my surprise, I find it has circulated far and near, upwards of 8,000 copies having already been disposed of, yet the only criticisms I shall feel bound to respect will be those emanating from the class of persons for whom the work was penned. (1858.)

Some, even of my friends, may wish that I had omitted the anecdotes and a portion of the incidental parts of the work; but I must beg of them to remember that I have young friends as well as old ones, and that I write for the one as well as the other. Besides, I know not how I could give a faithful account of my travels if I kept these back. And then again, those who know me know well that it would be almost as impossible for me to either write or speak without illustrative anecdotes as it would be for me to live without food. I have tried many times to avoid this, but it seems to form part of my very composition. For truly I am a strange compound, made up of many contradictory elements, as I know to my sorrow.

My ship, however, leaky as it is, is now fairly afloat. As I sail only for friends, so I expect only friendly passengers; and I beg of them, if they find the water increase occasionally in the hold, not to fold their arms and abuse the captain, but pity his inability to make the little barque watertight, and then, with all their might and main, turn to and help him work the pumps; for should the ship become water-logged, the voyage may prove disastrous to all.

CHAPTER II.—LONDON TO MALTA.

It was on the 19th of October, 1846, that I left London. Malta was the point at which I aimed, and I had then no thought of going beyond. In four hours I reached Folkestone, by the South Eastern Railway, and in two hours more I had crossed the Channel, in one of the company's steamers, and had arrived at Boulogne, in France. My first intention was to go by the "Ripon" steamer, by way of Gibraltar; but, from

some cause or other, I changed my mind, and was induced to take what is called the overland route; that is, by way of France. The "Ripon" left England in due course, but, encountering a severe gale in the Channel, she was nearly wrecked, and was obliged to put back with loss of rudder and other damage.

As I was totally unacquainted with the French language, I many times wondered how I should get on; but, so long as I had money in my pocket and a head on my shoulders, I fancied I should do very well, as I had done in Germany about two years before. When crossing the Channel, I made friends with a French gentleman who could speak a little English, and who was going to Paris. This gentleman made every arrangement necessary for me, and so saved me a great deal of annoyance. He was not only polite, but really sincere; which is more than can be said of some of his countrymen with whom I afterwards met.

On arriving at Boulogne, we were marched between two files of soldiers to the customs house. Here our passports and luggage were carefully examined. All my baggage was passed except a mosquito net; that is, a net not unlike a balloon, made to keep off the mosquitos during the night while at Malta, where they are as plentiful as in Egypt. This net was seized; but on representing its use to the officers, and showing them how we crawled into it, namely, through a kind of bag on one side, they laughed heartily, and then gave it up to me. On my last visit to Boulogne from England, I had with me a travelling rug, for which I had paid 14s. This was taken from me, and 16s. demanded for duty. However, by pointing to my passport, and showing that I was going on to Malta, I succeeded in getting it returned.

Boulogne contains 30,000 inhabitants, about one-fourth of whom are English. The town is, indeed, principally supported by English. It is warmed and lighted by English coal, and enriched by English money; and is said to contain upwards of 120 boarding schools chiefly for the "benefit" of English youth; but I should prefer keeping *my* children in England.

As, on my first passing over France from Boulogne, there were very few railroads, I was compelled to travel all night in a diligence, which must be understood to mean a clumsy machine drawn by six and sometimes eight horses, carrying 17 or 18 passengers, and going about five miles an hour. Early the next morning we reached Amiens, where peace was once made with Bonaparte. Here our diligence, with passengers and baggage, was raised on to a truck, on a railroad, and we were thus transported to Paris.

On going from Boulogne to Amiens, I noticed the number of drawbridges over which we had to pass, under the very noses of cannon; and I could not help feeling thankful that I lived in a country in which nothing of the sort was necessary in the interior, for they at once associate themselves in one's mind with scenes of horror and of blood.

Amiens is an important manufacturing town, its products being chiefly cotton velvets, or fustians, and cotton and woollen yarns. The machinery of many of the factories is worked by water wheels, turned by the river Somme, which is split into eleven branches, superseding the necessity for steam. One would think that, with such advantages, the French ought to undersell the English in any market in the world; but the people lack industry and perseverance.

At Paris I found it necessary to engage a guide, as I wished to see the principal places of interest. The palaces, galleries, gardens, public walks, and monuments, far surpass anything that we have in England, and every successive revolution has only increased their grandeur. With a few exceptions, the streets are very inferior to those of London, being narrow and dirty, and the footpaths, instead of being flagged, are merely sharp pebbles, like those of Leicester, which soon made my feet sore. In the cathedral of Notre Dame, I was shown what was said to be a piece of the cross on which the Saviour was crucified. Of course I smiled at this, as I knew that there had been as much wood sold as pieces of the *real* cross as would make many such crosses. One writer says there has been as much sold as would build a man of war. The piece in the cathedral was set in diamonds.

My guide, who was an Englishman, proved to be a most accomplished scoundrel, as indeed are all the English guides with whom I have ever met abroad.

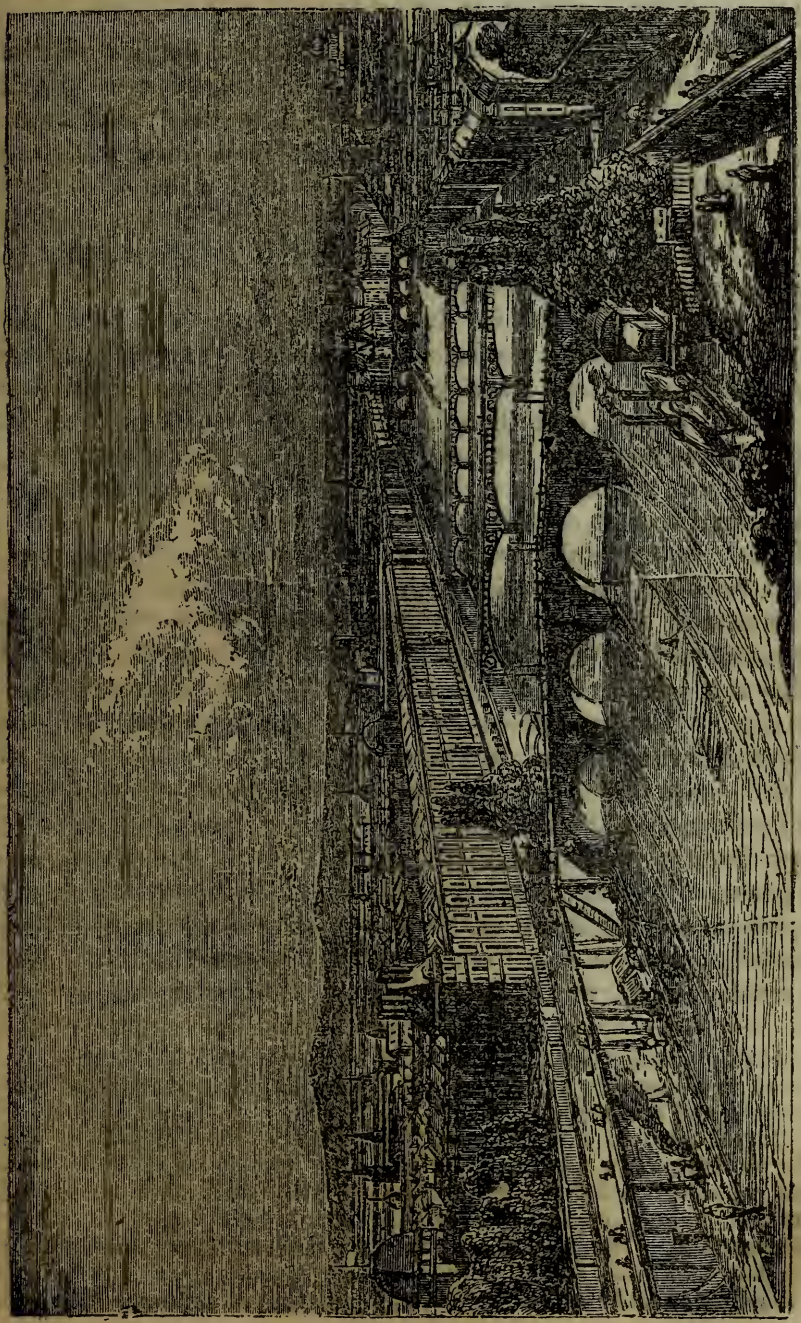
Prior to the Revolution of 1789, Paris contained no less than 160 Roman Catholic churches, besides 56 monastic establishments for men, and 52 convents, &c., for women. Many of these were destroyed by the Republicans, and the power of the priests has not to this day fully recovered, though they are again looking up, under the fraternising care of Louis Napoleon.

In the Place de la Concorde stands an obelisk, which was taken by Napoleon from Thebes, when his army was in Egypt.

The population of Paris is, perhaps, about half as many as that of London; or it may be rather more. In the variety of their manufactures, the people are not surpassed by those of any city in the world; but their productions, though ele-

gant, are by no means so substantial as those of the English. Jewellery, clocks, watches, trinkets, musical instruments, lace, and embroidery, are amongst the principal.

The Seine passes through Paris, dividing the city into two parts; just as the Thames passes through London. The river is crossed by several bridges, the view of the city from which



PARIS AND THE RIVER SEINE.

is imposing. The atmosphere being clearer than that of London, the effect is the more striking. Fogs are much more rare in Paris than in London.

In the university of Paris, William Farel and John Calvin were educated; and here Protestants were first called Calvinists, no other distinction being then known between Protestants and Roman Catholics.*

I stayed in Paris only two nights, and then again took the diligence for Chalons. This occupied 36 hours, two nights and one day. Some parts of the road from Paris to Chalons were so bad that we required seven powerful horses to drag the diligence along even at the rate of five miles an hour; and I saw seven horses drawing a two-wheeled cart up a hill; yet the land around was so light and rich that it required only one horse to draw the plough.

We reached Chalons in due course, and then took the steamer on the Sâone for Lyons, the principal manufacturing city in France. Here I arrived in about six hours. This was on the Saturday; and though I was exceedingly anxious to get to Marseilles, lest I should miss the English steamer for Malta, which sailed only twice a month, yet I unhesitatingly determined to rest on the Lord's Day.

Lyons is certainly an extraordinary city. Having two rivers running through it, both, in many respects, superior to even our Thames, it is well situated for manufacturing purposes, and is the principal silk manufactory in Europe. There are said to be upwards of 30,000 looms in and near the city. The operatives are great revolutionists, and are truly forbidding in their appearance, and are ever anxious, so far as I could learn, to go to war with England. Not so with the tradesmen of Paris. On my return home in 1853, I made every inquiry possible, and found that there the people are for peace, and that they support the present emperor, Louis Napoleon, in the hope of his being able to preserve peace, especially at home. A French officer, however, told me that we must not put much confidence in Napoleon's professions.

* It is generally thought that the great Reformation in Europe commenced in Germany; but it was not so, as Farel was its pioneer both in France and Switzerland. Paris was listening to the great truths of the Gospel even as early as 1512, while Luther was a monk and was going to Rome on a mere trifling business. Calvin followed; but the awful persecutions of the Protestants in the reign of Francis I., of execrable memory, compelled him to flee from Paris, and finally settle in Switzerland. While here, he published his well-known work on the Christian Institutes, which at once became the standard of reference for the French and Swiss Protestants, in all cases of doubt or difficulty.

In Lyons, the presence of an army of 30,000 men is ever necessary to keep the people quiet.

Here I met with an American gentleman who had seen me at public meetings in Manchester. He acted as my guide, and, with other places, took me to the Church of the Martyrs; that is, a church which has been erected in the field in which Robespierre is said to have had many priests and others shot, for endeavoring to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion during the Reign of Terror. In a vault under the church there were hundreds of bones, skulls, &c., which had been collected by the priests, and by them arranged round the walls. Some of the skulls had bullet-holes through them. Robespierre was not a nominal but a practical Atheist. He said the priests had too much power over the people; therefore he had them shot. He afterwards, however, declared that unless there were some kind of religion, the people would be ungovernable. Some idea may be formed of the morals of the people at the time, when I name that a law was introduced into their parliament to legalise adultery.

On the rivers are a number of floating washhouses, and here were scores of women washing all day on Sunday. There are also several mills grinding corn, and these have the appearance of floating houses. As the stream is very powerful, the mills are turned by its force. I saw the same thing on the river Elbe, in Germany. Indeed, it is the case all over the continent; but none of our rivers would be forcible enough.

Most of the streets of Lyons are narrow, and all are execrably dirty. The names of some of the streets are painted on *black* plates, and those of others on *yellow*. These are excellent guides to strangers, as the *black* plates are all in streets which run parallel with the course of the rivers, and the *yellow* ones in those which run at right angles to them. Near the church of Notre Dame stands a tower, about 630 feet high, from which a magnificent view may be obtained, not only of rivers, plains, and hills, country seats, gardens, and orchards, but also of the famous Mont Blanc, nearly 100 miles distant, with its snow-capped peak.

Lyons must be ever memorable to the Protestant world, as being the residence of Peter Waldo, by whom the Scriptures were first translated into a modern language. Under him a great reformation was commenced, even as early as the twelfth century.*

* An extraordinary occurrence in providence was the means of awakening Waldo's mind to his state as a sinner. One evening, after supper, one of the company fell down dead on the floor, to the con-

My way to Marseilles lay down the river Rhone to Avignon, about 200 miles from Lyons; but I found that the river was so flooded that it was doubtful when a steamer would be able to go. At 5 o'clock on the Monday morning, however, I arose at a venture, and found that the flood had so far subsided that

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sternation of all present. This aroused and alarmed Waldo; and, under the terrors of an awakened conscience, he had recourse to the Holy Scriptures for instruction and comfort. These directed him to the One Thing Needful; and there, through the blood of atonement, he found the way of escape from the wrath to come, and peace and joy were imparted to his soul. He now desired to communicate to others somewhat of that happiness which he himself enjoyed; and he therefore abandoned his mercantile pursuits, distributed his wealth amongst the poor, and set to work to translate the New Testament; for the only copies extant hitherto were in the Latin tongue.

About the year 1160, the doctrine of transubstantiation was required by the court of Rome to be acknowledged by all men; and her votaries fell down before the consecrated wafer; but Waldo was struck with the abomination, impiety, and absurdity of the ceremony, and courageously opposed it. As he became more acquainted with the Scriptures, he began to discover that a multiplicity of doctrines, rites, and ceremonies, which had been introduced into religion, had not only no foundation in the word of God, but were most pointedly condemned therein; and he thereupon raised his voice loudly against them. Pope Alexander III., however, ordered him to be proceeded against with the utmost rigor; and the result was, that Waldo and his followers were compelled to quit Lyons, and scatter themselves over the country. As was the case with the disciples of old, so it was with these new disciples. Driven from place to place, the doctrines they taught were spread more and more, until many thousands were brought to relinquish the errors of Popery, and declare themselves Protestants. These were called Leonists, Vaudois, Albigenses, or Waldenses. Waldo first went to Dauphiny, but was driven thence into Picardy, and thence into Germany; and at last finished his course in Bohemia, in 1179. At Mentz, Brügen, and Strasburg, many citizens were burnt at the stake. But these were as a mere drop in the blood-red ocean of Popish persecution. The Inquisition had begun its murderous work, and the pen recoils from the enumeration of the thousands who perished. One of the inquisitors, addressing a poor condemned Albigenses, wrote as follows:—

"As you declare you won't believe, 'tis fit that you should burn,
And as your fellows have been burnt, that you should blaze in turn;
And as you've disobey'd the will of God and of St. Paul,
Which ne'er was found within your heart, nor pass'd your teeth at all,
The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,
That thro' these tortures, for your sins, your passage you may take."

O! who has not heard of the murderous Francis I., of France, and of Catherine de Medici; and of that awful St. Bartholomew's day, in which 100,000 peaceable citizens were butchered? Those who have not, and who have any doubt upon the matter, will do well to purchase Jones's "History of the Waldenses," and the "History of the Protestant Reformation in France."

a packet was going ; and I therefore soon proceeded on my journey. The stream was so rapid that we went down the river at railway speed, more than 20 miles an hour. Four men were required at the helm, and sometimes, when there was a sharp turn, a fifth had to lend a hand. When coming near to a bridge, the engines had to be reversed ; and yet, notwithstanding, it really seemed as if we must be dashed to pieces against the abutments, so impetuously did the water rush through the arches. The Rhone steamers are worked by high-pressure engines, which render them dangerous. On returning up the river, it is no uncommon thing for the boilers to burst. Two steamers were, I believe, lost in this way in one week.

The scenery on the Rhone, as we passed down it to Marseilles, was superb ; not, perhaps, so gigantic as on that portion of the Elbe which runs through Saxon Switzerland, along which I passed on my way to Grafenberg, in 1844, but certainly more picturesque. There is no scenery in Great Britain like it. The lofty hills on one side, and sometimes on both sides, were covered with vines ; so that the cottages, and now and then a large town, seemed to be situated in the midst of one entire garden. Then the frequent and sometimes sharp windings of the river appeared so to hide all outlet from view that it seemed, at the speed at which we were going, as though we must be dashed to pieces on the hill ahead of us. But no. The faithful helm kept the steamer in her course ; and on piercing, as it were, through those hills, or winding round that mountain, fresh scenes opened up, surpassing, if possible, in beauty those to which we had just bid adieu. Vines, plantations, tributary streams, innumerable islands, and now and then rugged rocks, all contributed to strike me with wonder, and compelled me to exclaim,

"The hand that made us is Divine."

The scenery of the Rhone has certainly been strangely overlooked by travellers, comparatively little having been said about it.

We reached Avignon in the afternoon. Here, for 65 years, the Popes reigned ; that is, from 1305 to 1370 ; and then Pope Gregory XI. removed to Rome ; but three rival Popes continued to reign in Avignon until 1424. In the ancient pope's palace there is preserved a rack, one of those deadly instruments of torture which the Roman Catholics used against those whom they termed heretics ; but, horrible as the rack was, it was by no means the most cruel instrument of torture

that the Papists used. The one which was, perhaps, the most horrible of all others was an iron chair, suspended from a beam with pulleys. Under this chair a fire was lighted, and the poor sufferer was, at brief intervals, *dipped*, as it were, into the fire, and then suddenly drawn up again, the murderous act being repeated until life was extinct. In this palace, too, the Chamber of Torture is still to be seen. It is built with funnel-shaped walls, contracting upwards, in the manner of a glass-house, a form devised, it is said, to stifle the cries of the miserable victims. In the thickness of the wall in one corner, are the remains of a furnace for heating torturing irons. Near it are the holes to which was attached the instrument called La Veille, a pointed stake upon which the condemned was seated, suspended by cords from above, so as to prevent his falling, yet allowing his whole weight to bear upon the point.

From Avignon I proceeded to Marseilles, travelling all night by diligence.* Though only about 50 or 55 miles, the journey occupied 17 hours.

Just before we left Avignon, an English Government messenger came up, who was going to India with Government despatches. He was on board the "Ripon" when nearly wrecked, as I have described, and had travelled express to catch the steamer at Marseilles. He gave us a fearful account of the situation of the "Ripon," stating that he never was so nearly lost, though he had been thousands of miles on the seas.

On arriving at Marseilles, I found that the steamer was not ready to start; and, indeed, we had to wait four days beyond the usual time. This, however, did not trouble me, as I was already in a warmer climate, and as it gave me an opportunity of resting, of writing to my family, and of observing many of the manners and customs of the French.

The main thing that a Frenchman appears to care about is his appetite. I have seen some of them partake of nearly 20 dishes, of one sort or another, all within three quarters of an hour. When I left home, I quite made up my mind to be very particular about my diet, as I knew that this was a great point as regarded my health. The first meal, however, to which I sat down after I left England, viz., at Boulogne, convinced me that, until I arrived at my journey's end, I

* The railway is now open nearly all the way from Boulogne to Marseilles, and it is expected that the entire line will be completed next spring, (1855,) when Malta may be easily reached in 100 or 110 hours from London.

had not much power on that score; for every dish was either so highly seasoned or so saturated with oil that I had no alternative but to abstain almost altogether or to risk a dyspeptic attack. It was not so much the bills of fare that I objected to as the way in which the articles were cooked. I was once present at a breakfast table, when the following were served up: Oysters, sausages, fowls, tongues, larks, cheese, beef steaks, game, stewed kidneys, fish, pigeons, fricandeau, new rolls, wine, (unlimitedly,) apples, pears, sweet cakes, candied oranges, &c.; and of each of these some at the table ate heartily; and then, having pretty nearly demolished everything that made its appearance, my French companions, greatly to my astonishment, exclaimed, "After a good breakfast, we must have some coffee," and thereupon adjourned to a café, (or coffee-house,) where they had neat brandy, strong coffee made almost into a jelly with sugar, and, lastly, cigars. This was about half-past 10. "Now," said one, "we are all right till dinner." My thoughts were that they were all wrong; at least I know *I* should have been, had I followed their example. Again, in travelling from Paris to Chalons, we stopped to dine, when about 12 dishes were partaken of by some of my fellow passengers in less than a quarter of an hour! A huge pile of plates is sometimes put opposite each person, giving the table the appearance of a not very insignificant earthenware shop; and the immense number of decanters, (a decanter of wine being put alongside each person,) salvers, and glasses would justify me in adding, "and glass shop also." The instant you relinquish your fork, your plate is caught away by one of the numerous waiters in attendance, and, almost quicker than your eyes can follow the movement, its place is supplied by one from your pile, which is gently but expeditiously slipped down to its proper level. The waiters in the hotels in England are not half so expert. The clatter is unrivalled. I was once present at one of these dinners, when I counted about 30 persons at the table, and each one had by his side a pile of 16 plates.

Compared with the Italians or the Irish, the French certainly are not a dirty people. Their table linen is always clean. Go into what hotel or restaurant (eating house) you may, you are sure to have laid before you a clean table napkin and a clean table cloth, the former of which I always used first to clean my fork with.

Of the French soups I was always afraid, for I knew that they boasted they could make good soup out of anything or nothing, and I never knew what that anything or nothing

might be,—anything, I suppose, from a frog to a piece of leather-beef, with tomato sauce and vegetables.

Some of the market women are dressed most grotesquely, generally without bonnets, but often with straw hats, having brims from 4 in. to 6 in. wide. I saw several women with earrings about 3 in. in diameter.

Though France is exceedingly rich in its agricultural productions, yet, to an English eye, the country has a barren appearance. The fields are not divided by hedge-rows, neither is there half as much timber growing as there is in England; so that, for the most part, the country looks like one vast open plain. In April, however, as I witnessed on my return, everything looks truly lovely. Chesnuts, lilacs, and other trees, are all in full bloom, presenting an appearance which does not show itself in England for a month or six weeks afterwards. The vines in France all grow in the open air; not against the sides of houses, as in the south of England, but in the fields. They are about three feet high, are stuck in the ground about as far apart as gooseberry bushes, and are propped up like raspberry bushes. From the grapes thus produced, the French wines and brandies are, of course, made.

One thing I remarked in every town, that nearly every soldier was short and nearly every diligence driver and conductor was tall. In the army, there being in France some 400,000 men regularly trained to be shot at, I saw no six-feet grenadiers. They know how to march, however, and their bands as far surpass ours as ours surpass—I was going to say those of the Turks, but that would have been too bad.

Marseilles is the principal sea-port town in France; but there is not one-fourth the amount of shipping here that there is at Liverpool. As all the sewers of the town empty themselves into the harbor, and as there is no tide to cleanse the harbor, the stench is sometimes intolerable, and dredging machines have to be constantly at work. Some of the streets are good, and may well be said to rival those of Paris. The city contains about 200,000 persons. (There is now a new harbor.)

On the 31st, the captain ordered us all on board. The steamer was the Government mail packet, the "Volcano," carrying the overland India mail between Marseilles and Malta, one of the most important stations of our mail service. That night, (the 31st,) I went to my berth, and when I awoke, I found myself rolling on the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. The wind was dead against us, and it came on to blow so hard that the captain was obliged to change his course, and, instead of going through the Straits of Bonifaccio, on the

north coast of Sardinia, to steer for the south coast, by which means we kept for some time under shelter of the island. Yet, notwithstanding this, the vessel rolled fearfully. Nearly all the passengers, and even one or two of the officers, were very sick and ill all day. For myself, though a little qualmish, I was not sick. I drank nothing but cold water.

The following evening the officers began to talk of what are called the Skerki Rocks, the Master saying he hoped we should keep clear of them, though, not having been able, from the dulness of the day, to take his observations, he hardly knew whereabouts we were. Some years ago, the captain of a man-of-war, called the "Athènienne," a very clever man, said he did not believe there were any such rocks; "but," said he, "if there be, and if they are where the chart shows them, we ought to be just upon them." Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the vessel struck, and was dashed to shivers. Upwards of 200 persons perished, and only a very few were saved.

On the 2nd of November it was very wet, and the storm had greatly increased. The jib sail was carried away by the wind. I went into the carpenter's cabin on deck, and quietly watched the rolling of the sea, which was so rough that it was continually dashing over the packet, and I thought it could not possibly be worse. In this, however, I was mistaken, as I shall show by and by. About 7 o'clock in the evening we began to look out for land, Sardinia, as the Master said we must be near it, but he could not tell *how* near, his sextant being perfectly useless during such weather. At 9, land was in sight, and the Master ordered the watch to keep a sharp look out for the rock Toro, which is, I believe, about 500 or 600 feet high, as he thought we might be passing between that and the main land. But he was wrong, as we saw nothing of it. Now was the time to be really anxious about the Skerki Rocks; but it appeared in the morning that we were too much to the south for them. The Master, however, began to pore very anxiously over the charts, and I found that, having been blown too much to the south for the Skerki Rocks, he was apprehensive that we might get on to the Dog Rocks, on the coast of Africa.

About half-past 12, midnight, I went on deck, and found, though the sky was then beautifully clear, that the wind was blowing furiously. The officer on watch pointed out a brig that was running before the wind, just ahead of us, and he said it would be "as much as bargain" to be able to keep out of the way. The helm was kept hard to port, and presently the brig shot past us almost close to the stern. It certainly

looked terrific. What a merciful escape! Had we been only a few yards nearer, the brig must have run us down. Our engines were not worth a rush; for, instead of making head, we were absolutely being drifted out of our course.

On the 3rd, it blew harder and harder; so that, while at breakfast, one of the passengers was turned completely over, his coffee following him; and we all had the greatest difficulty to keep from doing the like. The Master told us he was sure we must have been blown so much to the south as to be near the coast of Barbary, and we might expect shortly to see Tunis. The sun being out at noon, he took his observations, and found we were about 40 miles out of our course.

About half-past 8, on the morning of the 4th, we saw the isle of Zembra, near Tunis, having narrowly escaped the Dog Rocks. Had we been blown a few more miles in that direction, I believe we should have been on them.

At 6 in the evening it was announced that we had only 24 hours' consumption of coal on board. We were then just passing Cape Bon, the most northerly point of Africa. We labored hard to get in sight of the island of Pantellaria; and, having done this, the fires were put out, and we began to tack about. This was not very pleasant certainly, and I cannot say that I half liked it, as our steamer was now turned into a sailing packet.

We often in England talk of a beautiful sunset, but certainly we must leave England to behold such a one as I beheld this evening. The islands of Zembra and Zembraletta were astern, and the coast of Africa on the left; while the sun, with the rolling waters around us, sank amidst the most sublime and romantic-looking clouds I ever saw. It would be folly to attempt to portray them. No painter could give any idea of the scene.

On the 5th, we found we had been blown about 10 miles to the west, while our course lay to the east; but we had no help for it, as the wind continued right ahead. Early in the morning the rudder wheel broke, but having a tiller on board, we did not suffer much inconvenience, except from fright. We were now about 130 miles from Malta.

At 8 o'clock the wind moderated, the steam was again got up, and the engines set to work again. All the old wood, casks, and planks, and some 15 cwt. of old ropes, were thrown into the engine-room for fuel, as the coal was nearly exhausted; but it was all of no use, for in five hours the wind rose again, and the captain, finding we could not make way, ordered the fires to be put out again, to save what little coal we had left

for any emergency that might arise, and to prevent our being wrecked should we be driven too near the land.

While the men were chopping up the ropes, I observed that every piece contained a vast number of scarlet threads. Untwist the rope as often as I would, still the scarlet thread appeared in every fold. It struck me that this was like sin, present in all our movements, in every vein, in every nerve; and it might be something of what Isaiah meant by the term "cart-rope," (Isa. v. 18,)—that sin was in every fold, until it became as strong as a cart rope; for ropes were, of course, always made of various folds, according to the strength required. Everything in the ship, too, was marked with the broad arrow, as is the case throughout the Royal Navy. Every plank, chair, kettle, and pan; every knife, fork, and spoon; yea, even every biscuit, bore the impress of the broad arrow.

The wind increased, and the foreyard snapped in two like a match. All hands were ordered aloft, and we were now entirely, as we say, at the mercy of the wind. In about three hours more the main sheet was carried away, and I began to wonder what would come next. The vessel rolled like a cork, having no ballast in her to steady her. If for a few minutes the wind seemed to be veering round in our favor, it suddenly chopped about again, and again went smack ahead. In the evening there was a heavy shower, which settled the sea considerably, but the wind was still against us. The air was, however, delightful, quite as warm as it is in England in June.

Early the next morning, (the 6th,) I found we were being blown again towards Pantellaria, and we had to keep tacking about the best way we could to keep clear of it. During the day, the doctor on board reported that one of the sailors was dead. This spread a sad gloom over us, for it is at best a fearful thing to die at sea. In the evening the bell tolled, the sailors appeared on deck with lanterns, as it was pitch dark, and the marines followed, carrying the corpse. Then came the officers, in full uniform. The Commander read the burial service, and the Master officiated as clerk; and the poor fellow was cast into his watery grave, sewn up in his hammock and weighted with shot at his feet. It was indeed to us a melancholy scene.

The packet rolled worse than ever. One thing was capsized after another, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep our seats, though we all held fast to a large table that was firmly fixed to the ship. Had the table given way, we should have been in a pretty plight.

On the 7th, we saw the Sicilian coast, and, our foreyard having been repaired, the sails were set, and we endeavored

to reach Marsala;* but, though we went within six miles of the land, and saw the fires on shore, we could not get in. Indeed, we were far too much to the south for it. The Master said we had passed within a mile or two of Graham's Shoals.

At midnight the wind again sprang up from the old quarter, and increased to such a degree that our empty tub was literally like a feather upon the waters. The sailors all declared they had never experienced anything like it.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 8th, the forecross stay was snapped in two, as the foreyard had been on the 5th. Hearing the noise, I went on deck to see what was the matter, when I found that the sky was alarmingly black, and the rain was falling in torrents. We still continued tacking about, now on the coast of Sicily and then on the island of Pantellaria. I thought the word Pantellaria would never be erased from my memory, that I should think of it every time I put on my pantaloons, and that I should never see a child's cock-boat but I should dream of the "Volcano" steamer. It rained so heavily all day that none of the passengers were able to go on deck, and in the evening it thundered and lightened incessantly. I lent one of the officers my Macintosh coat and overalls, as he said he had not a dry thing in his cabin, having had four sailors' thick coats wet through during the day. A little before midnight I tried to go on deck, but it was impossible to do so, as the rain was falling, not in torrents merely, but almost in cataracts, (I know not what other word to use,) and as the thunder and lightning were terrific. A lightning conductor had been affixed to the mast, but it was soon carried away. The lightning flashes were like one continuous fire, or like a fire under the influence of a pair of bellows—flash, flash, flash.

At midnight the officer on watch reported that we were near land *somewhere*, but he could not tell where. The captain ordered him to tack about, and it was providential that we did, for it was discovered through the darkness that we were indeed *very* near land. It now blew so hard that the ship would not properly answer the helm, so that for some time it appeared doubtful whether we could get clear of the coast. At one time I was nearly pitched out of my berth. Everything on board that was loose was upset with a tremendous crash, and several sheet-blocks were broken. One of the oldest sailors on board said he had never witnessed a "nastier night." This squall appeared to be the climax; for as soon as it had

* Marsala is an important town in Sicily, whence an inferior wine is exported, many hogsheads of which are sold in England for Sherry; but a good judge can readily detect the fraud.

passed over, the wind went gradually down, until about noon on the 9th; and then we had a perfect calm, which continued for some hours. These sudden changes are very common on the Mediterranean,—now a calm and then a hurricane.

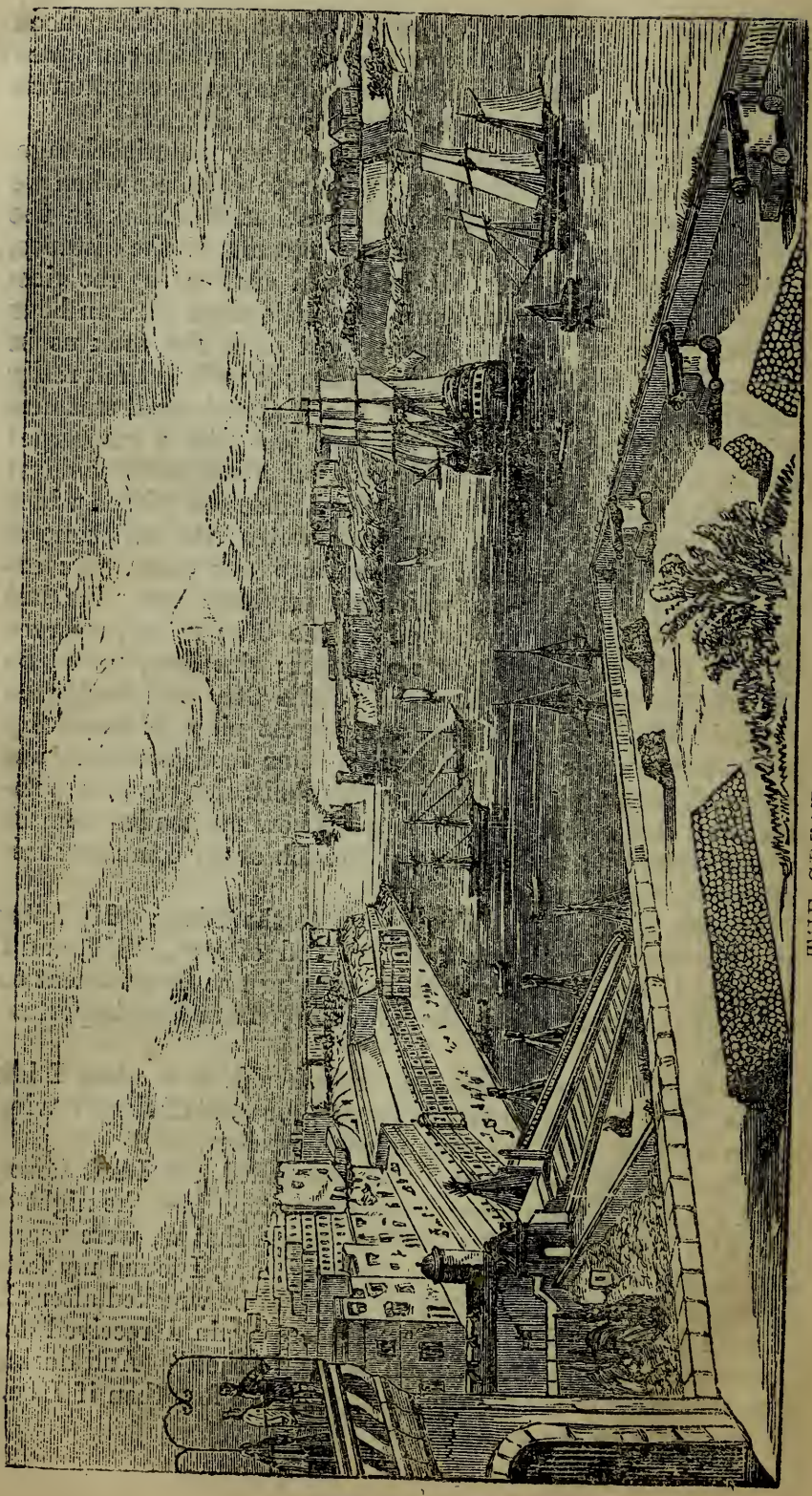
This day and night passed over without any material change, so that it was totally out of our power to calculate when we might expect to reach Malta. But, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, we descried a steamer in the distance, which proved to be one that had been sent out by the vice-admiral at Malta to look for us. In little more than an hour she was up to us; and, to make short of it, she took us in tow, and thus enabled us to reach Malta; for which I felt really thankful. Only fancy! One of her Majesty's mail steamers being towed into harbor by another, just like a coalbarge! Ten days at sea, instead of only two and a half or three days!

We had tasted no fresh animal food since the 5th, on which day we had to economise our fresh water; the last bone of fowl was picked on the 7th, when also our coffee was exchanged for cocoa or tea, whichever we liked best; the last captain's biscuit was swallowed on the 6th; milk, preserved till the 8th, could hold out no longer; rice disappeared on the 7th, but hove again in sight on the 9th; and finally, on the said last-mentioned day, the nearest piece of bread lay somewhere on the coast of Sicily. Our food, therefore, was salt beef, bacon, pickled tongues, ships' biscuits, sea pies, potatoes, tea, and cocoa. I asked myself how my tender stomach would endure it; and either my stomach or my common sense answered, "Eat sparingly."

I wrote an account of this voyage to the *Times*. My letter was inserted in that paper on the 3rd of Dec., 1846, and I am told it had its full weight in causing the Government to take off that useless tub, the "Volcano," from that important station.

Though I certainly was better in health than when I left home, yet I was completely exhausted for want of sleep, having had very little from the time I left Marseilles.

I have already said that I was persuaded, ere I left home, that the step I was taking was a right step. On the night of the 4th, however, when it was announced that we were nearly out of coals, and when it was blowing hard, I found my faith giving way, and I began to fear I should be wrecked after all. I went into my little cabin, and there again I received the assurance, "My presence shall go with thee." And during the remainder of the voyage I felt no more fear than if I had been sitting by my own fireside.



THE GREAT HARBOR, MALTA.

CHAPTER III.—MALTA.

The view of Malta, on entering the Great Harbor, is exceedingly imposing. The prodigious batteries, some of the most extensive in the world; the creeks, full of shipping, with the little towns which are formed on each side of them; the lofty houses, all of stone, rising one above another, row after row; the public promenades, or Barraceas, as they are called, with the cannon, and mortars, and heaps of cannon balls and bomb-shells, below them; the men of war belonging to the fleet, with their blue flags flying; the busy scene at the warehouses and the innumerable gondolas (ferry and pleasure boats) at the quays; the various steamers and yachts lying at anchor; the elegant naval hospital and other large stone buildings; the towering craggy rocks; the view of Florianne beyond; the many church towers; all, as it were, catching the eye at the same moment, present a scene not to be surpassed for grandeur; and to see it, as I on one occasion did, on a lovely moonlight night, creates a sensation not easily to be got rid of. It is truly sublime. The engraving on the opposite page, though it does not show the creeks, nor the principal batteries, nor the little towns, nor the beautiful naval hospital, nor many other parts, will nevertheless give a good general idea of the Great Harbor.

On landing, my first care was, of course, to look for lodgings, and I was soon settled down in two rooms, in the house of an Irishwoman. Here I began to ask myself how five or six long months were to be passed; how, above all, was I to pass the Lord's Day? It is true, that I had with me a considerable number of printed sermons, and my Bible; but these could not, I felt, make up for the want of a preached gospel and the society of Christian friends. One evening, however, while taking my tea, I heard a few gruff voices singing a hymn in a favorite tune of mine. I called up my landlady, and asked her who they were that were singing. "O," she said, "it's only a few Scotch, in the building on the right of the passage." "Give me my shoes," I replied; "I must go and see what these Scotch are." I went into the chapel, and never can I forget the effect that the discourse that night had on my mind. The minister was a good and gracious man, and I soon found myself at home under his ministry. He belonged to the Free Church of Scotland. The Wesleyans formerly had a chapel here, but it has been given up some time.

I now seemed at rest. One or two letters of introduction, that I had with me to residents on the island had secured for

me temporal comforts, and there appeared to be every probability that I should enjoy spiritual privileges. I met with one gentleman and his wife, connected with the London Missionary Society, who had known my dear father, and who were particularly kind to me.

On my first visit to Malta, having no thought of proceeding beyond, I purchased a small boat, and engaged a boy, that I might row about the harbor; and I certainly found nothing more conducive to my health. Sometimes I went fishing, and often caught fish enough for a large family; but I always gave them to the boy, as I did not like any of the fish which is found near Malta. The white and red mullet are, however, considered by better judges than myself to be excellent; and the dory and rock-cod are frequently to be had. When I was tired of boating, or when the weather was not favorable, I often amused myself in the office of the *Malta Times*, assisting and instructing the compositors, reading proofs, and writing articles for the editor.* It was then, as it is now, impossible for me to sit still and do nothing. I invariably took a walk before breakfast, and as regularly sat down to breakfast at 8 o'clock. Sometimes in the evening I walked on the bastions with the sentries, and heard from the men on duty many curious tales touching a soldier's life. After dark, whenever a footstep is heard near the bastions, the sentry challenges: "Who goes there?" and rattles his musket. The passer-by replies, "A friend!" and the sentry, with a peculiar tone of

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* I once wrote an article about the beggars with which the streets swarm, more so than in any other part of Europe, except, perhaps, Naples; and I threatened, in the name of the editor, to advise the constitution of an *Irish* police, seeing that the *native* police were so exceedingly inefficient. The next morning, on going to the market, having forgotten all about the article I had written, I was surprised to see the streets almost cleared of vagrants, and the police all alive in driving the remainder away. This, however, only lasted a few days, as neither the governor nor the police could, or can, keep the beggars down. Were they only *ordinary* beggars, there would be less objection to them; but they are exceedingly rude and annoying, and will often throw vermin upon your clothes if you will not give them anything.

A copper-plate printer once brought to me some enamelled cards, and, with a sorrowful face, told me he could not succeed in printing them. I instructed him to heat the plate over a charcoal fire, which was all that was necessary. Some time afterwards, he came to thank me, and said he had succeeded admirably. Close upon his heels came another of the same calling, and complained that the first one would not tell him how *he* could print some cards, though I had "told him for nothing." Of course I gave him the same information, and scolded the other for being so selfish. This is, I believe, an instance of the *general* character of the Maltese.

voice, responds, "Pass, friend!" This is sufficient in times of peace, but during war, no one would be allowed to pass without the "watchword."

I had not been long in Malta before I found that, in common with every other stranger, I was doomed to suffer from the mosquitos; and I was several nights rolling about in bed, sleepless, before I found out the cause. My face was covered with smarting blotches, almost like boils. I afterwards slept in my mosquito net, of which I have already spoken, and was thus protected from them. All the beds have mosquito *curtains*, made of muslin; but as the little pests would sometimes worm their way inside these, I did not find them sufficient. A single mosquito would annoy and sting me unbearably. Even when writing or reading, I have often heard them hum-m-m, and raised my hand to catch them; but before I could even ward them off, they had been on my face, drawn my blood, and disappeared, leaving a painful sting behind. Then, again, the sandflies are very troublesome. They appeared to me to work under the skin, and they caused more pain than the mosquitos. There is also what is called a centipede, which is ten times worse than the sandfly, though, providentially, more scarce. I once saw an officer, whose arm was swollen almost to the size of his thigh, through the bite of one of these insects. Fleas, again, are as plentiful as the sandflies; but as they are much worse in Egypt and Syria, I shall say nothing about them here.

Malta is about 58 miles from the nearest point of Sicily. Strictly speaking, it is nothing more than one immense rock, about 50 miles in circumference, with good harbors and creeks, and is, as I have already mentioned, strongly fortified. Indeed, with the exception, perhaps, of Gibraltar, it is the best and strongest position that the English have. It contains about 120,000 inhabitants, 3,000 of whom, I was told, were priests, friars, and students. Valletta alone, which is the chief town, contains about 30,000 people, and a whole host of churches, the bells of which, especially on "saint days," are going ding-dong hour after hour. The bells of a dozen churches are all within hearing at once. To a stranger the noise is most distracting.

The streets are good and straight, mostly at right angles, well paved, and cleaner far than those of any town I have ever seen out of England. Many of them are, however, so steep that they are all steps from top to bottom, like going up to the church at Rochdale, from the town. These have been not unaptly called "streets of stairs." I have seen orange

trees, laden with fruit, growing in pots and exposed for sale in the principal streets. I have also seen oranges growing in pots outside the windows, as Londoners have flowers; and have walked along paths with geraniums five feet high, in full flower on either side of me. In every street there are men at work outside their shops,—tailors, shoemakers, tin-plate-workers, &c. The tailors sit on stools, being too wise to double themselves up as our tailors do; and I am sure they are able to do their work as well as ours.

All the houses are built of stone, with flat roofs to catch the water, as most of the water that the people have to drink is rain water, preserved in tanks, cut in the rock, some of which are of great depth. There is an aqueduct, several miles in length, which conveys water from the interior into Valletta, and supplies several fountains; but rain water is usually drunk. The rooms of the houses are lofty, from 15 ft. to 18 ft. high, and all the floors, up stairs and down, are flagged, not boarded. This sounds cold to an English ear; but in that hot climate flags are far the best.

There are some really good palaces, which belonged to the Knights by whom Malta was formerly governed; and in the Governor's palace are preserved some curious specimens of ancient armor and other relics, well worth seeing.

The cathedral of St. John, at Valletta, was formerly one of the richest cathedrals in the world, but Napoleon stripped it. The interior of the building is still beautiful, and the floor inlaid with expensive marble in mosaic.

Malta is certainly one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen. Look which way you will from Valletta, the island seems covered with little towns, all built of stone, and each having its towers and churches, on elevated spots, standing out in bold relief.

There are many things in Valletta deserving of notice; but to mention them would take up too much space. The Capuchin Friars I must not pass over. This is a religious order, who are compelled to get their living by begging. Each man has his own room at the convent, and all seemed to me to be very comfortable. Seeing several women coming out of the convent, I asked my guide how that was. "O," he said, "de bissop does not know." "Well," I said, "but how can you support such a system?" "O," he replied, "I pay de priest, and he do all for me!" In the vaults, or cells, below the convent, I saw a number of dried bodies, fixed in a standing position against the wall, and arranged all round the cells. These were the bodies of deceased friars. Their features,

though greatly shrunk, were clearly recognisable. Soon after the death of a friar, the survivors disembowel the body, and then lay it on a kind of grating in a strong case made for the purpose, and hermetically sealed to exclude the air. Here the body remains for a year, during which time the fluids evaporate, and the body becomes perfectly hard and dry, and it is then exhibited in the way I have described. When, in the course of years, the body crumbles to pieces, the bones are collected together, and carefully preserved in another cell. The friar who accompanied us exulted in the thought that he should one day be *exhibited* in a similar way. The church is lined with paintings, &c. There is one painting representing a boy on his knees, and an inquisitor standing over him with a rod, because he cannot repeat the Apostle's Creed. It struck me as being rather a sharp, *Roman*-tic way of teaching youth religion.

The moats around Valletta, hundreds of cannons overlooking them, are now turned into gardens. Would that a time would come when the cannons might be safely turned into ploughshares!* As you pass over one or two of the drawbridges, you are regaled with the perfume of oranges and orange bloom; for orange trees always have blossom and ripe oranges on

* Malta, like other parts of the east, has changed owners many times. At the earliest time at which history notices the island, it belonged to the Phœnicians. The Carthaginians obtained possession of it in 402 B.C.; and about 160 years afterwards it was taken by the Romans. In 870 A.D. it was seized by the Arabs; but in 1120 the Arabs were expelled by the Normans, and the island was united to Sicily. About 310 years later it was surrendered to the Knights, who, under the Grand Master La Vallette, succeeded in defending it against the Turks. By this great man, Valletta was built, taking its name from its founder. In 1798, Bonaparte took possession of the place, almost without firing a gun, owing to the weakness, or treachery, of the Grand Master Hornpesch. The subsequent conduct of the French, however, proved their downfall. They not only plundered the churches, but sent the sons of the wealthy inhabitants to France to be educated, and established their own laws over the island. This so incensed the inhabitants that they attacked and murdered all the French who came within their reach, and compelled the soldiers to shut themselves up in Valletta, thus effectually aiding the English in their endeavors to make them evacuate. Before the French surrendered, they were reduced to such an extremity that every horse, dog, cat, and rat, on which the soldiers could lay their hands, was purchased by them at an enormous price, and eaten. Fowls sold at 50s. each, and rats at 1s. 7d; and coffee at 21s. 8d. per lb. In 1851, I was introduced to an old man who was at the head of a conspiracy to murder the French and admit the English; but the plot was discovered. The old man jumped into the water, and swam off. He was fired at, in the dark, and the balls whizzed past him right and left. His brother and 33 others were shot.

them at the same time. The batteries are built one above another, tier upon tier; guns after guns, ditch after ditch, drawbridge after drawbridge, gate after gate; and sentries are stationed in every direction. It seems impossible for an enemy ever to take the place; nor could we have obtained possession of it from the French, had our fleet under Nelson not been master of the seas, preventing any supplies of food from being sent in, and thus starving the French out; but it took us upwards of two years to accomplish this. As a last resource, the French commander sent two or three ships out for Marseilles, for provisions; but Nelson saw them, and captured them, which destroyed the last hope of relief to the garrison, and compelled it to capitulate. One condition of the surrendering of the place was, that the French should all be conveyed in English ships to Marseilles, and there set at liberty. This was done. The French marched out "with all the honors of war," as it is termed, and the English quietly marched in; and have remained in ever since. This was in 1800.

The dry dock, for repairing ships, is capacious enough to hold the largest man-of-war. The arsenal near it is well stored with everything necessary for the fleet, and the dock-yard finds employment for a large number of hands. The naval bakery opposite is one of the most complete and extensive in the whole world, and is capable of turning out some tons of biscuits a day, all of course marked with the broad arrow. Some years ago, before the dry dock was quite finished, the Prince de Joinville, son of the late Louis Philippe, King of the French, paid it a visit, and, after speaking of its construction in terms of admiration, exclaimed, "Ah, well; you are doing all these things for us, as we mean to have Malta again before long." Little did he think how soon his father would be dethroned, and, with his whole family, the gallant Joinville included, compelled to seek an asylum in England. After this, the vice-admiral would not suffer any one to see the dock without an order, signed by himself.

Altogether the island, so long as we must have a fleet, is to us invaluable, as a station into which our ships can run for safety, or for food. As it is open to ships of all nations, specimens of people from every part, in every variety of dress, are always "to be seen alive" in the harbors and in the streets, and numerous ships are constantly putting in for water and provisions. On particular occasions, it is pleasing to see the flags waving in the air, the British flag, that has

"Braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze"

being, of course, the most prominent. Occasionally the American flag, the stars and stripes, is to be seen; but the Americans, I am sorry to say, are jealous and envious of everything that is English. Nothing is appreciated by them but what is compatible with their Republican ideas, and their "glorious institutions," as they call them. I have known parties of them go in a body in the French steamers, where they were uncomfortably crowded, rather than sacrifice their prejudices and "patronise a Britisher," though they would have been much more comfortable.

Oranges, figs, pomegranates, olives, prickly pears, peaches, nectarines, caroub, (locust,) and other fruits grow in abundance on the island; and vegetables, some of them the finest I ever saw, are in profusion. I have seen cauliflowers as large as a broad-brimmed hat, selling at a halfpenny each. The price of everything, however, depends upon the general demand. When the fleet is there, food of all kinds is, of course, much dearer.

Productive as the island is, it does not produce nearly enough for the people, the population being so numerous; so that immense quantities of food are imported from Sicily, Barbary, &c. When I was first there, beef was often scarce, and what there was was coarse; and cows and sheep were only to be seen in the grounds of the wealthy. Fresh butter was 3s. 6d. per lb., and salt butter 1s. 2d. The best wheaten flour was dear, as there was, and indeed still is, a tax of 10s. per quarter on wheat. Beef and mutton were about 5d. per lb. Most of the meat that was called mutton was hard goats' flesh. I was taught how to distinguish the one from the other in the market by looking for a long tail instead of a short one, or for soft wool instead of coarse hair.* There are many more cows now on the island than there were on my first visit; still there is very little milk to be had except goats' milk. For my part, I soon began to like the goats' milk. It is as much valued in Malta as it was in Palestine in old times. (See Prov. xxvii. 27.) Some of the goats give about eight quarts of milk a-day, and men go with them in flocks about the streets, selling "New milk from the goat," just as they do in London

* I remember, I was told one day, when I was eating what I supposed to be rabbit, that it was not rabbit, but cat. My knife and fork rested a few seconds, as if they did not know whether to go on or not, for my stomach's sake; when I turned to my informant, (a Scotchman,) and said, "Well, rabbit or cat, I know it is good, and I'll have a second edition." I merely give this as an anecdote, without being willing to believe for a moment that it was anything but rabbit which was on my plate.

with cows, selling "New milk from the cow." The goats are often turned into wet nurses, and some of them, I was told, suckle as many as five or six children a-day. I have seen them trot up to the doors of the houses where their infant charge lived, and wait till they have been admitted.

Malta, being an island near the tropics, is subject to tropical storms, the wind sometimes blowing so furiously as to sink ships lying at anchor in the harbor. The wind called in Acts xxvii. 14, "Euroclydon," is now called a "Gregalia."

Nor does the island suffer from high winds only. There is another wind, called the Scirocco, which is the most unhealthy wind that blows. It comes from the hot sands of Africa, and, in its passage over the sea, imbibes a quantity of moisture, which it deposits again on the land as it crosses Malta and the neighboring island of Gozo. The air is hot and sultry, and yet the streets are as wet as if it had been raining, and everything within doors, even the bedding, is damp and clammy. Fire irons, cutlery, &c., all rust. Paint used during these winds will never dry; ale brewed will not keep; dyspeptics, unless very careful of their diet, are sure to have a stomach attack; and invalids of all sorts are admonished to keep within doors.

The rains also are sometimes, in the winter, almost deluging. I could compare them to nothing but extensive waterfalls, or to a regiment of soldiers on the houses rapidly pouring pails of water into the streets. I have seen the pavement of some of the streets so washed up by these torrents, that horses could not pass over them. No one who has not witnessed them can form a correct idea of Malta storms.

After one of these very heavy rains at Malta, a man was seen anxiously looking about for something; and, on being asked what he was looking for, he said he was looking for three fields which the rains had washed away. The fact was, that the rains had washed down his walls, and the soil soon followed, leaving nothing but the bare rock; for all the fields in Malta have to be kept up with strong walls, in terraces, there being scarcely any level ground. As you stand on the low parts, and cast your eye up the hills, you see nothing but stone walls and a few trees peeping above them; but when you look *over* the walls, then corn fields and gardens present themselves. Were there no walls, there would soon be nothing but bare rock or heath.

In summer there is no rain, but the dews are said to be heavy. The heat is excessive, and the nights are as hot as the days, caused by the rock and the stone walls imbibing the heat

during the day; for the sun remains so long above the horizon that there is not time for the walls to cool in the night.*

It was on Malta that Paul was wrecked, an account of which is given in Acts xxvii., &c. On the 14th of Nov., I engaged a calesse † to take me to the spot where it is said he landed; but we found the roads so washed up and so many walls and even several cottages blown down, by the late storms, that we could not proceed, and so passed along another road to the Ancient City, or Citta Vecchia, where the people say Paul dwelt, and where Publius, the chief man of the island, resided.‡ We first went to the convent, where we saw some of the nuns conversing with their friends through the iron gratings, which they are allowed to do, but not to come outside. We next visited the cathedral, which is said to be built on the spot where the house of Publius stood. The building is certainly a beautiful one. I shall not attempt to describe it, but merely observe in passing that the immense quantity that there was of silver,—candlesticks, taper stands, lamps, altar pieces, railings, &c., certainly amazed me. When the French, under Napoleon, had possession of Malta, they robbed most of the churches of the silver; but the Citta Vecchia people, hearing that the robbers were on the road,

* In summer it is sometimes so hot that fish caught in the morning will go bad by noon, unless washed with a preparation of charcoal, when it will keep until night. Meat, covered with charcoal, will keep a long time, either on land or the sea.

If I may be allowed to except the Scirocco winds, the heavy rains, and the severe gales which sometimes prevail, I will say that the climate of Malta, from November to April, is delightful. I never saw the thermometer, even in the open air, below 44°, and then it was only momentary, as a hailstorm was passing over. Snow is never seen there. On Christmas day, 1846, the thermometer in the shade was 67°. On the same day I dined off ducks, green peas, and French beans, while in England everything was buried in snow. It is not, however, I am persuaded, a suitable place for persons in the advanced stages of consumption. An eminent physician there told me it was "too bad" of some of the doctors in England, who sent over their patients to die.

† A calesse is a clumsy two-wheeled vehicle, something like a Blackpool or Ramsgate bathing machine, hung on leather instead of springs. They shake worse than a common English cart. Carriages with metallic springs are now more common on the island.

‡ On a subsequent occasion, I went to Paul's Bay by another road. I think it well answers the description given in Acts xxvii. of the place where the ship was run aground. Two seas, or currents, rush into the bay during a storm. Citta Vecchia, or the Ancient City, to which I have already referred, is about five miles off on the hill. To this spot, doubtless, the mariners and soldiers, with the prisoners, would wend their way; and there Publius, the "chief man," would, of course, reside.

painted everything black; so Napoleon was foiled, as he did not detect the cheat.

From the cathedral, we went to Paul's Church, and here we were joined by a priest with lighted tapers, who conducted us to a cave, in which he said Paul lived, during his stay on the island. The priests make the people believe that though quantities of the stone are taken out of the cave, it never gets any larger!

We next proceeded to the Catacombs, a short distance off. The priest followed us, and, on arriving, again lighted the torches. After descending a few steps, we had to stoop a little to get in, and then we entered an open space, the top of which was supported by stone pillars, on each side of which were two round altars. The priest said that this was formerly a Pagan temple, and that these were the altars on which they sacrificed to their gods. Above the altars had been two apertures, for chimneys no doubt. Then, in every direction were long narrow passages, with graves, or tombs, cut out of the rock on either side, the hole for the head being very conspicuous. Here had been a child, there an adult; here a man and his wife, and there a whole family. Besides the catacombs, there were a number of hiding-places, as in those barbarous times, people were continually butchering each other. Some of the passages extend several miles under ground; but these had lately been closed up, as two or three persons, in attempting to explore them, had lost themselves, and never returned. These catacombs are supposed to have been used as places of refuge by the early Christians.

After taking some refreshment at what was *called* an hotel, I prepared to return, but the driver of the calesse refused to go, as the clouds were gathering very black. I, however, insisted upon his going; for it was then half-past 3, and I had no idea of being left there in the dark.

When we had proceeded about two miles, the rain began to fall, but not more heavily than I had seen it in London. It thundered and lightened, however, alarmingly. I saw a brilliant flame of fire, or electric fluid, fall in a field just before us, like smelted iron from a furnace. This made my driver run faster than ever.* We, however, reached safely home.

For several hours after I had been comfortably seated, the thunder and lightning were terrific. The street seemed like

* The drivers do not ride, but run, barefooted, by the side of the horse. Some of them will go about 30 miles in a day. They buy a loaf or two of rye bread, about 2½d. each, and these serve both driver and horse for a whole day.

one continuous stream of fire; and at last came the final peal; and this was the loudest I ever in my life heard. It seemed as if it had split the island in twain. And then all the bells in the town were made to ring, each seemingly trying which could make the most noise. O what a racket!——There was no more thunder; the clouds had discharged themselves before the bells began; and yet, to my utter amazement, my landlady, who was a Romanist, told me that it was the *holy bells* that had driven the thunder away! It was vain to argue with her or ask her why the bells did not begin sooner, the poor thing was so besotted. So the cunning foxes of priests wait until the electric fluid has been fairly discharged, and then start off the bells, to make the people believe the "holy bells" have done it! When a Roman Catholic church is erected, one of the benedictions pronounced by the bishop is, that, when the bells ring, the devil may tremble, and his fiery darts fly backward.

I must name the Governor's Gardens, which I several times went to see. They contain about 1,200 orange trees, besides hundreds of lemon trees, fig trees, pomegranates, olives, almonds, vines, peaches, &c. &c. There were groves of myrtles; and aloes, bananas, and flowers, in endless variety. The gardener said the oranges would not be ripe for a fortnight. I, however, having plucked two or three, declared that they were delicious; at which the gardener laughed. Perhaps he thought I had never tasted an orange before; and I certainly never had *such* a one, so luscious. There is one orange tree, the fruit of which is always sent to our Queen.

On another occasion I went to a place called Boschetto, the only valley on the island with trees in it. It is a beautiful spot, full of orange trees, with streams of water running through it from a powerful spring on one side of it. Oranges were lying on the ground as thick as apples after a storm in one of our orchards. We gathered a quantity, of which, being of the Seville kind, my friends made marmalade, and gave me a pot on leaving for Egypt. This was highly prized on the Nile.

But the most curious spot is a place called Macluba, where the rock has sunk about 130 feet, forming a hole nearly 330 feet long, 240 feet wide, and 130 feet deep. There is a garden at the bottom, to which we descended by means of steps cut in the rock. No one has yet been able to account for the cause of this depression, though some think it must have been occasioned by an earthquake.

Few, if any, Jews reside in Malta. The reason is, the people are all Jews together, so that no real Jew could get a living

except, perhaps, as a money-changer. He would be out-Jewed at every turn. The Maltese are, in fact, the greatest Jews I ever had to do with; even the Arabs are honest compared with them. Unless we know something of the value of the goods, we never know what to offer for them. I was once asked 8s. 4d. for an article, when 2s. 1d. was taken; 1s. 3d. for another, when 2½d. was taken. I sent a pair of shoes to be soled, when the *artiste* demanded two dollars, (8s. 4d.,) but took 2s. 6d. without a murmur, when he found I had not much more money than wit. In all my transactions it was the same, until I became known. Even the banker cheated me out of 4s. on a £10 bill, declaring he had given me the market value; but, having ascertained what the rate of exchange was, I made him return the difference, though he did it with a very bad grace, stating that, as I had a letter of introduction to him, I ought to have been satisfied with his word; but I, on the contrary, told him that, having such a letter, it ought to have protected me from fraud. The baker from whom I had my bread wanted to make me believe that I had consumed 20 fourpenny loaves and 18lbs. of soldiers' bread in less than 30 days. What an appetite I must have had! What folly to talk of my weak stomach!

It is a rule amongst the Maltese never to thank a person for anything he may give them; and boatmen, drivers, and porters, alike adhere tenaciously to it. An eminent physician told me the reason was that they feared if they thanked any one he would think he had given them too much, and so give them less next time. I must say, however, for the Maltese, that if they do not thank you, they seldom abuse you, as the London and Liverpool cabmen do.

The Maltese generally are like bees,—the most industrious and economical people in the world. Their work in silver and gold is in good repute, and the mittens and gloves made, or rather netted, by the women, are well known all over Europe. They *vegetate*, and, indeed, many of them can luxuriate, on 2½d. per day. A piece of rye bread, with a hole cut in the middle, which they fill with oil, and a few cloves of garlic, is the staple food of the masses. Go into what street, or even what shop you may, your nose has to encounter this never-dying garlic. It is so universally consumed, that the very sewers are impregnated with it. The people earn a great deal of money, but no one can tell what they do with it, as they certainly do not spend it. I have known them many times get change for a farthing, having a coin called a grain, twelve of which make a penny. Even the better class of natives are

the quintessence of meanness. They will often make the ferrymen return to them a farthing out of a halfpenny, the fare at one of the ferries being only a farthing. If they go to balls or parties, their movements require to be well watched, as otherwise they are sure to pocket cakes and sweets "for the little ones." At one of the Governor's balls, a Maltese *gentleman* put a fowl into his pocket. An English officer, who saw him do it, went up to him and filled his pocket with water, to make sauce, as the officer facetiously remarked. At the same ball, a Maltese lady, while dancing, stumbled, when a variety of cakes and sweetmeats rolled out of her pocket.

The principal market is held on the Sunday morning;* but, as we who reside in London have no stones to throw at any body, not even at the French, on this account, I must, from very shame as well as prudence, draw a veil over the subject. It is true that throughout France the places of public amusement are kept open on Sunday, and the cafés are thronged with people of all grades, playing at dominos, and indulging in unrestrained excesses; but few of them drink any intoxicating liquors, coffee being their beverage. Rarely indeed do we there see a drunken man. Whereas, look at our public houses; cast your eyes into our tobacconists' shops; visit our pleasure gardens; glance at our railway stations; nay, only walk along our streets; and what scenes present themselves to your view!

The laborers are all barefooted, and wear long woollen caps, like the double nightcaps which some persons in England unwisely wear. One end of these caps is on their heads, while the other hangs over their shoulders, and sometimes contains their food, &c., like a pouch.

The women do not wear bonnets, but throw over their heads a kind of silk scarf, called a faldetta. Bonnets are, however, becoming more in use. On Sundays, the women

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* In the market I have many times seen exposed for sale the fag ends of cigars, some of them less than an inch in length. Persons go about the streets, and in the coffee houses, picking up the bits of cigars which have been thrown away.

I was once offered some cigars at a penny per dozen, but that was rather too cheap. Good ones may be had, however, I was told, at from threepence to sixpence per dozen. As I never smoke, I am unable to give an opinion as to their quality. A fellow-traveller once told me he would sooner smoke anything than not smoke at all; when I replied I would sooner not smoke at all than smoke anything.

Labor is cheap on the island. When I sent my clothes to be washed, I was charged only eightpence per dozen, including shirts. I believe that for tenpence per dozen, even blankets and sheets are included. The laborers work from sunrise to sunset, a gun being fired from one of the forts, as the signal for commencing and leaving off.

flock to the gardens, covered with chains and rings. They are so fond of show that they look almost like walking jewellers' shops.

The people generally, especially the poor, are very dirty; nay, worse. I have many times seen the women examining their children's heads, and throwing the result of their examinations into the streets. This is really so much the case that an engraving, called "An After-Dinner Amusement," representing the operation, is sold in some of the shops.

The people of England pay the Governor of Malta £5,000 a year, £1,500 of which he is expected to spend in balls! Malta costs us altogether £70,000 a year. We have about 1,000 soldiers there, besides a Maltese regiment, called the Malta Fencibles, which we have to support.

The laboring classes always carry with them knives, with which they cut their bread; but they occasionally use them for worse purposes. Being cowardly, vicious, and revengeful, they often take out their knives in a quarrel. When the Scotch Highlanders were there some time ago, I was told that several of them had been seriously wounded, and one killed. The murderer took refuge in a church, and the priests refused to give him up. The colonel, however, planted a 32-pounder cannon before the door, and declared he would blow up both church and priests if the man were not turned out. This had the desired effect; and my informant said the colonel had the man hung without judge or jury; but I doubt this latter part. The circumstance, however, reminded me of the ancient custom that prevailed of criminals of all sorts taking refuge in temples and idolatrous groves. When they had once succeeded in laying hold of the images of any of their gods, they were perfectly safe; for by this act they considered they put themselves under the protection of deity, and the people would have been afraid of the vengeance of the gods coming down upon them if they dragged the criminal out. To such an extent, however, was this carried, that the Pagans themselves had at last to break through it, and often took the murderers away by force. Joab (1 Kings ii. 28) took hold of the horns of the altar in the tabernacle, and would not leave it; but Solomon had him slain nevertheless. (1 Kings ii. 29–34; See also Exod. xxi. 14.)

I must now say a word or two about the religion of the Maltese and their religious ceremonies. To say that they are Roman Catholics would be a term not half enough expressive. Not only are they Roman Catholics, but they are the most ignorant and superstitious of *all* Roman Catholics, not even

excepting, perhaps, the Mexicans. No mountebank show to which I ever went in my foolish days at all approached the mummery of the priests of Malta in their forms of worship. Such bowing and scraping, taking off caps and putting them on again, kneeling and rising, pacing to and fro in front of the altar, turning round, changing places, raising and lowering of hands, waving of incense vials, tingling of bells, bawling and responding, the priests being at the same time dressed like play-actors, my heart seemed almost ready to break for them.

In every street your eyes encounter the images of saints, with lamps or lanterns burning before them; and in almost every house is something of the same sort. Even their houses of ill fame have their patron saints, with lamps constantly burning, and to whom the wretched inmates pray, *to avert the judgment of heaven.* Constantly do you hear the tinkling of a bell, announcing the coming of a priest in procession,* to administer "extreme unction" to some dying votary; just as the poor Hindoos carry their departing relatives to the river Ganges, believing that a sight of that river, immediately before the spirit departs, insures an entrance into the heavenly world; just also as the Mahometans turn the faces of their dying friends towards Mecca, that they may die in peace; and as the Puseyite sends for the clergyman to administer the sacrament, that his conscience may get a little ease. The priest, about to administer extreme unction, marches under a canopy upheld by four men, and preceded by boys with lanterns.

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* Few people can have any idea of the ridiculousness of these processions, nor of the schemes resorted to by the priests to extort money; nor do I believe that the Romanists in England, where, happily, these revolting exhibitions in the streets are prohibited, are much more informed in this respect than the Protestants, or I feel persuaded that common sense would induce them to inquire into the whole system.

The masses of the people have no knowledge of any *Deity* but the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and their Patron Saints, such as St. Dominic, St. Patrick, &c. The images of Mary and their saints they have in their houses. These they worship, and to these they pray, prostrating before them, as I have seen in hundreds of instances. Take away their images, and you take away their gods. (Gen. xxxi. 30—34.) The servant of a friend of mine in Malta was somewhat careless, and used to spill the oil on the floor when she was trimming the table lamp. She at last asked my friend to pray to the Virgin Mary to make her more careful, as it was so much trouble to her to have to clean the floor after she had spilled the oil. On asking some of the people if they never had doubts about their religion, "O no," they replied; "we never learnt religion, and have no right to exercise our private judgment upon it. The priests have studied it all their lives, and therefore they must know better than we. We pay the priests to attend to our souls, while we attend to their and our bodies."

The people fall on their knees in the streets as he passes, and even those at a distance take off their hats and bow.

I once sat upon a post with my book in my hand, taking notes while a procession passed, and I had almost as many lookers-on as the procession had. There were blue flags, yellow flags, white flags, green flags, and red flags; crosses, crucifixes, and images; lamps and tapers; men and boys in white, black, and brown, with white, purple, crimson, blue, green, and black capes and sashes, &c. &c. But as an account of this procession would occupy at least a page, I must pass it over.

One thing I often saw in the churches, namely, an image of the Virgin Mary in a glass case, and a host of gold rings, and watches dangling all round it. I asked my guide what those were for. "O," said he, "you sall be ill, and you sall promise de Virgin if se coor (cure) you, you will give her a ring, or anyting you like, and when you are well, you pay her." I could hardly keep from laughing outright; but recollecting I was in a Popish place, I restrained myself.

Again. At their various church doors is suspended a board, with the words, "Pleneria indulgenza;" that is, "Indulgences sold, for those who wish to enjoy themselves!" Anything may be had for money in such a church as this,—liberty to sin, or pardon for those who have sinned *without* liberty. A man servant at a house where I was once staying came home one evening intoxicated. I spoke to him about the sin of doing so, when he said, "O! I can get liberty to take drink or even to eat flesh meat on a Friday for four tari, (about 6¾d.,) and thank goodness I am able to pay that." And yet to eat meat on a Friday without an indulgence, without paying this 6¾d., is one of the *mortal* sins of the Romish church—equal to murder; while to curse and to swear is only a *venial* sin.*

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*. In January, 1851, I was going in a French steamer from Italy to Malta. There were several French passengers in the boat, and a Romanist priest, named W. This man was going to Malta by order of the Pope, to try to settle some differences which had arisen in one of the convents at Malta; and, therefore, he was a man of some weight. It fell to my lot to sit next to him at the table, and I had, consequently, a good deal of conversation with him. When I saw how he enjoyed his meals, I used greatly to envy him! On the third day, however, at dinner, I observed that dish after dish went round and that he passed all by. At length I said, "Mr. W., are you not well to-day?" "O yes," he replied, "they will bring me *something* presently." And then, pointing to the Frenchmen, who, as usual, were doing full justice to the various soups and meats, receiving value for their money, he added, "I dare say, if I were to tell these people that they are Protestants, they would be offended at me, and soon reply that they are not; and yet, see how they are eating meat on a Friday!" "O," I said "I had forgotten

One Sunday evening, (Easter Sunday, 1853,) just before going to bed, I was in the parlor of the hotel at which I was staying, when a young man and a priest came in. They began to talk of various persons in Malta, and, amongst the rest, of some Protestant who had given a ball at his house on Good Friday; when the landlord of the hotel, who was a Jesuit, said, "What do you think of *that*, Mr. Gadsby?" "Well," I replied, "I do not approve of balls at any time; but as Good Friday is one of your *moveable* feasts, and consequently not the day which it professes to be, I should not condemn Mr. —— for holding his ball on *that* day any more than if it had

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that it is Friday. But then," I added, "you know they are travelling, and you allow them to take liberties with their consciences, for their stomachs' sake, when they are travelling." "No," he emphatically replied, "we do not, except under certain circumstances," (that is, I presume, unless they paid for an indulgence,) "and if they were parishioners of mine, I would make them do penance, or they should not be forgiven!" While this and other like conversation was going on, I was eating sparingly of old hens' legs and the pickings of pigeons, &c., (the usual fare often of passengers by French boats,) while Mr. W., (whose "something," as he called it, had made its appearance,) was eagerly despatching pea soup, fish, omelets, various vegetables, pastry, butter, cheese, fruits, bread, and wine, *ad libitum*, and without limit. In fact, he devoured as much omelet as it must have taken at least eight eggs to make, and pastry and cakes enough for any three. He also swallowed more than two pints of wine; for when he had emptied his own decanter he took mine, as I never drank any. Just before leaving the table, he said, "You Protestants make a great mistake in not having at least one fast day a week; we cannot expect to get to heaven unless we make *some* sacrifices." "Mr. W.," I instantly replied, "what sacrifice have *you* made to day? Why," I said, "I would give £500 if I were strong enough to eat the dinner that you have had to-day, without my being ill after it. If *that* be fasting, I do more than fast every day of my life. Everything that I have seen since I began to travel convinces me more and more of the iniquity of your system. Well may your people be poor when their priests can take nearly three pints of wine and not have a headach; for they must be used to it or they could not do it, and they must get money from somewhere to pay for it, or they could not have it. Adding these things," I continued, "to the millions that are lavished on your gorgeous temples, your Pagan-like processions, and your extravagant ceremonies, your people may well be poor." "What!" he said, "poorer than your Protestant countries? Look at Switzerland." "Well," I replied, "look at Switzerland. The Protestant Cantons are prosperous and happy, whilst the Romanist Cantons are poor and degraded. The same in Ireland," I added; "the Protestant counties are well off; and the same everywhere." "Ah, well," he said, "our people don't care for the things of this world!" With his dinner still before my eye, and knowing under how many false pretences, such as selling indulgences, decorating their images, saying masses to get the souls of their relatives out of purgatory, and so forth, they extorted money from the people, I felt too indignant to say more; and thus ended our conversation on this subject.

been held on any other." My answer evidently took them by surprise, for the young man to whom I have referred exclaimed, "Well, can we make up a rubber at whist?" The landlord then said, "Now, Mr. Gadsby, you'll join us in a hand?" (That was, join the landlord, the priest, and the young man.) Of course I declined, stating that I never played at cards even on a week day, much less on a Sunday. And I added, "To quarrel with a man for giving a ball on a Good Friday while you can play at cards on a Sunday, seems to me to be 'straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.'" "Why, what harm can there be in a game at cards?"* asked the landlord. "None for *you*, evidently," I replied; "you appear to be too far gone for that," referring not merely to the cards, but to balls and theatres, of which both he and his family were unboundedly fond. And yet this very man, this Sunday card-player, this ball-goer, this playhouse supporter, an Englishman withal, did not believe it possible for a single Protestant, dying a Protestant, to get to heaven! The priest said very little, but what he did say was in support of the landlord, and he with his companion left soon afterwards. I had spoiled their game for that night.

On Christmas day, the ceremonies are carried on in a gorgeous way. In 1846, I was present, and visited several of the churches, but the most conspicuous was the one called St. Paul's. No ballroom could surpass the scene. Not only was the whole church covered with crimson moreen, hanging in festoons, with tassels, &c., but everything else that could be thought of to cause glare and glitter was brought to bear. Immense chandeliers; scores of silver (or plated) urns, screens, taper stands of immense size, lamps, and candlesticks; vases filled with flowers; sheets of silver in front of the altars; silk tapestry and net work; a large gloria, richly gilt, with crown and cross above it; representations of fountains in the midst of gardens; carvings beautifully painted; paintings of the Virgin Mary, &c., in silver-plated frames;—but why should I go on? One chandelier, a *monster* one, had no less than 24 wax tapers, each at least two feet in length; another had

* I once saw two persons playing at cards, when a stranger got up, and said, "Let me advise you never to play at cards, for you know not how you may be cheated." He then took the cards and shuffled them. They were *cut* in the usual way, and the stranger dealt them, when every good card was found in his own hand and that of his assumed partner. "There," said he, "let that be a caution for you." And I, in my turn, would say, "Let it be a caution to any card players into whose hands this may fall." This stranger had never seen those cards before, and he declared he could always secure the best cards.

12 tapers, others 10, and so forth. Altogether there were 230 tapers, besides lamps. The light from these, reflected from the polished silver ornaments, was most dazzling.

In one church two men were selling bands, or ribbons, having on them paintings representing various saints. These were intended as amulets, to wear round the neck. They had been blessed by the priests, and were worn to keep away disease, to ward off danger, and to insure safety at sea! Many sailors were amongst the numerous poor dupes who were buying them.

In 1851, I was in Malta during what is called the Passion Week. In the afternoon of the Wednesday preceding Good Friday, there was service in all the churches.* The bells were all muffled, and the organs silenced and put in mourning. As about a dozen churches were very near to each other, it took me only a few minutes to go the round. I found the same service going on in all. Each had 15 tapers burning in a triangular form, and I observed that every now and then a man with a long stick, having a large extinguisher at the top, put out one of them, until at last the fifteenth was extinguished; and then the friars and some scores of other persons in the church began to rattle against the forms with stones, which they held in their hands, until my nerves rattled too. On inquiring the cause of all this, I learnt that the 15 tapers represented 15 prayers, or psalms, which were being offered up for the 12 apostles and the three women who were at the sepulchre; and that as each prayer was over, a light was ex-

* In the Friars' Church, there were representations of graves, bound with iron; the former to represent that the plague, which had not been in Malta for some years, was buried, and the latter, the iron, was to keep it from rising again. The altars were covered with black and white palls, and round the church were images, life size, representing the Saviour, from his passion in the garden to his ascension; 1. His passion; 2. His being bound; 3. Bearing the cross; 4. His crucifixion, with Mary and others weeping; 5. His lying in the sepulchre, and Mary holding up a napkin with a *portrait* of the Saviour upon it; 6. The angel appearing to Mary; 7. The ascension. The sight to me was revolting.

In St. Paul's Church there were six priests in their confessionals, receiving the confessions of women while the service was going on. The confessionals are wooden boxes like sentry boxes, with a little window on each side, through which the priests speak to the women. Men are allowed to be confessed either in their own houses or in the houses of the priests; and this was formerly the case with women also; but such conduct of the priests was constantly coming to light that no woman was safe, and women are now confessed only in the open church. And yet to look at the priests, one would think they were all humility and sanctity. Everything in the church, as indeed in several others, was covered with crape, or some other mourning materials.

tinguished. And as to the rattling with the stones, that was meant to represent *the breaking of Judas's bones!*

In the evening, I went to see the representation of the Last Supper, in the Dominican Chapel. The place was very crowded; but having been introduced to one of the fathers, or priests, he procured me admission through a private door. When I entered, I found the table spread. There were 12 portions, each portion consisting of bread, wheat, peas, beans, maccaroni, (a kind of paste made of flour,) and oranges! Presently 12 men entered, dressed in white smocks. A priest gave the word of command, and then each man put his portion in a bag, and took it home. And this was the Last Supper!

On the next day, Thursday, was the ceremony of washing the disciples' feet. (John xiii. 4, 5.)

On entering one of the churches, I heard violins and a pianoforte playing, the organ being in mourning. Everything had the appearance of a playhouse. Twelve men in white smocks were sitting on one side of the church, and one man with a red tippet on was at the end of the form. After a time, the priests went in procession along the church. The procession was similar to some that I had seen many times. The head priest walks under an embroidered canopy; a man, dressed like a clown, carries a mushroom-shaped pink umbrella; another man carries a mace, and another a banner, with a cross. Then follows a crucifix, which in this instance was covered with black. Several in the procession wore red and black capes. Every person in the church, except myself, fell on his knees as the procession passed. When it came up to me, the priest to whom I had been introduced looked askew at me, and smiled. This struck me as singular, but I subsequently heard that he was a Protestant at heart, only he thought this was an easy way of getting a living. I wonder how many more such there are.

I then went to the cathedral, where I found similar things going on. The bishop, most gorgeously dressed, was officiating, and numbers of persons were kissing the hem of his garment. In a little while he went up to the men in white smocks. He was then girded with a towel, (John xiii. 4,) and one of his attendants held a bowl of water. Twelve men in red tippets also had towels. The men in smocks took off their shoes, and the bishop, putting his hand into the water, threw a handful on the foot of the first, and then dragged his towel over it, going away immediately afterwards. The men in red tippets then did the same to the other men in smocks as the bishop had done to the first, all taking

especial care that they did not *touch* the feet of the poor men. And this is called *washing* the disciples' feet and *wiping* them with the towel! And an English innkeeper, a Jesuit, extolled it as an act of humility to which the Protestants would not condescend! To me it appeared an awful mockery, and one of the most arrogant displays of pride I had ever witnessed. The place was crowded, and the smell of garlic insufferable.

In the evening, there was a torchlight procession. Scores of priests, friars, and others went round the town with lamps, torches, and painted lanterns. Men, having white and brown holland or calico bags over their heads and shoulders, carried wooden figures, similar to those I have already described. They looked perfectly hideous. The body of the Saviour was represented on an elegant bed, under a rich satin canopy, decorated with gold and silver; and banners were waving at every turn. Nothing was left out that could at all add to the effect, so as to work upon the feelings of the people and induce them to empty their pockets when called upon. Near the end of the procession was one of the sweetest little girls

COLLECTING FOR THE SOULS OF MALEFACTORS.

I ever beheld. She was richly dressed, and had on her shoulders a pair of wings. On inquiry, I found that she was meant to represent the angel Gabriel. It was near 10 o'clock before the procession broke up.

On the Saturday, at the cathedral, they *act* the Resurrection. On going in, I found all the windows darkened, the priests mumbling in a low voice, and the choir scarcely to be heard. On a sudden, the blinds were thrown back, the bells rang furiously, the trumpets and organ struck up, and the choir sang their loudest. And this was to represent the Resurrection of the Saviour!

But I must leave such blasphemous doings. Whitefield, in his letters, published under the title, "Whitefield at Lisbon," gives accounts of other processions and ceremonies, to which these may form an appendix.*

Every "Saint day" is a holiday, and is called a festa, or feast. On some of these days, there are processions and ceremonies of various kinds; but I pass over all except the Feast of St. Gregorio. This is a feast in honor of "Saint" Gregorio, or, as we in England should call it, a fair, held in a town called Zeitun, about three miles from Valletta. When men marry, one stipulation made with them is that they shall take their

* Proofs of the persecuting spirit of the Romanists are not wanting before our own eyes in England; but though our papers are constantly giving accounts of some atrocious thing or other in connection with them, yet we know comparatively little about it.

One of my friends in Malta told me that a man called upon him, and said he had fled from Rome in consequence of his turning Protestant, and that he was in great distress. He wormed himself into the sympathies of the family, went with them to the Scotch Church, and was moreover remarkably polite and attentive. It turned out, however, that he was a Jesuit, and that he had himself caused two persons to be put to death in Rome for speaking against the Pope. And thus do the Jesuits go about visiting Protestant families, learning their affairs, and acting accordingly.

I remember once voting for a Romanist as a member of Parliament. May the sin not be laid to my charge! So much have my eyes been opened during my travels to see their abominations and their persecuting spirit, requiring only the power to again kindle the fires of Smithfield, that I earnestly pray that England may ever be kept out of their fangs; for their persecutions have ever been more bitter than death. And I would affectionately caution all my friends not to suffer their liberal feelings to carry them too far. I would allow the Romanists in Great Britain every privilege and award to them every protection, but would give them no power over either my body or my soul. Only let a man be persuaded that a priest has power to forgive his sins or to send his soul to purgatory, and rely upon it that that man must and will do that priest's bidding. Instances of this kind are almost of daily occurrence in Ireland even now. What would it be, then, had we a Romanist Parliament?

wives every year to this feast, and buy them some sweets; and in a general way they fulfil their contract.

"In the wedding contract
They make conjugal agreements
That the bridegroom shall take her to the principal feasts;
Shall set her upon the wall,
Shall buy her a slice of sweetmeats,
Made up of hempseed,
For that's the kind which the bride likes best."

On the Wednesday in Whit-Week, 1853, I went to this feast, though my wife was not with me to receive the sweets. The town was full of carts, horses, carriages, and people, of women especially; and the stalls seemed to me to have on them sweets enough for all the inhabitants of Valletta. There was a procession of priests, friars, and penitents. The penitents were covered in white, from top to toe, their eyes only being visible. I was told that formerly they had to walk in chains, by way of doing penance; but this practice is now discontinued.

CHAPTER IV.—MALTA TO ATHENS.

Being anxious to keep as near home as possible, and for reasons already given, I decided upon passing the winter at Malta. My health had greatly improved, I was in the midst of friends, and, above all, had an opportunity of hearing the word. But during the prevalence of the Scirocco winds, I was taken suddenly ill, and not able to leave my bed. I sent for Dr. S., to whom I had had a letter of introduction, and he told me that I had been at Malta long enough; and he advised me, as soon as I was able, to go to Greece and Turkey, not stopping more than two or three weeks in any one place. As this advice coincided with that of my doctor before I left home, I felt bound to prepare to act upon it. For several days, however, I was a prisoner, and it was not until the 7th of January that I was able to leave. On that day I took my place on board a French steamer, bound for Athens, about two and a half days' voyage from Malta.

We left in due course; but, through some bungling of the pilot and stress of weather, we went 50 miles out of our course, and did not reach the Piræus, (the port of Athens, just as Leith is the port of Edinburgh,) until the 12th, being two days behind time. We had to cast anchor for 24 hours in a roadstead near Cape St. Angelo.

Near the spot where we cast anchor, I saw the wrecks of two ships. The captain, knowing that the Greeks are a desperate set, ordered his guns to be mounted and a double watch

to be kept all night. He also hoisted the yellow flag, that is, the sick or quarantine flag; for he said if we could only make the Greeks believe there was sickness on board, it would be a far more effectual protection than either the guns or the guard.

As the vessel was a French war steamer, the men had every day to go through their evolutions. I used to think that, in case of war, (which I trust may never again occur,) the French would match us at sea, as they had of late so greatly improved their navy; but, on seeing the men exercise, my fears on that score were removed. Their discipline was wretched, and the levity of both officers and men excessive.

Being out of fresh provisions, a boat was sent on shore. Though there were eight men in it, and though we were under cover of the land, yet the sea ran so high that the boat could hardly be got off. The men bought two sheep and a lamb, for 14s. 4d., a bagful of bread, at 1¼d. per lb., and some fowls at 8d. each. One of the sheep was instantly killed. The poor little lamb stood by its dying mother, and moaned piteously; and when at last the dead body was taken away, the cries of the little innocent were enough to break even a butcher's heart. It generally requires some hard pumping to fill my eyes, but this scene I could not endure. Perhaps my forlorn situation had made me unusually sensitive. I ran below, out of sight and hearing. The poor little thing was soon put out of its misery, and a portion of it, as well as of its mother, was served up to dinner; but, for once, I preferred fasting to feasting.

The Navarino Hills lay a little to the N. W. of Cape Matapan.* The picturesque nature of the hills from Cape Matapan to St. Angelo must be seen to be appreciated. I remember seeing a rainbow while lying in this roadstead. I have observed many rainbows, but I never saw one of such exquisite beauty before, and perhaps never shall again. It seemed as if, in all its varied, prismatic colors, it was painted on the hills; and the gayety and transparency of its appearance, owing to the pureness of the air, were too lovely ever to be totally

* We had on board a Greek who said he was present at the Battle of Navarino, in 1827. The English, French, and Russian fleets, united under Admiral Codrington. They sent a flag of truce to the Egyptian commander, to know what he meant to do, when he ordered the allies to leave the harbor immediately; but Admiral Codrington replied that they had come to *give* orders, not to *receive* them, whereupon the bearer of the flag and several others were instantly shot. A broadside was then poured into the Egyptian fleet The firing continued for four hours, and 13 men-of-war, frigates, and brigs, with 6,000 men, were sunk, besides several thousands of Turks jumping overboard and being drowned.

eradicated from my mind. How does the artist's brush fail to portray a reflection so beautiful! It was just such a sight as one can scarcely ever forget.

At length the wind moderated a little, when we weighed anchor and bade adieu to the roadstead. We soon reached Cape St. Angelo, which we doubled, and then bore direct north for the Piræus. The harbor is difficult of access, on account of the numerous islands or headlands with which it is surrounded; but, when once in, vessels are secure during all weathers.

As soon as we had cast anchor, a scene took place which baffles all human power to describe. I had made a note in my journal, on arriving at Malta, that the Maltese were the most noisy people in the universe; but I have erased that note; for, compared with the Greeks, the Maltese are meek as lambs. Our deck was speedily covered with these stentorian adventurers; and I soon discovered that the main doctrine in which they believed was, "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own." Presuming that they would be safe, I put my few things together, and gave them in charge of the landlords of the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Athens, one of whom I had met at Malta, and to whose house I was going; but going into the cabin to speak to a fellow-passenger, I found on my return every particle of my baggage gone. My portmanteau, after some trouble, I found in one boat, my bag in another, my rug in another, and my stick in another; all stowed away so cleverly that I had to turn up cushions, ropes, jackets, &c., and make almost as much noise as the boatmen, before I could find them. It was every man for himself, the travellers by no means to forget themselves. On landing, we had another stir with the carozzieri, or cab drivers; but, as they were on land, they were more easily managed.

Our driver was not long before he saw through the disguise of my mustaches and discovered that I was an Englishman. He therefore drove us along right gaily, no doubt expecting to receive at least double his usual fare; for, in the vocabulary of most foreigners, especially Greeks, Italians, Arabs, and Turks, an Englishman means a wealthy lord, (pardon the mistake in *my* case!) who is able and willing to pay double the fair price for everything, so long as he can do it with a bounce, and receive a large amount of servility in exchange. He is, consequently, considered "fair game," as it is termed, for innkeepers, guides, boatmen, cab drivers, and beggars. I soon, therefore, in my early travels, found it to be my wisdom to make myself look as much like a Frenchman or German as possible; for, as the French and Germans rarely part with a fraction unless

for value received, I knew that I should at least protect myself from hordes of importunate beggars, who will not be driven away, and to whom if you once give, there is an end of your peace and solitude. So much was I disguised that at Malta I was taken to be a Russian. I remember on one occasion looking at myself in a glass, when I laughed outright. I hardly knew myself, and I have strong doubts if my own wife could have recognised me at first sight. In my last journey, however, as I was tolerably well known, and pretty well knew the value of everything, disguise was unnecessary on this account, though, to deceive beggars, it was as useful as ever. Well, as I have said, our driver, no doubt expecting from me at least double his fare, drove us along right gaily. Judge, then, of his disappointment when he received only half a drachma more than his due. His look was inimitable.*

I soon made my way into the hotel, which, to me just then, was comfortable beyond expression. I felt so well that, when breakfast was announced, I was able gratefully to pay off all my debts in that line with compound interest, as every honest man ought to do in all his business transactions. The hotel was a new one, kept by a Frenchman and a Greek, the latter of whom could speak English, and expected to be *paid* for his knowledge. His name was peculiar enough,—Eli Polochronopolos. He had travelled over Egypt and Syria, and much wanted me to engage him as my guide. But I must leave him for the present.

CHAPTER V.—GREECE.

Greece! What shall I say of Greece? If I were asked to name the spot which, above all others I have ever visited, approximates the nearest to my ideas of an earthly paradise, I should unhesitatingly point to Greece. She blends within herself the elements of every quarter of the globe. Her valleys teem with luxuries,—olives, oranges, lemons, almonds, figs, grapes, &c., while her mountains are crowned with perpetual snow. You revel in the delights of summer while you are surrounded with the stern constituents of winter, reminding you that, however rich may be your enjoyments here, they

* A drachma is worth about 8d. English. It is the same word which, in Luke xv. 8, 9, is translated "piece;" so that the 10 pieces there named would be about 6s. 8d., supposing the moneys to be of the same value then as now; and probably *relatively* they were so, though money everywhere is of much less value now than it was at that time.

must all melt away like snow, and be terminated by the freezing hand of death. On her hills you catch the invigorating breezes of the sea, and their shade shelters you in summer from the scorching heat of the sun. Her plains are extensive, broken occasionally by gentle elevations, thrown about, as it were, in irregular beauty, like the undulating waves of the sea. They are of extreme fertility, many plants which grow within the tropics flourishing upon them. Taken conjointly with the alternating mountains and valleys, rejoicing together under a generally cloudless sky, they might well be called the Garden of Eden. Greece contains no large rivers, but this is amply compensated for by an infinite number of small streams, and by its extensive coasts, bays, and harbors. To pass amongst the islands of her Archipelago, in going from Athens to Smyrna for instance, is to enjoy a few hours of the highest heights of ecstacy which enchanting scenery can inspire. There is no wildness, no barrenness; but everything which could tend to elevate the feelings or to contribute to the temporal happiness of man, appears to have been here bestowed by the God of nature with an unsparing hand. Surely, taken as a whole, Greece is the most lovely country in the universe.

And moreover, no man can tread her shores without experiencing peculiar emotions. Here it was that the greatest of philosophers, orators, and poets, such as Socrates, Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, Homer, &c., who ever lived, were born and flourished. Here too it was that civilisation in Europe commenced, and where education first shed its enlightening beams. But, to a professed Christian, these are little things compared with others of weightier moment. It was in the Greek language that the New Testament was originally written and from which our translation was taken; and it was when writing to the Greeks that Paul made that self-humbling declaration "By the grace of God I am what I am," and said he was determined to know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and him crucified, (1 Cor. ii. 2; xv. 10,) and that he had learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content; (Phil. iv. 11;) and to them he preached the glorious doctrine of the resurrection. (1 Thess. iv. 15–18.)

And yet—O how my fingers hesitate ere they pen the fatal sentence!—and yet this earthly paradise, this Eden of the terrestrial globe, this once highly-favored spot, is occupied by a race of men little better than brigands and licentious reprobates. The Greeks are now, as they ever have been, notorious for their piratical propensities and lewd habits. Read 1 Cor. vi., and there you have an account of what the Greeks were in

Paul's day, and what, with comparatively few exceptions, they are now. It is said that in the Temple of Venus 1,000 women were kept. So abandoned were they to everything that was base and abominable that other heathen countries are said to have been shocked at their excesses. And not only are the Greeks still a licentious people, but they are also a people not in any way to be trusted. "Lying Greece," has ever been the nickname of the country. Epimenides, the prophet referred to by Paul, (Titus i. 10–13,) said, "The Cretians" (who were also Greeks,) "were alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies;" "and this witness," says Paul, "is true." Anything for "*filthy* lucre."

Their piracies on the seas have been for the present almost put an end to by the fleets of England and other powers; but it is well known that when an act of piracy is committed, the pirates are Greeks.* Nothing appears to be too desperate for them to undertake for money, where there is the slightest chance of success. It was only last summer (1853) that the Austrian Government wanted to kidnap a refugee at Smyrna, named Kosta. The Turks would, I believe, have recoiled from such an act for the mere sake of *pay*, but Greeks were soon found who undertook the murderous task; and most of my readers know to what that act led. Generally speaking, foreign travellers, especially English and French, are allowed to pass over the country unmolested; but even *they* are not always spared. Not long ago, our Government had to remonstrate with the Greeks because of the insecurity of travellers. Just before I was there, I remember that three ladies from Manchester were going from Athens into the interior, when they were stopped by a gang of these lawless adventurers, and stripped of well-nigh everything except the clothes which covered them. The travellers begged hard for the remainder of their apparel, as it could be of no use to the bandits, when they were *generously* told that everything should be examined, and such clothes as were not wanted should be deposited in a certain place, and that the ladies could have them on their return. A few days afterwards, to their great joy, they found the clothes as promised. I heard of one traveller who, in like manner, was robbed of everything, not having left even a change of linen. On reaching Athens, he had to *borrow* one shirt from one traveller, another from another, and another from another; and as he had no hope of ever again meeting the

* This year (1854) the Greeks are again following their diabolical propensities. Many of them have been taken by the English and French cruisers in the Mediterranean.

lenders, so as to repay them, all that he could do, to show his gratitude, was to pledge his word that he would not wear any shirt *out of its turn*. Within these two years, armed gangs have gone about the country, and the soldiers have been totally unable to disperse them. So bold were they, so successful, and so little opposed by the people generally, that they marched to the very gates of Athens, and great fears prevailed that they would enter the city. I believe, however, that they were driven back.

I am aware that some apologists for Greece attribute their present immoral state to the oppressions under which the Greeks have for so many centuries groaned; and to some extent this may be the fact; but, so far as I can ascertain from history, the great mass of the people were always considered "freebooters, pirates," &c.

> "A herd of slaves, by tyranny debased,
> Their Maker's image more than half effaced."

No country in the world, of the like extent, possesses so many advantages for the different branches of industry, and no people ever so much abused those privileges. Having the Ægean Sea on the east, the Ionian, or Adriatic, on the west, and the Mediterranean on the south, and being an easy distance from Italy, Egypt, and Asia Minor, Greece had facilities for commerce which were not possessed by any other country. Her extensive sea coast and numerous islands and harbors rendered her superlatively a country of maritime commerce, and were the original cause of the opulence which led to perfection in the arts of civilised life; but, unfortunately, these again led to dissipation and luxury.

The history of Greece is to me peculiarly interesting; so much so that, were I to follow my own inclination, I should occupy at least 50 pages with it; but I feel that to do so would be unpardonable, as it would necessarily exclude much matter more immediately connected with my travels.*

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* Though many of my readers are doubtless well acquainted with Grecian history, yet I am persuaded that there are equally many who are not, and who will read the following brief statement with interest.

Between 400 and 500 years before Christ, Darius, King of Persia, mentioned in Ezra iv. 5, 14, and other parts of the Old Testament, sent an army of 120,000 men, with 600 ships, to take Athens, to plunder it, to burn the houses and temples, and to lead the inhabitants into captivity. This immense force speedily took possession of the islands, and landed in Attica, in the centre of which Athens is situated; but the Athenians, with only 11,000 soldiers, drove them back with a fearful loss both of men and ships. This was the famous battle of Marathon. Darius was enraged at the loss, and was preparing another expedition

It is generally thought that Greece was the first country in Europe that was ever peopled; but *when* it was so peopled is not so easily determined, nor is it to us very material. Some believe it was by the children of Japheth, (Gen. x. 2–5,) who

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when death put an end to his plans. His son, Xerxes, however, who had just returned from a successful expedition against Egypt, determined upon carrying them out. His fleet consisted of 1,427 ships, besides 1,000 smaller vessels with provisions, and his army numbered upwards of two millions and a half of fighting men. The women and slaves attending them amounted to nearly as many more; so that the entire *array* was not less than five millions of souls. The immense armies that could in these times be got together in a very short period is almost incredible. In 2 Chron. xiv. 9, we read of an army of a thousand thousand, that is, a million; and Josephus, the Jewish historian, says it was 900,000 infantry, and 100,000 cavalry. When Xerxes looked upon his army, he wept, to think that in 100 years not one would be left to publish his fame. The fleet was sent by way of the Archipelago, and the army conducted to the Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles, which separates Asia from Europe, being, in this part, about a mile in width. Xerxes had ordered a bridge of boats to be constructed; but the current having washed the boats away, he ordered the men who had constructed the bridge to be put to death, and a certain number of lashes to be inflicted on the sea for its insolence, in daring to oppose his will. A new bridge of boats was made, and it took the army seven days and nights to cross it. They thus entered Thrace, and commenced their march into Greece. The result of this expedition was, for I cannot give particulars, that Xerxes was compelled to fly, and that, of the immense army that he led into Greece, scarcely a man survived. The Greeks massacred 100,000 of them at one time.

A fleet was afterwards fitted up by the Greeks to take the aggressive. Passing through the Dardanelles, they soon made themselves masters of Byzantium, now called Constantinople, and carried away a large number of prisoners and immense treasures. These riches corrupted the people, from the highest to the lowest; so that even their generals, who had led them to victory, were found guilty of offering to betray their country into the hands of Xerxes.

In the year 355 B.C., the renowned Alexander the Great was born, being on the very night, as it is said, in which the first temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt. The he-goat mentioned by Daniel (viii. 5, &c.) which came from the west, (Greece,) referred to this renowned conqueror. The fact of Daniel seeing in his vision that the "goat touched not the ground," beautifully sets forth the rapidity of Alexander's conquests; for in an astonishingly short time he took Sardis, Ephesus, Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, Silicia, Syria, Phœnicia, and Tyre. From Phœnicia he marched into Palestine, and put the garrison of Gaza, which had resisted him, to the sword. The Jews, who were then in captivity under the Persians, and who had firmly adhered to the Persian cause, sued for pardon at the hands of the conqueror, and obtained it.

Egypt next attracted Alexander's attention; and this important country was acquired without the loss of a single man. By this conqueror, Alexandria was founded. This was in 332 B.C. In July of the following year, he led his army across the Euphrates into Mesopotamia, and in September passed over the Tigris into Assyria. Babylon, Scythia,

divided amongst them "the isles of the Gentiles;" and I see no reason to doubt the correctness of that supposition. The term which we render "isles," originally signified not only islands, but harbors, and the sea coast generally; and, consequently,

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all Persia, submitted in their turn; and thus was the great power of the Persians overthrown, as foretold by Daniel.

On the death of Alexander, 323 B.C., his brother and two sons were murdered, and Greece, including the conquered states, was divided amongst four of his generals; precisely as had been predicted by Daniel 200 years before; (Dan. viii. 22;) that is, when "the horn" was "broken," "four kingdoms stood up out of the nation, but not in his power;" to wit, not from his loins, or by his authority.

Greece was now again wasted by civil wars, until, in 147 B.C., it was subjugated by the Romans, who destroyed 70 cities, sold 150,000 men as slaves, and divided the country into two provinces, Achaia and Macedonia, taking possession, of course, at the same time of Constantinople, and all the countries belonging to Greece.

About 400 years ago, Greece was taken by the Turks, and the people reduced to slavery; and until within these few years, as in ancient, so in modern times, she has been the scene of continued oppressions, wars, and bloodshed. Though the breast of every Greek heaved after liberty, and though they were but too anxious to catch at every straw which promised them deliverance, yet each successive attempt to throw off their chains only tended to strengthen their bonds and to cut off thousands of their numbers. If they defeated the Turks one day, it was only to be themselves horribly butchered the next.

In December, 1820, violent shocks of an earthquake were felt in the Morea. A few days afterwards, (Jan. 9, 1821,) the sea rushed on to the land, accompanied by a whirlwind; loud thunders rent the air; the sea returned to its bed; the rainbow appeared; the sun shone in all his splendor, and all nature resumed her repose. The Greeks, who are superstitious beyond belief, beheld in this tempest and repose an emblem of the mode through which they were to obtain their freedom. The monks were, as they avowed, perpetually seeing visions, all urging the people to battle. They went so far as to say that a priest in Thessaly had risen from his grave and knocked at the door of each cell in the convent, calling upon the monks to take arms. The monks are a kind of religionists who live in idleness in monasteries or convents, each having his separate room or cell. Both the Greek and Roman Catholic monks profess seclusion and to practise self-denial; but it is all hypocrisy. They sprang into existence in the fourth century, when one Antony, who had retired into the desert in Egypt, called together a number of religious anchorites, and drew up regulations for their mode of life.

Nothing could stand against such appeals as the monks made, for the Greeks believed every word. From this time an insurrection commenced. It began at Patras, and soon extended far and wide. The Turks set fire to the Christian parts of the towns, and the Greeks, in retaliation, set fire to the Turkish parts; so that the destruction and devastation were terrific.

Meantime the Greeks, who were always good sailors, had manned a number of ships, and were capturing or destroying all the Turkish vessels that came within their range, and a general massacre was going on, on both sides, in nearly all the islands of the Archipelago, as well as at

the term, "isles of the Gentiles" included the countries *beyond* the sea; (See Jer. xxv. 22;) that is, Greece and other parts of Europe. Most of the countries of Europe can be distinctly proved to have derived their original names from the

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Smyrna and other parts. The Greek flags displayed a figure of Christ, with the motto, "Conquer or sink." Their fire-ships made sad havoc with the Turkish vessels. The Turks frequently offered a free pardon to all who would lay down their arms and submit to the sultan; but they invariably broke faith, burnt the towns and villages, massacred the men, abused the women, and then sold them and their children by public auction as slaves. And as the Turks violated their treaties with the Greeks, so the Greeks violated theirs with the Turks, often murdering those whom they had sworn to spare, and by such acts for years shut themselves out from the sympathies of all Europe.

In atrocity, in everything that was inhuman, the Greeks were not one whit behind their Turkish oppressors. Indeed, if possible, the Greeks exceeded the Turks in barbarity; for the latter usually despatched their prisoners at once with their scymetars, while the Greeks subjected theirs to all kinds of indignity and cruelty, restrained only by the occasional interference of the European consuls, to whom the Turkish prisoners, especially the women, looked for protection. The stroke of the Turkish scymetar was infallibly a deadly one, cutting open the head on one side along the ear, and, when wielded by a strong and dexterous hand, sometimes severing it at one stroke from the body.

Early in 1824, Lord Byron chartered a ship, and, with upwards of £20,000, went to assist the Greeks; but disappointment awaited him. The daily attempts of the leaders to extort money from him, the brawls of the people, and the disputes of the Europeans, added to the malaria from the marshy grounds near his residence, caused his death in little more than three months after his arrival.

At length the governorship of the Morea was given to Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, who sent his son, or rather his wife's son, Ibrahim Pasha, (who was in England, as will be remembered, a few years ago,) with an army of Arabs and a fleet, to subdue the country and to destroy the Greek ships. Their course was marked with scenes of horror even surpassing those I have already described. When taking a fort on the island of Ipsera, the Greeks allowed them to enter, and then fired the magazine. No less than 4,000 Turks and 3,000 Greeks were buried in the ruins. The ground was strewn with the dying and the dead. The same thing occurred on the storming of Missolonghi, and, I believe, on one or two other occasions, when the women voluntarily submitted to be blown up with the magazine, rather than fall into the hands of the Turks. The Egyptian army, though occasionally discomfited, was well-nigh everywhere victorious. The thousands who were again slain and massacred on both sides, for no mercy was shown, and the number of ships destroyed, almost exceed belief. The Egyptians used to pile up the heads of the Greeks, like stones, and sent ship loads of them to the sultan, at Constantinople; just as was the case in old times, when heads were laid in heaps at the gates and sent in baskets. (2 Kings x. 7, 8; Judges vii. 25.) There are Greeks still living, some in England, who too well remember these awful scenes.

In the spring of 1827, despite all obstacles, a treaty was signed in London, by the representatives of England, France, and Russia, having for its basis the freedom of the Greeks. Without loss of time, the

children and grandchildren of Japheth. Many of the Phœnicians, called in the Bible Canaanites, whom Joshua drove out of the "Holy Land," are also said to have fled to Greece. Beyond this I shall not perplex my readers and display my own folly by attempting to penetrate.

Having joined company with a German gentleman, who spoke several languages, we hired a carozzo (a cab) to take us back to the Piræus, having a letter of introduction, from a friend at Malta, to the American Baptist missionary, Mr. Buel,

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fleets of these three allied powers sailed for Greece, and anchored in the Bay of Navarino. An armistice was concluded with Ibrahim, the Egyptian commander, by which all the ships were to remain at anchor, and all hostilities to cease. Within a week, however, with the same characteristic lack of good faith as has invariably marked the Turks and Arabs, 40 of the Egyptian ships left the harbor, and endeavored to escape to Patras. Admiral Codrington pursued them, and soon compelled them to put back. In less than three weeks, other differences occurred, which ended in the Battle of Navarino, a brief notice of which I have given on a previous page.

England did not support the Greek Revolution until the Turks could keep the people down no longer. Then the choice was, whether she should be an independent state, or be added to Russia. No sane man could hesitate as to his decision, for to have allowed Russia to take possession of the country and its islands and harbors would have been to place all Europe in her power. The English Government, nevertheless, called the battle of Navarino "an untoward event," as they foresaw that the Turks, having lost their fleet, would be more than ever at the mercy of Russia; and the present war (1854) proves that they were right.

The next difficulty was to decide what form of government should be established in Greece. The mass of the people were for a republic, which, in their case, undoubtedly meant power to live and plunder as they pleased. This was tried for a time; but the President, Capo d'Istrias, having been murdered in the street, when going to church, the allied powers fixed upon a monarchy; and a boy, the son of the King of Bavaria, was made King of Greece. Bavarian soldiers were sent to protect his person, and Bavarian regiments still remain in the country, though the King, Otho, is now of age. A loan of £3,000,000 was contracted for, for the making of roads and otherwise improving the country; but the greater portion of this has been thrown away on a new palace and some other unnecessary and extravagant baubles. The interest of the loan was guaranteed by the three allied powers already named; so that, every third year, as the Greeks are both unable and unwilling to pay, we, the fleecy sheep of England, have to pay it for them to the loan-holders, out of our taxes, and are thus shorn of £47,000 a year, for a people who are, in my judgment, the most unworthy of any in the world. The balance due to this country on account of this loan has now reached £472,518. The last sum received by us from the Greek Government, in repayment of advances, was as long ago as 1848, and the amount was only £7,740!

The Greeks are constantly quarrelling with the Bavarian soldiers; and no wonder, for, as I have hinted above, nothing will ever satisfy them short of a pirate's flag, a robber's purse, and a libertine's life.

who resided there. I had also letters to the American Independent and Episcopalian missionaries at Athens, from each of whom, as well as from Mr. Buel, I received the greatest kindness. Mr. Buel urged me to take up my abode with him; but I declined, as I had made arrangements at the hotel. The English have no missionaries at Athens.

The distance from the Piræus to Athens is about five miles. The road lies along a narrow valley, being one entire grove of olive trees all the way. Just before entering Athens, we had a view of the Acropolis and of the Temple of Theseus. The street leading into the town is composed of miserable cottages and hucksters' shops, quite as shabby as any part of Little Ireland, in Manchester, and much more so than the Rookery, in St. Giles's, London, used to be. Filth of every description was running down. Here were puddles and there dungheaps; here a great hole and there a pile of broken crockery, ashes, and rubbish. And yet right at the top, and looking down this street, stands the Palace! And really no part of Athens, except some villas outside, is very much better, but generally, if possible, much worse. Though there are a few good shops, and two good hotels, poverty and idleness are but too apparent in every direction. How different was the city 2,000 years ago!

The next day, Jan. 13th, was the Greek New Year's Day, as the Greeks adhere to the old style of reckoning, and was a general holiday. The people were all in their best, and truly splendid some of their dresses were, many of the Greeks wearing the Albanian dress, and I know of none so rich when expensively made up. Even Mr. Polochronopolos, for instance, declared that his dress and appendages cost £50. The full Albanian dress consists of three jackets, richly embroidered, some with silver, others with gold; white fustanelles, like the Scotch kilts; scarf and belt round the waist, also embroidered; yataghans (or swords) and pistols by their sides; garters and sandals, each also embroidered, only every man's differing from his neighbor's; red tarboosh, (or cap,) with silk tassels, some silvered, some gilt, &c. &c. But the dresses this day were by no means confined to the Albanian style. Some of the people had cloaks, all differing in shade, some bordered, some embroidered, some silvered, some gilt; caps, again, in equal variety. Then some were dressed all in white, and others had not a bit of white about them. Some appeared in the Hydriote dress, being from Hydra, one of the islands. This consists of a close jacket, blue, bellows-shaped trowsers, &c. Some were bare-legged, and others had stockings on, blue, red, white, brown, and grey. There were only a few beards, but

mustaches were almost universal, (mine included,) and these were like the stockings, all colors,—grey, sandy, black, brown, and white, all, except mine, being well oiled, and twisted so as to stick out at each end above the upper lip like daggers; an *appropriate* sign-post for the Greeks.

Learning that the Court would go early to the cathedral, we brushed up ourselves, and went also. Surely "my Lord English," as I was called, had a right to do so! We presented ourselves at the private entrance, not hesitatingly, but boldly, for that is the right way to get on in sight-seeing; always go forward until you are sent back. The soldiers opened their line, to allow us to pass, and in less than another minute, much to our own astonishment, we were standing amongst ambassadors and courtiers, all in full court dress, splendid in the extreme, paid for, of course, by the people of the countries which they respectively represented; and we entered freely into conversation with them. The English ambassador was not there.

Behold a movement! Here come several men, carrying long thin lighted tapers, tied together, so as to form a triangle of lights. Then follows the archbishop, and then come the king and queen, with their train. Immediately a curtain is drawn up, and a number of priests are seen standing on a small stage, after the manner of a play-house. They sing; but of all the hideous noises——I am not a Greek, and therefore have no right to be severe in my judgment. The service lasted only half an hour; and the same breath of the archbishop which at the close said, "Amen," also called out, "Three cheers for the king!" which were given in the cathedral, the archbishop acting as fugleman, and every courtier and ambassador joining, but the "rabble" remaining dumb. And then every one, amidst the most irreverent confusion, scampered off as fast as he could. During the service I was within four yards of the king and queen, the aisle only separating us. The "rabble" were in the back seats, and I observed that all kept on their caps and tarbooshes. The Greeks do not uncover during service, except the few who wear hats. Indeed they never take off their caps or tarbooshes when they enter into any house. Their heads are not considered "covered" unless they have hats on.

As I now *was* at Athens, I naturally felt desirous to see the antiquities, &c., of the place. Accordingly, my German companion having joined me in the hiring of a guide, we sallied forth.

We first came to a bridge, which crossed the Ilissus, the

river of the Greek poets. The bed of the river, for the river was then dry, extends for some miles, the banks being still perfect. Following its course, we came to the Stadium, or race-course. This was not for horses, but for men, as referred to by Paul, 1 Cor. ix. 24, and Phil. iii. 14. The Stadium was of a semi-elliptical shape, something like a horse shoe, and is close to the river. The seats were originally of white marble, and would accommodate 25,000 people. These are now all destroyed. Here also is a subterraneous passage, through which the vanquished made their escape, as the jeers of the people knew no bounds. Plato says, "At first they shoot forth impetuously, but at the end of the race they are smothered with ridicule, their ears flagging on their shoulders, and themselves slinking off uncrowned." The victors were usually rewarded with a crown, or wreath, made of olive leaves, innumerable flowers were showered upon them, and they were conveyed to their homes in triumphal chariots, amid the acclamations of the people. A white stone was also sometimes given them, on which were inscribed their names and the value of the prizes they had won. This custom is probably referred to in the Revelation: "To him that *overcometh* will I give a *white stone*, and in the stone *a new name written;*" (ii. 17;) "And I will *write upon him* the name of my God, and my new name." (iii. 12.) The Council of the Areopagus at Athens also gave their judgment by means of stones. A white stone was for acquittance and a black stone for condemnation; so that when the Lord says he will give a white stone, it is intended as a symbol of acquittal.

The Greeks had other games, such as wrestling, &c., besides that of racing; and it is remarkable how Paul applied his discourses and epistles to the particular conditions of the people and to the games and circumstances with which they were familiar. They supplied him with the most beautiful images and vivid illustrations, when teaching the doctrines and precepts of the gospel: "So *run* that ye may obtain;" "We *wrestle* not with flesh and blood;" "We are made a *spectacle* (or theatre) to the world;" &c. &c. (See Eph. vi. 12; 1 Cor. ix. 24, 25, &c. &c.) For ten months before the time fixed for the games, the competitors were compelled to be exercised by masters, who employed the most effectual means to inure their bodies to fatigue. Their diet was also spare and severe, having for a time no other nourishment than dried figs, nuts, cheese, and hard bread. No man who had not adopted this regimen under the eye of the master was allowed to contend for the prize; and if by any oversight such a one did steal in amongst

the combatants and overcome his antagonist, the prize was withheld from him, and he was thrust on one side, or cast away. Neither was a criminal, nor any person nearly related to a criminal, allowed to contend; and every candidate was obliged to swear that he was not a criminal and that he had gone through the necessary ten months' ordeal. This custom is what Paul uses as a figure when he says, "If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not *crowned* unless he strive lawfully." (2 Tim. ii. 5.) And again, he must not be a criminal, but a good "citizen with the saints and of the household of faith; born, not of corruptible seed," &c. "I keep under my body," says he, "and bring it into subjection, lest that, by any means, when I have preached unto others, I myself should be a cast-away;" or, as Dr. Doddridge says the original reads, "should be *disapproved* by the judges," not having gone through the necessary ordeal, as I have just explained. "Those who strive for the mastery are temperate in all things. *They* do it to obtain a *corruptible* crown," as the leaves of which their laurels are composed will crumble to powder; "but *we* an *incorruptible*." Sometimes the competitors exercised themselves with the gauntlet on, when they had no antagonist near them; and this was called "beating the air." But Paul fought as one in *earnest*, having real and powerful enemies to contend with: "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air." (1 Cor. ix. 26.) The whole language is beautifully figurative.

Before engaging in the games, the combatants invariably threw off all such clothes as would retard them in the course. The outer garment especially would entangle, or beset them; and Paul has this in view when he says, "Let us lay aside every weight," &c. (Heb. xii. 1.)

In wrestling, the antagonists would stretch out their arms to lay hold of each other, by way of challenge, and to show their strength, and then run furiously to grasp hold of each other. Eliphaz seems to refer to this in Job xv. 25, 26: "He stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty. He runneth upon him, even on his neck, upon the thick bosses of his buckler."

The prize which was being contended for in the races was exhibited at the end of the goal, and each man had his path carefully measured, and marked out by a white line, to step over which caused him to lose the game. So says Paul, "I press toward the mark for the prize;" but "we stretch not ourselves beyond our measure, nor boast of things without our measure, in another man's line;" that is, "We do not boast that we have run in this race, when we have not kept in a

right path, but gone in another man's line; for the line which God has marked out for us reaches even to you." (2 Cor. x. 13–16.) Are we, then, victors? Yea, and "more than victors, through him that hath loved us."

Turning my back upon the Stadium, I had a full view of the Acropolis, in all its exquisite beauty, its mouldings glittering in the sun, like sparkling stars, with varied tints; as also the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus below it; the whole of the expansive plain around; the Bay of Salamis, with the hills of the Morea in the distance beyond the bay; the marble-faced Palace on the foreground; and the town in the valley between the Palace and the Acropolis. The mountains around, such as Pentelicus, (in which are the beautiful white marble quarries,) Parnes, Hymettus, &c., were covered with snow, but we were enjoying the warmth of spring; nay, the beauty and softness of summer; and inhaling the pure air of a perfectly transparent atmosphere. The sun was shining in true Grecian splendor upon the whole scene. It was almost too much for my nervous system. I ceased to gaze upon it, for I felt my knees giving way under the sensation.

We hastily proceeded, and came to the Temple of Jupiter. Here stand 16 Corinthian columns, about 22 feet in circumference, and upwards of 60 feet high, being all that is left of that once magnificent structure, the largest in Athens. It had originally 120 columns, and covered an area of 2,300 feet.

Thence we went under the Arch of Hadrian, Roman emperor, (who lived about a century and a half after Christ,) along a series of narrow filthy lanes, nicknamed streets, to the ruins of the Temple of Venus, and the Lantern of Demosthenes. This is a circular building of white marble, surmounted with a cupola. The columns, frieze, &c., are rich. Casts of them are in the British Museum.

Continuing our course along the filthy lanes, for in Athens there is no alternative, we reached the heart of the town. Here is the Tower of the Winds, an octagonal building, each side having a figure, floating through the air, representing the effects of the wind from that particular point; thus, north, the figure is well wrapped up; south, it is in summer dress, and so on. Besides which, on each side was a sun dial; so that the tower invariably told the time of day, as the sun must shine on one side or other; and inside there was a kind of water-clock, called a clepsydra, to tell the time when the sun was not shining. The tower is now greatly dilapidated. The figures on the Tower of the Winds are all represented as having wings. The ancients, when speaking allegorically of

the wind, invariably referred to it as having wings. This may explain the expression "wings of the wind," in Ps. xviii. 10.

We next went to the Museum. Lord Elgin, when ambassador at Athens, took down the friezes, metopes, &c., of the Parthenon at his own expense and risk, and to prevent further destruction from the Turks. Parliament afterwards gave him £35,000 for them as a private purchase, to reimburse him for his expenses.

In Hadrian's market-place is a block of marble about 14 feet high, containing Hadrian's market tariff, in Greek characters. It is exceedingly perfect, and very curious. Many ruins lie about this spot, such as pillars, &c.

We next wended our way to the Temple of Theseus, about half way up the hill. All over the hill side are innumerable traces of old buildings, fragments of ruins, deep wells, &c. The Temple of Theseus is the only complete one now left in Athens. It struck me with interest, not because of its gorgeousness or spaciousness, as, according to my measurement, it is only about 18 yards long and seven or eight wide; but because of its compactness and neatness. There are 34 pillars round it, all in excellent preservation, but the roof is modern. Outside are various pieces of statuary, Pagan deities, &c.; and inside, what a collection of old ruins and fragments! Heads, arms, hands, feet, legs, joints, men, women, children, gods, goddesses, as well as urns, sarcophagi, tombs, inscriptions, animals, figures, and subjects of all sorts; hundreds upon hundreds; and all of white marble. A watchman is always on duty here, as the Greeks are determined that there shall be no more Lord Elgin visitors, that no more of their relics shall leave the country, if they can help it.

Not being able to visit the Acropolis, as it was a holiday, we passed through the town, and went to see the king and queen, as we understood they would drive round an open part outside. A permanent wooden tent stood in the centre of the space, and here was a band. Soldiers were stationed round it, to keep the people off; but this precaution was hardly necessary, as there were not 200 present. On our going up, they made an opening, and allowed us to go inside. I then minutely examined the scene around. On one side of the space were several exceedingly shabby wooden huts, rather too large for dog kennels, but not so weather proof as dog kennels ought to be. They were surrounded with dirty and shabby tables, and, if possible, still shabbier chairs and forms. And this in the capital of the once-renowned Greece!

Their Majesties at last drove up. They were in an open

barouche, with four horses. I and my companion saluted them as they passed us, which they graciously returned. A few of the people took off their caps, a few more touched their foreheads, but the great bulk did neither. They do not like a ruler at all. The king really looked unhappy. He is a Roman Catholic; but the allied powers have promised the people that his successor shall be of the Greek religion. The queen was the handsomest woman that I saw in Athens.

In the evening, while at dinner, an English naval officer came in and joined us; as also a stranger, a Greek, who did not seem to understand a word that we said. We *English lords*, therefore, conversed freely, our conversation being principally about the poverty and idleness of the Greeks, the rottenness of the Government, the unpopularity of King Otho, the absurdities of the Greek religion, &c. At length the Greek stranger stopped us, and taught me a lesson which, as a traveller, I believe I shall never forget. "Gentlemen," said he, (speaking in English,) "you ought to be more guarded in what you say. For anything you know, I may be a spy, sent to this table by the Government to hear your conversation and to report accordingly. Let me advise you, gentlemen, whenever you are in the presence of a stranger in a foreign country, to be careful how you open your lips." We all looked mighty simple, but simultaneously acknowledged that his remarks were just. "Well, gentlemen," he continued, "it so happens that I agree with you in most that you have said; but that does not detract from the necessity of your following my advice in future, as you never know in whose presence you may be talking." We heartily thanked him, and then conversed freely with him, though we took care not to say much more about the Government. He told us that on only the day previously, the Government had taken forcible possession of his house, and thrown all his furniture, papers, &c., into the street. The lower courts of justice were all corrupted, therefore he believed that they would not condemn the Government; but the Supreme Court, he said, had not yet given up its integrity to the will of the king; so that he had no doubt he should ultimately get redress. "Old England for ever!" said I to myself. He also told us that there was great disaffection in the army, especially among the officers. The commander, General Church, had been dismissed, and a General Grivas, who had with his own hands killed 11 persons, and been privy to the butchering of 150 others, had been put in his place. This, I suppose, was acting on the principle of "setting a thief to catch a thief."

THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

The next day, (Jan. 14th, 1847,) Mr. King, the American Independent missionary, waited upon me and became my guide. We first went to the Acropolis. Most eastern towns formerly had an acropolis; that is, a secure place on a hill which overlooked the town, and on which were forts, temples, &c. In the centre of the plains of Attica, which are enclosed by mountains on every side except the south, where they are bounded by the sea, stands a rock about 160 yards long, 300 yards wide, and 150 yards high; and on this rock was erected the Acropolis of Athens. As the ancient city was built all round this rock, the Acropolis commanded it on every side. It was, as I have somewhere read, at once the fortress, the sacred enclosure, the treasury, and the museum of the people. The rock is so precipitous that it can be ascended only one way, commencing at the north and winding round to the west. It took us nearly half an hour to reach the top. Passing over myriads of fragments and heaps of ruins, we entered by a wooden door, guarded by two men. Here indeed are the de solations of many generations, destruction upon destructions. The noblest works of Pagan hands, the admiration of the world, nothing to equal them existing in the present day, lie

prostrate and *smashed* in every direction. Heaps upon heaps of broken columns of incredible size, friezes, mouldings, statues, and blocks of every description, lie about in wild confusion. Wars have done their devastating work, but still portions of the buildings remain. Everything is of pure, highly-polished marble, white as the driven snow. When the Turks sought refuge in the Acropolis, the Venetians planted their cannon on a hill opposite, and bombarded the place with red hot bullets. The magazine took fire, and the explosion completed the destruction which the guns had only commenced. The columns are shattered, and the walls *gashed* liked forked lightning. Cannon balls and pieces of bombshells are strewed in every direction. And this scene is renewed at every turn. In a vault below, hundreds of human skulls are deposited. The ancient marble pavement, along which the Greek poets and philosophers have many times walked, still exists. I passed over it, but trust, if I caught none of their wisdom, I did not imbibe any of their idolatry. Not only has this pavement been trodden by poets and philosophers, but also by emperors and princes, from Rome, Egypt, and the rest of the world.

The Propylæon, that is, the gateway, consists now of six marble columns and two wings, with frieze, entablature, &c. They have been splintered by cannon balls, but that does not destroy their magnificence. The Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the goddess of ancient Athens, rises, in all its grandeur, right opposite the entrance. This is said to be the most noble monument of architectural beauty that the world ever saw, the most superb edifice on the finest site in the world. I remember a gentleman at Malta telling me that I did wisely in going to Athens before I visited Rome, as the ruins of the latter would throw those of the former into the shade. I differ from him. I have since *been* to Rome; nay, I have since seen the stupendous temples of Egypt and Ethiopia; but I have never beheld anything which, for elegance, simplicity, and beauty, is at all to be compared with these ruins at Athens.

This superb temple stands on the very summit of the rock. Originally its height from the floor was 65 ft. It was 228 ft. long and 102 ft. broad, and was surrounded by 50 columns, each upwards of 6 ft. in diameter, and 34 ft. in height. The ceilings were supported by 20 columns, 5 ft. 6 in. in diameter. As the sun shines upon it, it seems as if covered with spangles of various hues, from azure blue to unsullied white; so that the eye is dazzled while gazing upon it, and the mind, in spite of itself, is enveloped in admiration and awe. It was completed about 350 years before Christ. The statue of the god-

dess for whose worship this temple was erected was, it is said, 39 ft. high, and was richly made of ivory and gold.

The ruins of the other temples within the walls of the Acropolis, *i. e.*, the Temple of Victory and the Erectheum, though little behind the Parthenon, I must pass over, as my pages are fast filling up. Unitedly they form a whole which, let a man's determination not to be charmed, allured, or moved be as stoical as he please, let him be as stern and austere as he may, will inevitably carry him away in spite of himself, and cause his breast inwardly to heave like the waves of the agitated sea. Without reference to the object for which these mighty structures were erected, I could have wept at beholding the sad destruction with which I was surrounded and the grave-like stillness that reigned within the walls. That such buildings should have been erected for the worshipping of images of "gold, silver, and stone," and should have been laid waste by war, affords only additional proofs of the fallen state of man.

Up a circular staircase, we ascended a minaret, from which the Turkish priests used to call the people to prayers, for a Turk would on no account omit his prayers, though his hands were red with blood. A similar, though not exactly the same, custom as this existed in the time of the Saviour, and to which he referred in Matt. vi. 5.

Standing on this minaret, and looking toward the north, I could say, Over those mountains lies Macedonia. There is Neapolis, where Paul landed from Troas; and there is Philippi, where Lydia was baptized, where Paul and Silas were imprisoned, and where the gaoler was turned to the Lord. (Acts xvi.) There also are Amphipolis and Apollonia, which they passed through into Thessalonica, where Paul reasoned with the Jews; and there is Berea, where the Jews "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." (Acts xvii.) Looking towards the west and south-west, I could say, There is Achaia, with Corinth, Cenchrea, &c.; and towards the east and south east, There is the Ægean Sea and the numberless islands with which it is studded, amongst which are Patmos, to which John was banished by the Roman emperor Domitian, and where he wrote the Revelation; and also Coos, Rhodes, &c. (Acts xxi. 1.) Crete, now called Candia, where Titus was buried, aged 94, lies a little more to the south. Below me was the town of Athens, with the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter on the right and the Temple of Theseus and Mars' Hill to the left. The olive groves in the deep narrow valley leading to the Piræus, with the chain of hills skirting them, were

also in view, and I had a magnificent prospect of hill and dale, seas and islands, sweetly harmonising with the clearness of the atmosphere which encircled the whole. The poet Wordsworth gives a glowing description of this prospect. I gazed upon it until it seemed to dance before my eyes. The excitement was bewildering.

I descended, and, picking my way over and through the thousands of marble blocks and fragments to which I have already referred, some of them at least 22 ft. long, and all polished and fluted, or carved in some richer way, I reached the museum, where are collected specimens of ancient earthenware, vases, helmets, lamps, ornaments, figures, &c. And now my course lay outward, but still over these multifarious ruins.

Outside the inner walls of the Acropolis, but inside the outer walls, is the amphitheatre of Herodes Atticus. Nothing could so rouse the passions of man as the performances in the theatre situated in such a garden. The Acropolis with its temples was just above them, while the river pursued its serpentine way a short distance off. Hills, valleys, and seas were all within their view. The spectators are said to have "become enchanted with the scenic representations of nature and art;" and their orators made abundant use of all around them, their heart-stirring appeals to the people being enriched with the most figurative diction. "Seas and storms, feeding of flocks on the hills, hunting in the woods, fishing in the sea, walls and fortifications, temples and worship,"—all was before them, and all served to aid the orators in their harangues. Plato, a Greek philosopher, referring to this theatre, says, "When multitudes sit crowded together at assemblies, who with loud uproar condemn some things and praise others, doing both with extravagance, by bawling and tumultuous explosion; and when, in addition to this, the rocks and the place in which they are produce by their echo a double din both of the praise and blame; in such a posture as *this*, what think you are the feelings of our young men, or what private education, deem you, will offer its resistance to him, so as not to be swept away by the deluge of such praise and blame, and dashed where this expression may carry it?" The question was well asked, for methinks the man must have been something more than human who could have remained unmoved in the midst of such a scene.

Anxious as I was to linger, I was at length compelled to quit the spot. Over and over again did I visit it, and each succeeding view increased my interest and heightened my admiration, making me regret the setting sun which hastened my

departure. I have yet said nothing about the other ruins at Athens; and but little *can* I say.

Of the Temple of Bacchus, in which every species of dissipation was practised, two pillars only remain. The Pnyx, where the meetings of the people were held, is very complete. The platform, from which Demosthenes harangued his audience, still exists. On this platform I stood, but there was no audience to address; and even if there had been, I lacked the great orator's wisdom and eloquence. The prison of Socrates is a cave cut in the rock, having its entrance from the top; so that escape, without assistance, was impossible.

The market-place, in which Paul disputed with the Athenians, is to the south of the Acropolis, and the tomb of Simon the Just is a little on one side. In the market-place, Paul was encountered by the Stoics and Epicureans. The Stoics professed that they were not influenced by any of the passions of human nature. They were, consequently, apathetic and austere. If they met with misfortunes, they grieved not; if they prospered, they rejoiced not. Their minds were steeled against every impression of feeling or pity. As they held that the world and all human affairs are governed by *fate*, so it was true virtue and happiness not to trouble themselves about anything. The founder of the sect, viz., Zeno, lived to be 98, and then committed suicide. The Epicureans were not, as is generally supposed, gluttons, or luxurious persons, but the reverse. They considered that as nature is satisfied with little, so men ought to content themselves with simple and frugal fare. They recommended a life of *pleasure*, but that pleasure was only another word for happiness, and true happiness consisted in a prudent care of the body and a steady government of the mind. They, however, believed that the soul was a corporeal substance, made up of particles, and, consequently, not immaterial; and they also believed that there was no God of a primary intelligent nature, and that atoms and space were the first principles of all things. They acknowledged no gods, except in name, and denied that they exercised any government over the world. As both the Stoics and Epicureans denied the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, and as Paul insisted upon both, they took him, and brought him to the Areopagus, that he might speak for himself.

This brings me to Mars' Hill, which, notwithstanding my veneration for antiquities, was to me the most interesting spot in this interesting country. It is a limestone rock, having steps cut in it, leading to small platforms, overlooking the space below. To these platforms I ascended. On one of them Paul

stood, when he delivered that memorable oration, (Acts xvii. 22, &c.,) "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." From this platform, he would have a view of the temples, then perfect in their majesty, above him, and of his audience, possibly consisting of thousands, below. Casting his eyes upwards, and pointing to those dazzling and stupendous buildings, he exclaimed, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." And then, turning towards the harbor, in which were the ships, with the signs of their gods on their masts, silvered and gilt, and of which he would have a view, and referring also to the idols in the temples and the colossal image of Minerva in the open air, he added, "We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or stone, graven by art and man's device." How suitable the discourse, how expressive every word! I felt a little sweetness while reflecting upon Paul's words, and still more on returning to the hotel and reading the chapter, especially verse 27.

Having, with the aid of a hammer, helped myself to a piece of the rock, which I still have by me, I took my departure.

I must not omit naming the Areopagus. (Acts xvii. 19.) It is at the top of Mars' Hill. The ascent is by steps, cut in the rock. On the summit are several platforms and seats, on which the council used to sit. The judges who formed the council were called Areopagites, and the council the Upper Council. This council constituted not merely a civil but a sacred court, having supreme control over the religion and morals of the state. The introduction of new deities, the regulation of public worship, and the education of youth were their peculiar care. By their wisdom they were supposed to be able to save the country from danger when even the gods had failed. One writer says it was an ingenious device, to connect the court of the Areopagus with the worship of the people. And so it was; but neither the Greek nor the Roman priests are one whit behind their Pagan ancestors in this species of ingenuity. Dionysius, the Areopagite, was called under Paul's ministry. (Acts xvii. 34.)

One day while at Athens, Mr. King invited me to dinner. A Greek new year's pudding, nearly three feet in diameter, was put on the table. Several Greek gentlemen, including the Professor of the University, two or three members of the Greek Lower House of Parliament and one of the Senate, or Upper House, came to spend the evening with us. I felt it a high honor; and though we had to converse principally through interpreters, I gleaned much information and passed several agreeable hours.

Next day I visited the House of Representatives, or House of Commons. Here I saw the Deputies in their Albanian and other dresses, which I have already described. There was a warm debate going on, but to me it was all *Greek*.

On the 17th of January, I left the hotel, and took up my abode with Mr. and Mrs. Buel, at the Piræus. No friends in the world could have received me more kindly, or given me a heartier welcome. I was struck with the contrast between them and the uneducated portions of their countrymen. While the latter are all braggadocio and abuse, the former were all affability and kindness. To some extent, this is, of course, the case all over the world; but, so far as my observations have gone, not by any means to the same extent with any people as with the Americans. They boast of their liberty, but I have ever found them the most tyrannical people in the world.

The next day Mr. B. accompanied me up a hill, to view the country round the Piræus. What a panorama—a "restless vicissitude" of hill and valley, extending as far as my eye could scan. The Acropolis in the distance added a magnificence to the view which no pen can by possibility describe. Like the kaleidoscope, it presented new beauties at every turn. The weather was such as I could almost wish would occur in England every day in the year. Not a cloud to be seen; no sultriness as at Malta; but the air mild, clear, and dry, imparting health to the body and energy to the spirits, and shedding a lustre on that which already seemed to be perfection itself. I have, in the course of my short life, wandered on foot along the picturesque valleys and over the lofty hills of North Wales; I have beheld the beautiful scenery of the County Wicklow, in Ireland; have visited the lakes of England and the lochs of Scotland; have traversed North Britain, its hills, dales, rivers, and rocks, well-nigh from John-o'-Groat's to Gretna, the Trossachs and the wild mountains of the Highlands being thrown into the scale; but I must not dare to mention any of these in comparison with such a scene as this.

In the afternoon, Mr. Polochronopolos called with his bill. Despite my agreement with his partner, some of the charges were most outrageous. I, however, laid on the table the amount that I considered due to him, which he took up, and put into his pocket, without even counting it, coolly remarking that "a pound or two could not matter much to an English traveller."

On the 19th, accompanied by Mr. Buel, I left in an Austrian steamer for Corinth. Our passage lay up the Gulf of Salamis. On quitting the harbor, at a point on the south, is the tomb of Themistocles, the Greek warrior, who defeated

Xerxes, the Persian king named in the note on page 58; and on the opposite side is the hill on which Xerxes sat during the battle. In four hours we reached Kalamachi. The passengers from Egypt for Austria and England then crossed the isthmus, called the Isthmus of Corinth, which is about six miles wide, on the other side of which they would again take steamer, and proceed along the Gulf of Lepanto and the Adriatic to Trieste, touching at Patras and Corfu. This is the Austrian overland route. Passengers from England go through Belgium and Austria to Trieste, where they take steamer and proceed as above-named to the Piræus, and thence to Alexandria. By this route, travellers may reach Egypt from London, travelling hard, in 10 days. I, however, think, that the French overland route, touching at Malta, is far preferable, and the journey may, indeed, be performed in much less time, especially as the railroad is now (1854) nearly completed from Boulogne to Marseilles. A ship canal cut through the Isthmus of Corinth would be invaluable to Austria, as their steamers could then run direct from Trieste to Egypt, without having to go round the Morea. One was commenced by Nero, but was relinquished.

Corfu is one of the seven Ionian Islands, which are under the "protection" of England. We pay the Lord High Commissioner about the same as the Governor of Malta, and have also, as in Malta, to sustain there a large armed force, called soldiers. These islands cost us about £70,000 a year. Patras is one of the Greek ports. Everybody has heard of Patras and Zante currants. The climate is particularly adapted to their growth. These currants are not *really* currants, but a kind of small grape. They were formerly shipped at Corinth, and were called Corinths, which word was afterwards corrupted to currants. When *packing* them to send to England, the Greeks put them in casks and tread them down with their bare feet, and when their feet become sticky, which in those warm parts must be often the case, they dip them in a tub of water by their side, and then go to work again, treading every handful until the cask is full. I have often heard cooks say that to *wash* the currants destroyed their sweetness and flavor.

About two miles from Kalamachi is Cenchrea, where Paul shaved his head, and at which he landed from Athens, as it was then the port of Corinth, though now gone to decay.

Having engaged a *carriage*, which was very much like an English donkey cart, and the driver having promised to return with us in time for the steamer, we gallopped away for Corinth. Remains of old walls, forts, &c., are visible at every step, and many beautiful hills line the road. The Greeks whom

we met had not a very inviting appearance, their muskets, hangers, knives, pointed mustaches, and huge cloaks, making them truly forbidding. When a boy, I was always taught that the Italians were the most brigand-like people in the world, and certainly they are bad enough; but, bad as they are, I would rather meet two of them by moonlight than one Greek. Some of them were covered with goatskins, reminding me of those "of whom the world was not worthy," (Heb. xi. 37, 38,) and also of the old Greek klephts, or robbers, who had no other dress, and who always lay in the open air, having no house to dwell in. They never attacked in a body, but each placed himself behind a piece of wall or rock, a tree or bush, and thence, with his long gun, took certain aim at his enemy. So exact were they in their aim, from constant practice, that they are said to have been able to send a ball through a ring at a distance of 200 paces. We also saw some shepherds with their crooks, or rods. (See Micah vii. 14.)

In about two hours we reached Corinth, where Paul resided a year and a half. Corinth was formerly the most beautiful and voluptuous city in Greece. It contained 600,000 inhabitants; but, like Athens, it has been devastated by war, and now consists of only a few straggling houses. Its bays and harbors remain, but their ships are not to be found. Ruins of museums, houses, fortifications, Greek churches, and Turkish mosques are to be seen; but of temples there are none, save seven pillars of the temple of Minerva Chlamydata.* The hill of the Acropolis is also covered with ruins, though of a different character from those of Athens. The ancient amphitheatre, in which the gladiators and wild beasts fought, is on one side of the present town, cut out of the rock; and the sacred grove, in which the Isthmian games were celebrated, lies a short way off; but few vestiges remain, except those of the Stadium and the foundation of the Temple of Neptune. The sea has encroached upon the plains from the gulf, causing a fever-breeding malaria, to sleep near which, in certain seasons, is almost inevitable death.

In a direct line, Corinth is about 44 miles from Athens. It is situated in Achaia, (1 Cor. xvi. 15, &c.,) one of the districts into which the Romans divided Greece, and in which Andrew is said to have been martyred, being hung to a cross for two days, and exhorting the people the whole time. He was the first who preached the gospel at Constantinople. To the south runs a chain of mountains, from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. Be-

* That is, wearing a cloak.

yond these mountains is Arcadia, the people of which believe that their race existed before the creation of the moon.

I have said so much about the scenery at Athens, that I need say nothing here, though the view from the Acropolis at Corinth is said to be more magnificent than that of any other part of Greece.

As there was nothing particular to detain us at Corinth, we ordered our donkey cart, and returned to Kalamachi. As we had anticipated, in spite of the assurances of our driver, we found the steamer gone. The Austrian agent, however, kindly took us into his house, and offered us beds, which meant mattresses laid on the floor, but which we eagerly accepted; and his wife prepared dinner for us. We had fish and boiled beef. The former was good; but as to the latter, we might as well have tried to masticate the soles of our shoes as to force our teeth through it. After making several attempts, and finding it impossible to make any impression upon it, we gave it up in despair.

After dinner, we went to hire a caique, a boat about the size of a fishing boat, to take us down the gulf, purposing to start at 5 o'clock the next morning. As we had neglected furnishing ourselves with passports, the police superintendent told us we could not leave until we had sent to Athens for permission; but as we knew how far the integrity of the Greeks ruled their conduct, we only laughed at his threats while we had money in our purses, for in Greece "money answereth all things." Just as we had made up our minds to give him the necessary bribe, a Greek gentleman and his servant arrived in a boat from Athens. As soon as they found that the only beds that were to be had in the place had been engaged by us, they interested themselves amazingly in our welfare, so far as getting us off to Athens was concerned. They not only induced the captain of their boat to start immediately with us, but also went to the police superintendent to give security for our good behaviour. By this means we saved our fee, and the said Government functionary lost his piece of silver.

Having satisfied our kind host, we went on board our ship. The sailors were thorough Greek. They wore bellows-shaped breeches, tied tight round the knee; close, embroidered jackets; red caps with long tassels; pointed shoes, turned up at the toes; red sashes with fringes hanging down and large knives sticking out, and the usual Greek dagger-like mustaches. Their legs were bare, but they were so well-formed that there was no reason why they should have been covered. The cabin made me laugh with astonishment. It was about 7 ft. long

from the point at the bows, 6 ft. wide, and less than 2 ft. 6 in. high, and the entrance to it was through a hole about 2 ft. square. As there was no room for us anywhere else, we had to descend into this inhospitable saloon. Of course we had no resource but to go in feet foremost; and as it was not high enough to allow us to sit upright, we had to lie down at once, our beds being old sails, ropes, &c., and the atmosphere not over pure. Still we should not have complained had this been the worst, but a very few minutes served to prove to us that a good night's sleep was out of the question. The boat swarmed with cock-roaches and other sickening animals; and, do what we would, they were continually dropping upon us from above and crawling over every part of our bodies from below.

Not having any desire to deprive the captain of the luxury of his cabin longer than was necessary, my American friend asked him how the wind was. His answer, literally translated, was, "The wind is ours;" not merely, as we should say, "in our favor," or "with us;" but *ours*, in *our own grasp*, as it were; showing how expressive, how *full*, the Greek language is.

In 11 hours we reached the Piræus, and soon sat down to a welcome breakfast, which Mrs. B. set before us. I had been so deeply interested in the journey, that I thought little of its annoyances. Though in my rambles I observe everything that comes in my way, not much escaping my eye, yet to fill my pages with dry accounts of uninteresting antiquities, modern buildings, tame scenery, common-place customs, or every-day occurrences would be an infliction on my readers which I think they would not patiently endure; nor do I wish to enter very fully into points which have been over and over again discussed by other travellers. This will explain my abruptness in some instances and my meagreness with respect to this trip. I might have said there were 10,000 Greeks massacred there, and 20,000 Turks here; that hill was formed by the bodies killed in such a battle and this pit was filled with the carcases of those who were slain in such an engagement; the battle of so-and-so was fought in that plain, and the carnage of such a time took place in yonder defile; this road or that hill is so-and-so, and that is so-and-so; and no doubt this would have interested *some;* but this is not so much my intention, nor will it be throughout my work, as to try to hit upon points which are likely to be interesting to *all.*

I have read much in the English magazines and papers about the success of some of the *missionaries* in Greece; but I unhesitatingly state that the greater part is a fabrication. An elderly English gentleman told me that he had been 25 years laboring

in Corfu, and had been ably assisted by the American missionaries; but, during the whole of that time, he did not know of a single conversion nor the slightest approximation to one. The American Episcopalian missionary, Mr. Hill, at Athens, is constantly causing it to be published that his school is prospering amazingly; and true enough he has at least 300 scholars; but mark! he *dare not* open his lips to them about religious matters. On the contrary, he is compelled, by the Greek Government, to teach the children the Greek Catechism. Yes; the very religion which he is sent to *upset*, he is obliged to teach; and he *does* teach it regularly. If this be not receiving money under false pretences, I am at a loss to conceive what is. His school may well be large, when the scholars can get education in all that their parents require, "free, gratis, for nothing!" The Baptist missionary, Mr. Buel, and the Congregational missionary, Mr. King, both also Americans, dare not so violate their consciences or betray their trust. And what is the consequence? They are never safe. Several times have they been tried for interfering with the religion of the people, and been driven from Athens, when *all* that they have done has been to read a chapter out of the Bible to their scholars! Mr. Buel once presumed to distribute a copy of the Ten Commandments, in Greek, at Corfu; and though they were not accompanied with a word of comment, he was compelled to flee for his life from the island; and *this* island, mind, belongs to the English! When I was at Athens, Mr. King never ventured outside his house without a man to protect him, having had two narrow escapes of his life; and he could not get a single scholar. Mr. and Mrs. Buel had a very good school; but on one fatal day, a man, who, I believe, owed Mr. B. a grudge, reported that he had been reading the Bible to his scholars. Instantly every scholar left. Mr. B. was tried, found guilty, and sentenced, if I remember right, to be imprisoned, and to pay a heavy fine. He appealed to a higher court, but the sentence was confirmed. He then appealed to the king, and, an American war-steamer happening to enter the port at the same time, he was acquitted; but he lost his scholars. Since then, I find, that both he and Mr. K. have had several misunderstandings with the Government; but as for Mr. Hill, he goes on quietly enough, doing all that the Government wish him to do, and leaving undone all that they do not like to have done. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Hill teaches the children to read, and so far he does well as a *schoolmaster;* but he was sent to Athens as a *missionary*, that is, "to propagate religion;" yet the only religion that he does propagate is the Greek. If

those who support him are satisfied, I have no right to complain.

Mr. and Mrs. Buel, whose hearts I believe the grace of God has touched, endure their persecutions with enviable patience. Earnestly do they desire that the Greeks should be turned from the error of their way and that the true gospel should shine into their souls; but I fear the whole nation is given up to strong delusions that they may believe a lie. Their labors are in sensible submission to the will of God, for they know that "power belongs to him alone." In the published accounts of their labors, they have never hesitated to speak the truth, however discouraging that truth might appear. They are not without friends in Athens; for many of the Greeks are exceedingly kind to them; and this is some amelioration of their trials.

The religion of the Greeks, in Paul's days, for I need not go farther back, was Paganism. Like all other Pagans, they had no conception of a God omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, inseparable from his attributes of perfection; and yet they had an instinctive idea that even the minutest circumstance was governed by some superior powers. Had Satan never put it into the heart of man to separate the *attributes* of God from the *being* of God, idolatry could never have existed. This of necessity caused the people to have "gods many," (1 Cor. viii. 5,) too many far for me to attempt to enumerate them. There was Jupiter, who they believed had power over the elements, thunder and lightning, wind and rain, storms and tempests. There were Vulcan, the god of fire; Mars, the god of war; Apollo, the God of archery and music; Bacchus, the god of wine; Neptune, who had dominion over the sea; Mercurius, who regulated the markets and trade; Diana, the goddess of the chase and of health; Minerva, who inspired the arts and sciences; Venus, the goddess of beauty; and a host of others. Then again, as the people could not worship what they could not *see*, they made images to represent the several gods; and these images, though at first intended only as symbols, they gradually began to adore, until they lost all knowledge of any supernatural power, and believed that the images were in reality the gods; and for these, as well as for their forms of worship, they had the most profound veneration. (See pages 391–395.) As storms and tempests would sometimes arise in spite of Jupiter, and as war would often go against them notwithstanding their adoration of Mars, many of them had a consciousness that there was *some* Power superior to *all;* but what this power was, they knew not; therefore they

worshipped the "Unknown God." (Acts xvii. 23.) The various Pagan countries had their own respective gods; so that when they fought with other countries, they had the impression that it was *their* gods fighting against the gods of their enemies. The question with them was, not whether the gods of their enemies *were* gods, for they believed they were, but whether they were as powerful as their own. (1 Kings xx. 28.) Thus it was that the Philistines were afraid when they heard the shout of the Israelites: "Woe unto us; who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty gods? These are the gods that smote the Egyptians." (1 Sam. iv. 6, 7.) To encourage themselves in battle, and to insure victory, as they imagined, the Pagans carried their gods with them to the fight. The Israelites, as will be seen from 1 Sam. iv. 3, after they had been smitten by the Philistines, said, "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant, that it may save us," &c.; thus showing that they had already begun to trust in the ark instead of in God. Had they gained the battle, no doubt they would have absolutely worshipped it; but Jehovah would not have it so, and therefore he permitted the Philistines to slay 30,000 of them. The Chaldeans are said to have worshipped fire. This they carried with them to try its power over the gods of other nations; and these, being made of wood or metal, were consumed by it, as they could not stand fire. Going into Egypt, however, one of the Egyptian priests filled large earthenware jars with water, having previously perforated them with small holes, and stopped them up with wax. These were put into the fire of the Chaldeans. The wax soon melted, and the water extinguished the fire, greatly, no doubt, to the discomfiture of the Chaldeans.

Now, however absurd these things may appear to men of even common understanding, we find that the same custom prevailed amongst the Romans soon after they had professed Christianity, that is, in the fourth century. Having been defeated in several battles, they tried the power of the Cross. They carried a Cross at the head of their armies; they had Crosses on their banners, and on the buttons, helmets, &c., of the soldiers; and they used the sign of the Cross to protect them from dangers, &c. This was the first step to *Christian* idolatry. They gradually ascended the pyramid, step by step, until they reached the summit. After the Cross, they introduced representations of the Crucifix, the Saviour suffering *on* the Cross; then followed the Virgin Mary, and then their patron saints, of each of which the Romanists have their images, and the Greeks their paintings; and these they as veritably adore as the Israelites did the golden calf, (Exod.

xxxii. 4,) the Philistines their god Dagon, and the Athenians their goddess Minerva.

I have said on a previous page that the Greeks are superstitious beyond belief. I will give one or two instances.

On the 18th of January, I witnessed in the harbor at the Piræus their ceremony of sanctifying the sea. For some time before this takes place, the Greek sailors are very reluctant to go to sea; but after it, they would not hesitate to go, though it were blowing, as English sailors say, "great guns." I went into the church, and found the service just commencing, during which the priests blessed, or made holy, as the people believe, some bread and water. As soon as the curtain was drawn up, the priests were exhibited to view on a stage, as players are at a theatre, which religious exhibitions originally gave rise to theatrical performances. The instant the service commenced, there was such a bowing of heads and motion of hands, making crosses, by touching the forehead, the shoulders, and the breast, that all the people seemed as if they were wax figures hung on springs. When duly consecrated, the bread and water were carried by men into the body of the church, which on this occasion was crowded, nay crammed; and a scramble ensued, surpassed only by the fights which used to take place at Donnybrook fair. The galleries were filled with ladies, exhibiting a multitudinous variety of heads and a corresponding diversity of head dresses; but no bonnets. I had stationed myself in a retired spot, that I might be able quietly to take notes; but when the scramble began, I was obliged to close my note-book, and protect myself with my elbows. Scores of men, with cups, cans, and glasses, endeavored to obtain some of the water out of the bowl, each struggling as though his salvation depended upon it, believing that it would cure all diseases, though every day's experience, were they not blinded by the god of this world, must convince them to the contrary. The priests, attired in their vestments, and accompanied by soldiers with banners, &c., then walked in procession from the church to the harbor. Accompanied by Mrs. Buel, I went to the house of a Greek, and was favored, from the balcony, with a view of what followed. Five or six men, stripped to the waist, stood near the water ready to dive; the harbor was covered with boats filled with people; and the shore was lined with hundreds of Greeks, with their red caps, looking truly picturesque. A Russian man-of-war was in the harbor. Presently the procession arrived. One of the priests threw into the water an iron cross, and the divers immediately followed. All was breathless silence and anxiety. The men re-appeared

but, alas! the cross was not found. A boy then jumped in. Again was there a deathly silence; but now a loud shout and the firing of the guns on board the Russian* man-of-war announced that he had succeeded. The cross was found, and the sailors' lives rendered safe! The boy was carried away in triumph, amid the most barbarous shouts of exultation.

We now went home, *i. e.*, to Mr. Buel's. A number of Greeks, of both sexes, came to the house, and apologised for the indecorous behaviour of the people in the church, expressing a hope that I would take no notice of it. They had probably seen me with my note-book. I did not, however, make any promises.

The picture dealers in Greece have all sorts of paintings to dispose of, and can accommodate their customers to the height of their wishes. A poor man went to a picture dealer's, and asked for a picture of a certain saint, his patron. The dealer asked him if he would like a plain picture or a miracle-working one. "Why," said the poor man, "what is the difference?" "Why, this picture," replied the honest dealer, "last night jumped down from where it now stands, went all round the shop, and then jumped up again." "O how I should like it," rejoined the poor devotee; "but is there any difference in price?" "Yes, of course. This is 50 drachmas, while the plain one is only 20." The poor man went home to try to raise the money for the miracle-worker; but, failing in the attempt, was obliged to be satisfied with the non-miracle one. This is only one instance out of many similar ones.

My guide at Athens boasted, as all the Greeks do, that they are not idolaters like the Romanists, as they have no images; but this appeared to me to be an empty boast; for, though they certainly have not *images*, yet their churches, houses, and ships are decorated with rude *paintings* of the Virgin and the saints, before which they prostrate themselves, as the Romanists do before their images. Two English travellers once saw a Russian* going through his prayers before an empty picture frame, in which a painting of his patron saint had formerly been; when, suddenly perceiving that the picture was gone, he ceased, and exclaimed, "Impossible to pray without a god to pray to!" The same travellers inquired of an old woman, "Whose likeness is that?" "It is our only Lord God St. Nicholas," she replied, crossing herself. To boast, therefore, that they have not images is like a man saying that he cannot for conscience' sake eat *pork*, and yet can greedily devour *ham*.

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* The Russians embraced the Greek religion in the year 988.

In some parts, as soon as a child is born it is covered with amulets; and a piece of mud, duly blessed by the priests, and softened in holy water, which is believed to possess a peculiar charm, is plastered on its forehead, to keep off what is called the Evil Eye.

Though the Greek Church is not quite so prolific in miracles as the Popish, yet the priests sometimes profess to perform them. They believe they have in their possession part of the Virgin's girdle, which they keep as a protection against the plague; and also that the head of John the Baptist is in the monastery of St. Dionysius; yet, ludicrously enough, the Romanists say that *they* have his head in the cathedral of Genoa.

The Russians, as I have said, being of the Greek religion, partake of the same superstitions. On the very day in which I write this paragraph, I saw in a newspaper that a priest had called his congregation together, and, after showing them the comet which has this summer (1853) been visible all over Europe, said that "this was the same star that had appeared to the wise men at the birth of our Saviour, and that it was only visible now in the Russian empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to intimate to the Russian eagle that the time was now come for it to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox, soul-sanctifying church. He showed them that the star was now standing immediately over Constantinople, and explained that the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delays of the Russian army in proceeding to its destination." This, of course, was urging them on to war with Turkey.

The Greek priests in Russia once wanted money for a new church. They reported that the Virgin Mary had several times appeared to them and told them they must search for a picture of herself, which was deposited in a particular spot. After some time, this was done, and a picture found, which had, of course, been previously put there by the priests. Instructions were then given that a church should be built in which the picture might be placed. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. Money flowed in, and the church was built. Even pirates, before going to sea to plunder ships, promised to devote "a portion of their expected spoil to the object."

In the cathedral at Novogorod, there is a painting of the Virgin with three hands. The following is its legendary history. An artist was painting it, and had nearly completed it, with only two hands as usual, when he found one morning that a third hand was on the canvas. Thinking some one had played him a trick during the night, he rubbed it out, and

then finished the picture. Making the door secure, he went home. The next morning, however, the third hand was in again. Again he rubbed it out, and then doubly fastened the door, and barricaded the window. Still, on his return the following day, the hand was in again, though he found the door and window in the same state as he left them. He was now seriously alarmed, and began to cross himself; when the Virgin herself appeared, and told him it was her will that the hand should be there! This picture is highly adored. And this in Russia, by the people who wish to make us believe they are more enlightened than the fanatical Turks!

Not long ago, a Russian princess repaired to her confessor, and asked him what good thing she should do to inherit eternal life. "Never will you be perfect," said he, "until you have learned to live on mushroom skins." Thus, like all creature-religionists of every clime and name, do they set at nought the blood of Immanuel, which alone cleanseth from all sin.

The places of worship in Greece are not splendid temples, like those at Malta and in Italy; but this does not arise from any want of *will*, but of *power*, the Greeks having been for ages grievously impoverished by the Turks. So far as they are able, they display massive gold and silver ornaments, and richly embroidered velvet and satin robes, altar cloths, &c. In Moscow there are upwards of 600 churches, some of which have several domes, with steeples, spires, crosses, &c., all gilt, and connected together with gilded chains. In one church there are more than 2,300 saints painted on the walls. From the roof is a crown of massive silver, with 48 chandeliers all in one piece, and weighing 3,000 lbs. There are also, the priests make the people believe, a portrait of the Virgin Mary painted by St. Luke's own hand, one of the nails of the Cross, and a piece of one of the Virgin Mary's nails! This church has also a tower, containing 33 bells, the smallest weighing 7,000 lbs., and the largest 127,000 lbs. On festal days these are all *hammered* at the same time.* Judge of the noise.

It struck me that all the paintings in Greece were remarkably stiff, like the production of a school-boy with his pen; but I subsequently learnt the cause of this. As in the Romish Church,

* The bells in Russia are not tolled as ours are, but struck with large hammers. At the palace in Moscow, there is the largest bell in the world. It stands nearly 22 ft. 6 in. high; is 22 yards in circumference; and the metal is nearly 2 ft. thick. It weighs upwards of 198 tons, and cost £365,000. In Moscow there is also a gun, made to shoot a ball weighing nearly two tons. Men can with ease sit upright in it.

so also in the Greek; there is a conventional style of painting, handed down from ancient times, from which it is considered sinful to depart. To secure this religious style, and at the same time to execute the paintings cheaply, (the meanest hut over all Russia possessing a painting of the Virgin Mary, if not of the patron saint,) the following device is practised. A piece of strong paper, or card board, is perforated with a needle, to give the outlines of the face, nose, mouth, eyes, &c. This is laid on the paper, or canvas, intended for the new portrait, and then rubbed over with very fine charcoal. The charcoal passes through the small holes; and then all that the artist has to do is to follow the lines with the brush, and afterwards insert the colors. The perforated paper is handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, so that the young one is sure to turn out as correct a *portrait painter* as was his father. This accounts, also, for the great resemblance of all the Virgin and saint pictures.

Though the Greek religion in the present day extends over more than one-fourth of the professed Christian world, there are comparatively few who know anything about it. I may, therefore, here be allowed to give a brief account of its origin.

In 306 A.D., Constantine became Emperor of Rome. He removed the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, to which he gave the name of Constantinople, and established the Christian religion throughout the Roman dominions. Prior to this time, Paganism held the rule, and no man could profess Christianity without the risk of martyrdom. Julian followed Constantine, and, being a Pagan, issued laws against the Christians. Jovian succeeded, and abolished all those laws. Then came Valentinian, who divided the Roman empire into two parts, eastern and western. The latter, with Rome for its capital, he retained for himself, and the former, including Jerusalem, Antioch, Egypt, &c., with Constantinople for its capital, he gave to his brother Valens. Though each professed Christianity, yet this division of the empire paved the way for dissensions. Constantine was not baptized until near his death, and after he had murdered his eldest son. In his reign, the priests, for the first time, erected altars and decorated them with costly ornaments; and money was lavished in the building of magnificent temples.

History informs us that, in the time of Constantine, in the fourth century, there were five patriarchs, viz., at Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Rome. The Roman patriarch sought to have rule over the others, but they all resisted his presumption. The Patriarch of Constantinople sub-

sequently arrogated to himself the title of "universal bishop," and it has been retained to this day, all the overtures of Rome having failed to effect a union, because the Greeks would not submit to the required conditions.

The question of image worship was the first that arose between the Eastern and Western Churches, that is, the Greeks and the Romans, so as to cause any marked difference of religious sentiment between them. This was in the eighth century. Still, in most things the Greek religion is so similar to the Roman Catholic, that it would be exceedingly difficult to point out the difference. The Greeks do not acknowledge the Pope as their head, but they consider that their Patriarch at Constantinople is supreme, though they do not esteem his decisions and authority infallible, as the Romanists do those of the Pope. They believe that the Bible is the word of God; but they also, like the Romanists, hold the traditions of the fathers as equally sound doctrine. The Greek church styles herself "the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church," and asserts that there can be no salvation out of her pale; so that she not only excludes Protestants, Jews, and heathens, but also Romanists; and the Romanist Church again excludes the Greeks in common with all others whom she terms heretics. Between the two, therefore, every soul living would be shut out of heaven; to such lengths do men run when they are left to "add to the words written in the Book." The Greek priests are not allowed to use scissors or a razor to their hair, while the Romanist priests are always cropped and shaven close. The Romanist priests are not allowed to marry; the Greek priests may marry virgins, but not widows. Like the Romanists, the Greeks, with some limitation, believe in the efficacy of extreme unction, (see page 43,) but they do not grant indulgences or dispensations. The Greeks abhor images, but worship pictures; the Romanists worship both. The Romanists have many altars, but the Greeks have only one altar, and that is in the centre, beyond which is the "holy of holies," concealed from the people by a screen. They deny purgatory, yet they pray for the *repose* of departed souls. They abound in works of self-righteousness, enjoin confession, confer absolution, and do rigid penance. They are, as Cowper says,

> "High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
> Of all their conduct this the genuine sense:—
> 'Their penitential stripes, their streaming blood,
> Have *purchased heaven*, and prove their title good.'"

Men, who have positively sworn in the name of God before a tribunal, have refused to take the same oath in the name

of their patron saint, showing that they feared the latter more than their Maker, as they had sworn falsely.

To the Virgin they have constant recourse for aid: "Hail, Lady, Protectress, Guard, and Salvation of our souls!" "O most holy Ever-Virgin, have pity and compassion on this sick person, for he fleeth to thee *alone*." The people are taught also to address the Virgin as "the *only* Comfort of the human race, the fervent Intercessor, the impregnable Shield, the Fountain of mercy, the Refuge,—thou who *alone* art swift to protect."

One of the first prayers that a Greek child is taught to repeat is, "On thee I repose all my hope, Mother of God. Save me!" and another, that they may never swerve from *her* commandments.

Preaching does not often take place, for fear, as they say, that the preachers should broach errors, but more probably, *I* should say, lest they might *stumble* on some unwelcome truths. In some parts there is only one sermon a year allowed. No musical instruments are used in the churches. The Greeks have, in this respect, strictly adhered to the primitive practice, as nothing of the kind was ever heard of in Christian worship, until several centuries after the death of the Saviour.

The Greeks were, as I have already said, ever notorious for their piracy; but they never omit their fast days. A missionary travelled with some whose whole life was one of abomination, and yet they shrank from him with horror when they saw him eating meat on a fast day. Indeed, though thousands of them would not hesitate to commit murder to serve their own ends, they would not on any account eat even an egg on a fast day. They will not, during Lent, take a cup of tea with milk in it, nor even if a spoon has been in it which has been in milk, until the spoon has been dipped in boiling water. They have been known to abstain from food and water altogether for 72 hours. In Russia, the announcement by the great bell that "Christ has risen," is the signal for the people to rush into all kinds of rioting, debauchery, gambling, and fornication, as if the same lamentable superstition which kept them fasting during Lent prompted them, at its close, on their Easter Sunday, to indulge in savage and brutal excesses. Among the higher classes, balls are given, at which the men are seen dancing with prostitutes, while their wives and daughters are looking on.

The Greeks deny the possibility of salvation without baptism; and hence they allow a nurse to baptize a dying child,

in the absence of a priest; as, indeed, the Romanists also do in extreme cases. Their mode of baptism is by immersion, three times, "in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Romanists *sprinkle* three times, and the Armenians, a professedly Christian sect in Turkey, both sprinkle three times and immerse three times, as though determined to be right, looking at what man commands rather than at what God has so plainly revealed. In St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, I saw the font in which Constantine was baptized. It is about seven feet long,—not very much like the fonts that are used generally.

As an appendix to baptism, Chrism is practised. This is done by sacred ointment, with which the forehead, eyes, nostrils, mouth, ears, breast, hands, and feet are all marked with the sign of the cross. This ointment can only be prepared once a year, during Passion Week, and it must be consecrated by a bishop. It consists of at least 20 ingredients, all of which have to be boiled together for three successive days, the priests constantly pouring in oil and wine, to "keep the steam up," I suppose, as otherwise the caldron would become red hot. Some of them, however, (the Nestorians,) consider that olive oil alone answers just as well; because, as the olive is an emblem of peace, and as its leaves do not wither and fall off, so those anointed with its oil shall not wither in the day of judgment, nor fall into hell.

Their ceremonies at Easter are quite as imposing as those of the Romanists. (See pp. 46–49.) I shall not, however, attempt to say much about them here, for I may have to refer to them as they take place at the "Holy Sepulchre" at Jerusalem. On Easter Sunday they offer Easter eggs. These are stained, or painted. On one side are the words, "Christos anesti," ("Christ is risen,") and on the reverse a group of flowers or some other device. Some such ancient superstition, probably, gave rise to the "peace-egging," so commonly practised in the north of England. I remember that, when I resided at Didsbury, about six miles from Manchester, the practice was followed there; that is, persons went from house to house, asking for peace eggs. Easter offerings for the clergyman sprung also from the same source, though they have now, in many parts of England, if not in all, resolved into a *demand by* the clergyman rather than an *offering to* him.

The marriage ceremony of the Greeks is long and tedious. The bridegroom has a ring of gold, and the bride one of silver. These are then exchanged, to signify that the bridegroom must accommodate himself to the weakness of his bride, and that

she is to be partaker of his wealth. They are then crowned with a wreath of olive leaves, and afterwards join hands and are made to drink out of the same cup, to show that they are purchased by the blood of Christ.

In Greek interments, the face of the corpse is always exposed to view. The married females are arrayed in their wedding dresses, reserved specially to be used as a shroud; and the unmarried ladies are decorated with their ball dresses, white kid gloves, bracelets, rings, &c., and their heads covered with flowers. A cross is placed in the hands of the dead, and on the breast a picture of his or her patron saint. Lighted tapers are placed at the head and foot of the coffin, and around it are a number of women, who take turns in bewailing the departed. The body is then conveyed to the church, attended by a band of music, if the deceased had been wealthy. The service for the dead is then gone through. The closing part of the ceremony is very affecting. The priest says, "Come and impart the last embrace;" whereupon the friends of the departed advance from every part of the church, kiss the cold and pallid cheek, and weep over the body; and it is considered a great mark of disrespect to neglect this last expression of affection. The procession leaves the church in the order in which it arrived. The body is still exposed to view, the coffin lid, in an upright position, being carried at the head of the procession. Then follow men, bearing an elevated cross and lighted lanterns, high on poles; then the priests at the head of the coffin; and then a promiscuous crowd, without any order. If the procession should have to cross a running stream, it is considered that the corpse defiles the water; so, on their return, they must stop at its brink until the priest pronounces a prayer, to sanctify it. This is, however, principally among the Nestorians. Both males and females are borne to the grave in their best clothes. The coffin is placed on sticks over the grave, until the body is stripped almost to nudity, the Greeks not comprehending the propriety of suffering the dead to be buried with anything of the slightest value upon them. Rich persons are, however, sometimes taken to the little church in the cemetery, when the body is divested of its ornaments and the silk dress cut to shreds, to prevent its being stolen. The bottom of the coffin is made of wicker work, to facilitate decay, it being regarded as a bad omen if a body does not undergo decomposition. The common people believe that such a one must be under the curse of God. On the ninth day after the funeral, the relations carry to church an offering for the dead, when prayer is offered for the repose of his soul. This offer-

ing consists of wheat, boiled with raisins, almonds, spices, &c. It is eaten by the priests, relatives, and friends. All who partake of it are expected to pray for the deceased.

The Greeks have never persecuted heretics to the same extent as the Romanists, but this has probably arisen from their not having had the power. They mortally hate the Jews, and ill-treat them, because, as they say, "they are haters of Christ."

But I must quit Greece. Despite its numerous drawbacks, I withdraw my pen from it now as reluctantly as I did my body nearly seven years ago.

As a curious incident, I must mention that while I was staying at the Piræus, Mrs. Black, the celebrated "Maid of Athens" of Lord Byron, hearing that I was an invalid, and fond of brown bread, made me some with her own hands, and sent it to Mr. Buel's for me.

On the 22nd of January, I took my berth in a French steamer for Constantinople, Mr. Buel accompaning me on board to see that I lacked nothing. Referring to my journal, I find it thus written: "I never in my life met with such kind friends as Mr. and Mrs. Buel." I have this day, (Oct. 10, 1853,) received a letter from them, in which they say, "Our missionary work is not without its encouragements. One has been baptized since you were here, and a large quantity of bibles and tracts have been distributed this year. A violent paper in Athens has attacked them, and thus given us a capital opportunity to say some things publicly which the Greeks would not otherwise hear." They have both been laid up with ague and typhus fever. Mr. B. and Mr. King, it appears, are now permitted to preach; but this privilege is almost certain to be taken away again, and they will be obliged to flee.

As I had, in a small way, followed Lord Elgin's example, and helped myself to divers fragments, I was afraid the officers would detain the box; but Mr. Buel arranged that matter for me, by procuring for me a permit, for which he paid about twopence halfpenny.

CHAPTER VII.—GREECE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

I was now again afloat. Having a cabin to myself, and the steward being able to speak English, I could not have been more comfortable, provided that the word comfort can at all apply to an invalid at sea,—a proposition against which I shall ever vote. "If breezes, and splashings, and tossings *can* benefit me," I wrote to my dear wife, "I surely must rapidly improve;" for no sooner had we passed Cape Sunium than it

again came on to blow hard, the sea constantly washing over our bows. Many ships were lying at anchor under cover of the various islands, waiting to get on to Smyrna.

The islands of the Archipelago seemed to be innumerable. Our passage through them was slow, but not too slow; for notwithstanding the wind, cold, and wet, the sublimity of the scenery riveted me to the deck. Creeks with fishing boats and harbors with ships; precipitous rocks and raging surfs; gentle slopes and lofty mountains; fruitful valleys and picturesque-looking villages; plantations and forests; what need to say more? But what pen can describe their inexpressible charm and romantic beauty?

In 30 hours we reached Scio, the ancient Chios, which Paul passed on his way to Greece, (Acts xx. 15,) and we were now in Asia. Scio has been described as the most lovely of all lovely spots. During the Greek revolution no place suffered so much as this. The inhabitants had regularly paid their taxes, oppressive as they were, to the sultan; but because some few of them joined in the insurrection, the Turks massacred 60,000 of them in cold blood, and sold 30,000 others, principally young women, into slavery. Only about 15,000 escaped. The Turks were like blood-hounds let loose. Their horrible atrocities can scarcely be imagined, much less described.

Passing Scio on the north and north-west, we entered the Gulph of Smyrna. On our left were scores of rocks, having the appearance of huge towers; and on our right, myriads of fig trees. Flights of wild ducks were passing over us in rapid succession. The sun was just setting on our right (S.W.); yes, the Asiatic sun was setting, over some of the Asiatic hills and the Asiatic islands. O if I could have transferred those lovely tints, those fiery clouds, those brilliant hues, to paper!

As soon as we had entered the bay, a boat was let down, and the captain and doctor went on shore with the bill of health, to endeavor to get pratique;* but they might as well have

* All seaport towns abroad have what is called a health office. The duty of its officers is to give a "bill of health" to the captains of all vessels leaving, and to examine the bills brought by vessels arriving from other parts. If there be plague or any contagious disease raging in the country when a vessel leaves, the officers are bound to give "a foul bill;" but if the country be in a healthy state, then they give "a clean bill." Before any person is allowed to land, so as to come in contact with the people on shore, the "bill of health" must be examined by the health officers of the port; and, if the bill be a clean one, and the port which the vessel has left be not a "suspected" one, permission is given to the passengers to land, and for the cargo to be discharged. This is called giving "pratique."

tried to make the sun rise again as to induce the Turks to give them pratique after he had set. They were not even allowed to land; so we had to lie at anchor all night. The lower classes among the Turks, who know not what the word "clean" means, and who consider that to prevent disease is to oppose the will of God, call the bill of health "a device of the evil one." As Smyrna forms part of the Turkish territory, it is, of course, subject to Turkish laws.

There is, perhaps, scarcely a man or woman living who has not heard of the Turks and of their desperate character. Few, however, know who they are, or what they are, or where they originally sprung from.

I propose, therefore, at once to say a few words on the subject. Their history may just now be unusually interesting, in consequence of the war with Russia.

It is not positively known by the best writers, not even by the Turks themselves, whence their empire took its obscure and small beginning. The most approved opinion is, that they inhabited the extensive regions to the north and east of the Caspian Sea, and were originally called Scythians.

Whatever may have been their beginning, however, it is certain that their progress was rapid and murderous. They mowed down the people like grass, violating the law of nations and abusing the acknowledged rights of victory. In the year 755 A.D., they crossed the Caspian Straits, passed through Georgia, (then called Iberia,) near the Caspian Sea, and seized part of Armenia, where they established their first seat, and called it, after their own name, Turcomania.

Some 300 years later, they made war against the neighboring princes; and Babylon, with other parts, was speedily in their power, until they got possession of all Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, driving out or subduing the Saracens, who had previously expelled the Romans and Greeks. While the Arabs, (or Saracens,) held Palestine, they permitted the Christians to visit the "Holy Sepulchre," and other places in Jerusalem, &c., on payment of a moderate tribute; but the Turks, on obtaining possession, treated them with great severity. This gave rise to the celebrated Crusades, which cost the lives of two millions of Europeans.

I now return to my "wanderings."

About noon the next day, we left for Constantinople. The ducks that we had seen on the previous day appeared to have united in one body, and were all on the water as thick as locusts on the land. As we approached them, they began to fly off. For several minutes there was one continuous cloud, lite-

rally hiding the sky from view; and yet it was a considerable time before there was any sensible diminution of their number on the water. There were thousands and tens of thousands. The Turks never shoot them. Indeed, no one is allowed to fire a gun in or near any Turkish port, lest it should cause alarm. Were it not for this restriction, the European residents at Smyrna would have fine sport.

Nearly west of the gulph is Mitylene, and due south are Samos, Patmos, and Miletus. (Acts xx. 13–15.)

Our course lay along the coast of Lydia, the ancient Ionia, and Æolia, famed for their flourishing Greek colonies, but now, through Turkish barbarism, little else than a solitude. By sunrise next morning we reached Troas, in Mysia, (Acts xvi. 7–11; xx. 6; 2 Tim. iv. 13,) having passed Assos; (Acts xx. 14;) and a little farther on we came in sight of the plains of Troy. These plains are now under cultivation, and it struck me that every turf that was turned over must be saturated with the blood of those who had fallen in battle there. But in a district like this, so rich in associations, so teeming with Christian, profane, and warlike history, a steamer does not allow much time for reflection on any one point. Near to Troy is Adramyttium. (Acts xxvii. 2.) We soon entered the Hellespont, or Dardanelles. The straits here are about three miles wide, but they become gradually narrower, until the people of Europe and Asia can, on a clear day, distinctly see each other across them. Their entire length is about 60 miles. Huge forts are erected on both the Asiatic and the European sides. Some of the hills looked like islands in the distance, but on approaching them, lovely valleys appeared. There were windmills innumerable. I counted 26 in one village. Every stroke of the engines carried us in sight of something new, something picturesquely beautiful, or something majestically grand; but, unfortunately, I was not able to be much on deck. I soon found that, for me, the steamer's head was the wrong way, and that, instead of going north, I ought to have been going south. I had been ordered from England because of the cold, and it seemed almost as cold here as I had ever felt it in England. The wind was very bleak, and there was a fall of sleet. My chest felt inflamed, my limbs shivered, and my nerves shook; so that I was compelled to stow away myself in my berth. Every now and then, however, I sat up to take a view through one of the port holes. A man of an imaginative turn of mind, unwell though he may be, becomes strangely excited amid such scenes as these. I certainly, however, should not have ventured from Greece, had I had the slightest idea that I should have to encounter such

chilling blasts. But onward I must then go, as the steamer could not turn back for me.

At Chanak Kalessi, a large wooden town on a promontory, like a sand-bank, we took in a number of Turkish passengers. Hearing a great clattering on deck, as though a troop of my Oldham friends, or a company from the coal districts at the Mumps, in Lancashire, had come on board with their wooden clogs, I jumped up, and went to my cabin door, to see what was the matter, when I saw eight women come down the cabin stairs; at least I was *told* they were women, for without such information it would have been impossible to say what they were. They were evidently bipeds of some sort, but I declare seriously that I should have preferred seeing as many baboons. They had on pointed wooden clogs, turned up at the toes, gilt and ornamented; trousers like bags, made of printed calico; a curious kind of jacket, and a loose printed calico sheet over the whole; and their faces and heads were plastered over with white calico, leaving nothing visible but their eyes, peering through it. These were Turkish peasantry, or country women. They were amazingly like bundles of printed calico, from Hoyle and Son's. I was half inclined to fancy I could smell Manchester in every inch of their dress, except their clogs; but certainly there was nothing of Manchester in the carcases enveloped in the Manchester calicoes. These were *not* "Lancashire witches." Their dress differed in many respects from that of the Turkish ladies, of whom I may hereafter have to speak, though the faces of all were plastered over in the same manner. As soon as they saw me, they made a hideous noise, something between a bagpipe squeak and a sepulchral groan; and their husbands, who were behind them, drove them into the ladies' cabin. I was afraid that their husbands aforesaid, would have come into the cabin of which I was then sole monarch; but I soon learnt that there was no danger of that, as a *bonâ fide* Turk would not defile himself, if he could help it, by sleeping near a Christian. They preferred the floor in the saloon to the berths in my cabin; and amazingly pleased I was for once that I was a scarecrow.

At Dardanelles town, the flags of all the European consuls were seen gaily unfurling themselves, like so many bunting or calico finger posts, to direct travellers. When a man arrives at a foreign part, his first duty is to call upon the consul of his country,* give in his card or name, and obtain such information as he may desire. However great a novice a traveller

* The English have a consul at almost every sea-port of importance all over the known world.

may be in other respects, he is usually acute enough to look out for his national flag; and what can give him greater pleasure, when so far from home, than to see the flag of his country waving in the wind? But when, in addition, an Englishman sees the pendant streaming from the mainmast, showing that the ship is a man-of-war, he feels his bosom glow towards his native land, and a strange, mysterious reverence comes over his mind toward the Union Jack, England's renowned flag, which waves at the flag-staff, and is dreaded and respected all over the world. At such moments, at a distance from his native shore, and especially if separated from all on earth that is dear to him, the sight of the English flag creates indescribable emotions of pride and pleasure.

Not far from Chanak Kalessi, the straits are not more than a mile in width; and here it was that Lord Byron swam over.

In four hours more we reached Gallipoli, a town of 80,000 inhabitants, with wooden buildings, covered with red tiles. Here the Turks obtained their first footing in Europe. An earthquake is said to have thrown down the walls, thus rendering the place an easy prey to the invaders.

We then entered into the Sea of Marmora, and in the middle of the night cast anchor at Constantinople.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

The next morning, I found the thermometer only six degrees above freezing point. The sun was, however, soon up, and the thermometer ran up also; and, my chest being a little easier, I went on shore, having engaged a guide who came on board. He took me to the Hotel de l'Europe, which, he said, was the best in Constantinople; but, if it were, so bad was the best, that I made up my mind that I would not sleep there, but return to the steamer, after I had done my day's work.

Of Constantinople I shall say but little, as it has few, if any, Scripture associations. It now contains about 500,000 inhabitants, amongst whom are said to be 80,000 Jews, who are described as being greatly depraved and loose. The Saracens, who had overrun all Egypt, Persia, Syria, and Palestine, laid siege to Constantinople, but signally failed in their attempts to get possession of it, notwithstanding that Mahomet had promised that he who should take that city should have the highest place in heaven.

During the Crusades, Constantinople was taken by the Latins, or Romanists; but in 1261, it was retaken by the Greeks, and remained in their possession until 1453, when it was taken by

the Turks. The Turks still hold possession of it; but the Russians say they are determined to have it, sooner or later.

For nearly 400 years after the Turks had taken Constantinople, the Christians had to pay what was called the haratsh; that is, a tax to allow them to carry their heads on their shoulders. Our ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, succeeded in getting this law repealed.

At the Greek revolution, not only did the Turks massacre all who came in their way in Greece, but the sultan, (the king,) Mahmoud II., called "the Reformer," because he modified some of the Turkish laws, wreaked his vengeance on the Greeks who resided in and near Constantinople. He ordered the Greek patriarch, three archbishops, and some others of the Greek ecclesiastics to be hung before their own church doors, to be suspended there for three days, and then to be dragged through the streets by Jews, and flung into the sea. His Greek interpreter was summoned before him, and, without any crime being laid to his charge, the sultan made a horizontal motion with his hand, and the interpreter's head instantly rolled on the floor. The Greeks in all the villages on the Bosphorus were massacred in cold blood, as well as all who could be met with by the Turks either on sea or land. During two months the streets of Constantinople streamed with blood. Neither age, rank, nor sex was spared. Upwards of 30,000 Greeks were massacred in Constantinople alone. Wherever the Turks went, blood marked their course; the peasants were murdered, and the children hung by the heels to the trees by the roadside.

The Bosphorus on the north, and the Dardanelles on the south, are considered as the gates of Constantinople. The sultan can shut them when he pleases; but even then the city would abound with everything that can tend to supply the wants or gratify the luxury of the inhabitants.

I am quite certain that no man has beheld the most imposing sight in the world, until he has stood on board ship, and had a view of Constantinople. Generally, paintings, engravings, and descriptions far surpass the actual landscape; but *here*, the reality beggars every description I have ever read, every representation I have ever seen. As I stood on deck, the beautiful harbor, called the Golden Horn,* was right before me, separating Constantinople Proper, called Stamboul,

* It is somewhat singular that the harbor of Constantinople is of the form of a horn, or cornucopia. At one time riches from most parts of the world were poured into it, the corn of Egypt and the gems and spices of India. Hence the term, "Golden Horn." There is no tide, and as the harbor is deep, goods can be landed at all hours.

from Galata, Pera, and Tophané; the Bosphorus, the most picturesque strait, perhaps, in the known world, was on my right, running between Asia and Europe; in the rear was Scutari, and on my left the Sea of Marmora, with its promontories, creeks, and islands. On each side of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus are rising hills, and on these hills, beginning at the very water's edge, stand the respective towns, so that the whole, or nearly so, present themselves at once. Scores and scores of minarets, domes, cupolas, monuments, towers, and gilt spires, with marble palaces, and mausoleums, and baths, lovely groves, verdant trees, gardens, &c. &c., are, therefore, within the eye's range. As the sun shines upon the city, it looks like one flame of gold. Then the shipping in the harbor, with thousands of gaudily-ornamented boats, or caïques, myriads of birds, and picturesquely dressed people numerous as locusts, all tend to give effect to the scene. Surely there is nothing, there can be nothing, in the world to surpass it. Such a variety of shade, such a combination of the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, such perfection in all that is enchanting in the distant view, such a gorgeous whole, no pen can possibly describe. I stood almost motionless, nay, breathless, with admiration, my eyes being firmly fixed on the expanding scene. That such a country should be in the hands of a semi-barbarous people like the Turks, whose hand withers all it touches, is enough to make one weep; and yet, if it fell into the arms of Russia, it would be ten times worse. I am no friend to war; but if ever war *can* be justifiable, the one in which we are now engaged is so, being to keep those heathenish hordes from taking possession of Turkey. The religion of the Russians is nearer to Paganism than that of the Turks; and, therefore, Russia has no claims for support from us even on religious grounds. And as to commerce, the Turks levy no duties on our manufactures except for the sake of revenue, while the duties imposed upon them by the Russians are almost prohibitory. In every point of view, to suffer Russia to extend her territories, when we have the power to prevent it, would be an act of national suicide, for which our children and children's children would ever censure us. The Turks will fight to the last man, as the Koran promises eternal happiness to all who die fighting for their religion; and they have made this a religious question,—the Crescent against the Cross.

I afterwards had a view of the city and country from one of the fire towers; but, though superbly grand, it was not so picturesque and beautiful, or, in a word, so "telling," as the view from the steamer.

But O what a disappointment on landing! It was something like a poor man who had been just going to lay hold of a bag of gold, when it was suddenly snatched from him. Constantinople may properly be compared to a whited sepulchre.

I first went to what is called Pera, occupied by the Franks, that is, the Christians. The streets were only from three to five yards wide, and the *pavements* were past all possible description. The stones are all shapes and sizes, from 2 in. to 18 in. on the surface, and appear almost as though they had been poured down and left to fix themselves promiscuously in the mud. It was nearly as difficult for me to walk on them as on the scattered stones in a stone quarry. The middle of the streets is made to form a kind of gutter, and into these gutters the mud, instead of being carted away, is swept, and there left, and garbage of every description is pounded with it. It had been raining for some days when I was there, and it rained a little then. Judge, then, what the streets were; and yet along them, without footpaths, with thousands of people, like Cheapside, in London, scores of horses and donkeys with panniers, and hundreds of dogs, I had to wend my way, pushing here, *backing* there; now knocked against; then violently thrust against the wall; slipping into that pool of mud; stumbling over that stone;—up hill and down it was all the same; it was laughably wretched. In one pool of mud I nearly lost my goloshes, and I several times slipped and nearly stuck fast. When thrust against the wall, I had constantly to push away the horses to avoid being squeezed, and they on the other side of the street had, in their turn, to push them back again. In some of the streets, when two carriages met, one of them had to be lifted by main force close to the wall, and even then there was hardly an inch to spare for the other to pass. The carriages are all small, and gaudily carved and gilt,—models of the Lord Mayor's carriage in London. *Gilt*, did I say? Well, some of them were; but most were decorated with "Brummagem" tinsel, Dutch metal, or yellow paint. They are only about 3 ft. 4 in. high inside, and have no seats, as the persons who ride in them, principally females, all squat on the bottom, with their legs doubled up like an English tailor's. They have no glass windows, but curtains, and are hung so low as to nearly touch the ground. They cannot go beyond a walking pace in the streets; and to see how they jolted over the irregular pavements utterly debarred me from envying those who were inside, unpleasant as was my own situation in the splashing mud. The horses pass over the

irregular stones like goats. They were constantly slipping, but I did not see one fall. There was one street that had never been paved. We endeavored to go along it, but it was quite impossible, as it was almost as bad as a clay pit. My guide, therefore, took me round another way. And there was another street which I found quite as difficult to ascend as I did some years ago to get up Snowdon mountain, in Wales. When I reached the steamer in the evening, I was dreadfully footsore, and my trousers were one complete cake of mud.

At the extremity of Pera is a large cemetery. I was struck with its vast extent, and thought, "Surely the people must die fast here;" but I soon learnt that two persons are never put in the same grave by the Turks, neither are the graves more than 2 ft. deep. The tablets are all upright, and surmounted with turbans, tarbooshes, or flowers. The dignity of the person in the grave is displayed by the kind of turban at the top of the stone. Most were of white marble, and many richly gilt and ornamented. They are about the size of our railway mileposts, and are as thick on the ground as ninepins. The flowers denote females. Some are painted green; these were descendants of Mahomet. One of a favorite eunuch is particularly rich. (See Matt. xxiii. 29, where the custom is referred to.) On some of the tombstones there is a representation of death by the bowstring.* Formerly, any officer in Turkey could take away life for even petty offences, such as for short weights or measures; but now no life can be taken except by order of the sultan. In 1853, 15 religious students endeavored to incite the people against the sultan, because he would not declare war with Russia; but they were marched

* How the bowstring is applied I am unable to say, as the Turks will not give foreigners any information about it. I applied personally at the office of the Turkish Consul-General in London; but was soon told it was useless to make any inquiry on the subject. So I suppose it is one of their mysteries. The Thugs in India used a noose, which they threw over the heads of their victims, and then the cord was pulled by two men, one having hold of each end. Probably death by bowstring is somewhat similar. The Thugs were a "religious" sect in India, who lived by plunder. They would often meet in villages in straggling parties of three or four, so as to avoid suspicion, but would unite in gangs of 200 or 300 when necessary. Their plan was to join company with travellers, when two Thugs would contrive to get a traveller between them, while a third was behind with the noose. At a given signal, every traveller in the company was thus strangled. As many as 40 or 50 have been murdered in one day. After each murder, a religious ceremony was performed, and prayer offered up to their goddess Davy. It was not till after the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799, that the British Government knew of the existence of such fiends. They are now, I believe, happily exterminated.

through the streets, with their hands tied behind them, and in less than an hour the bowstring had done its work. The cypresses give the cemeteries a solemn appearance. The monuments in the cemetery of Kensal Green, near London, and of Père la Chaise, Paris, are far more expensive and substantial, but not so showy. I found it the same all over Turkey, but shall not, probably, revert to the subject.

On our way, we passed the residences, or palaces, of the foreign ambassadors, which are all in the Frank quarter, the Turks dwelling alone in their own city. Some of these palaces are good enough for any sovereign in the world. Of course the people of the respective countries have to support them. The ambassadors are all looked up to as so many princes, and most of them know how to take advantage of their position.

The dogs are innumerable, all of the wolf breed, and all of one colour. No one admits them into their houses, but everybody feeds them, everybody "casts" them something. (Matt. xv. 26.) Some of the tradesmen give them credit for so much meat a day at the butchers' shops, which dog and butcher alike understand and value. I have seen nearly a dozen standing opposite a butcher's shop, waiting to be fed; and I have also seen litters of them under the trees and nobody taking the slightest notice of them. They are all as fat as lambs. They go "round about the city" now as they did in David's time, (See Ps. lix. 14, 15,) especially in the night, when they "wander up and down for meat," and consume all the offal in the streets. They are, therefore, called the scavengers, and it is certain that, were it not for them, the plague would rage much oftener than it does, as the Turks would die in their own dirt rather than voluntarily lend a hand to remove the filth. It was often the case that conquerors, even the Jews, left the bodies of those whom they had slain to lie in the streets or fields, for the dogs and vultures to eat. (See 1 Kings xiv. 11; xvi. 4; xxi. 19, 23; &c. &c.) The bones soon become dust in those warm climates; and no doubt David had his mind on this when he penned Ps. xviii. 42. The "noise" of the dogs in the night I escaped while at Constantinople, as I slept on board the steamer; but at Smyrna and other places I had grievous experience of it, as I may hereafter show.

Dogs are considered by the Mahometans as unclean, and, therefore, they will not even touch them; and yet they view them as almost sacred; so that, in many parts, to hurt one unnecessarily is an unpardonable offence.

I read an account in the papers some two years ago, that the dogs in Constantinople had become so numerous that the

Turks had paid persons (Greeks, in all probability) to take a ship-load of them to a barren island in the Sea of Marmora, and there leave them to perish. Food enough for two days was left with them. A Mahometan priest preached to them a sermon on the duty of patience and resignation, and they were then left to their fate. Their howls were described as almost rending the rocks for miles round, while they were devouring each other, until the last had perished.

Every dog knows his own locality; and if a strange dog venture out of his own street into another, the dogs in the latter will unite to drive him back. This I have witnessed many times. It is the same in Egypt. I once saw a dog in Cairo, belonging to a Frenchman, nearly devoured, because he had followed his master into a *foreign* street. I found my stick indispensable at Constantinople, having had eight or ten dogs barking at me at once, as they particularly dislike Franks. Some writers assert that they do not care for a stick so much as for a stone, as the people are sure to hit them with a stone; but I deny the correctness of the former part of the assertion, as my stick answered admirably.

Cats and rats are, I think, more numerous than the dogs. The dead bodies so near the surface of the graves will account for the rats, and the rats will form an excuse for the cats. Numbers of the houses are built over old graves. Indeed, the town altogether is little better than one vast charnel house. Instead of wondering that the plague should visit such a place as this, I am perplexed to know how it can ever be free from it. The people are indeed a sickening example of idleness and filth.

On reaching Tophané, we took a caïque, and went a little way up the Bosphorus, to see the palaces. A new one, fast hastening toward completion, was all of white marble. Then came a palace of one of the pashas, or ministers, and then the winter palace of the Sultan, called Beshiktash, which fully equalled the tales I used to read about the east, when I was a boy. The centre is supported by rich marble Corinthian pillars; the two wings have each 44 marble pillars, very massive; and there are several flights of elegant marble steps, extending along the entire front down to the water's edge. The top, from one end to the other, is ornamented with fretted marble of the most beautiful work, and the whole front is of carved marble of similar description. Then there are the baths, coffee-houses, &c., all of marble, with richly-gilt and ornamented cupolas, costly beyond my powers of calculation. "These things," said Dr. Johnson, "make (to the possessor) a death-bed terrible." The palace extends about 2,000 feet along the

banks of the Bosphorus. Last August, (1853,) I saw at Messrs. Hancock and Co.'s, in London, a chandelier designed for this palace. The suspension rod was 80 ft. long, and the chandelier consisted of between four and five tons of glass. Its cost was to be about £10,000.

On returning in the boat, I had another view of the Bosphorus, with Scutari and Constantinople in the distance. The scene increased in magnificence as we approached. Well may these and similar views be called "the Beauties of the Bosphorus." A traveller might feast his eyes here for weeks. On the opposite shore lies Bithynia, and beyond are Paphlagonia, Galatia, Phrygia, Cappadocia, Pontus, &c. (Acts xvi. 6, 7; 1 Pet. i. 1.) The Jews were banished by Hadrian to the shores of the Bosphorus. It is worthy of remark that on both sides of the Bosphorus there are seven bays and seven promontories, all corresponding with those on the opposite shore, as though some earthquake had rent the two continents in twain. On the east is the Black Sea, with Sebastopol, a stronghold of the Russians, on the shore opposite.

A WHIRLING DERVISH.

During the day I went to see the Whirling Dervishes, a sect belonging to Mahometanism. Having taken off my goloshes, my shoes being then taken for slippers, and my guide having thrown off his shoes, we were admitted into the mosque. Without this preliminary, we could not have entered. There was a large circle in the centre of the building, railed round, and covered with matting, at the farther part of which was

laid a rich Turkish rug. The Mahometans always spread a carpet, or rug, or garment, on the floor or ground, when they pray. The same custom prevailed amongst the Israelites, though sometimes, when in great distress, they spread sackcloth under them, and bowed their heads like bulrushes. (Jer. lviii. 5.) The dervishes, 17 in number, were within the rails, and the spectators without, and each dervish wore a hat like the thicker end of a sugar-loaf. On the arrival of the head priest, two soldiers, who guarded the entrance, presented arms; and the priest went directly to the rug, and squatted himself down upon it. All then stood up, bent themselves double, knelt, and then put their heads to the ground, which is the Mahometan form of prayer. (See page 164.) This was repeated several times. They then went behind the head priest, and formed three lines. One dervish went out of the circle and stationed himself opposite a painting, or some writing on the wall. Some one in the gallery sung something, which was followed by the dervishes again going through their form of prayer. They then stood still, and put their hands to their ears, as though listening for something. Presently the one opposite the painting said something, and down they all went again as before. And this was repeated several times, in answer to the songs from the gallery and the prayers from the dervish opposite the painting. The head priest then muttered prayers for six or eight minutes, and he was followed by the singing for a similar length of time. He then sprang up and bowed to the rug, on the right side; then passed it, and bowed to the left of it. The others all did the same, one by one, and marched, rank and file, like soldiers, three times round the circle. Suddenly there was the sound of a drum, then something like bagpipes, and then a squeaking flute. The music was mild at first, but it became wilder, and gradually more and more wild. At length the drum again beat. Up they all jumped, threw off their cloaks, under which they had long skirts, extended their arms, and began to whirl round like tops. Their skirts were soon inflated, and they looked like so many mushrooms with heads on. This they continued for at least a quarter of an hour without the slightest cessation, until some of them dropped down exhausted. This is *their* religion, and they consider it the acmé of devotion. While looking at them, how strongly was I reminded of the poor deluded Ranters,* who, by their exercisings, roarings, and loud

* I remember once going to a Ranters' meeting, near Oldham, in Lancashire. During the sermon there were continual exclamations from the congregation, "Glory be to God and Ranters," &c. &c. When

prayings, work themselves up into madness, and call it the work of the Spirit!

In the very interesting narrative published by MM. Huc and Gabet, two French missionaries, of their expedition to Lha-Sa, the central seat of Lamaism, they give us an account of a very ingenious system in use among the Lamas for praying by machinery. A large pasteboard figure, in the shape of a man, is scribbled over with the prayers and formulæ of devotion most in use among these religionists. It is then set upon an axis, and so left standing by the roadside for the use of passers-by. All that is necessary to be done by those who wish to indulge the spirit of vicarious devotion, is to give the figure a good spin. As long as the rotation continues, so long are they supposed to be engaged in the recital of the prayers inscribed on the pasteboard image. Now, if these poor dervishes would only adopt this plan instead of their present one, what mental and physical suffering they would be spared. Formerly the dervishes used to torture themselves with hooks and spikes, passing them through their cheeks; but the late sultan put a stop to the practice. I shall have other sects of dervishes to mention when I arrive at Grand Cairo.

In the evening there was a fire in the town, which burnt

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the sermon was concluded, the minister said, "An' naw, moy brethren, join wi me i' preayer; un'let's o' (let us all) follow th' example of eawer bruther Fletcher, whut put his meawth toth' wo', (wall,) an' preayed till th' mortthur (mortar) melted wi' his breath." This exhortation caused a great sensation, and the minister and several other persons then commenced praying aloud. One man, I observed, in accordance with the pastor's advice, did put his "mouth to the wall;" and though I remained for nearly an hour, it being then almost dark, he appeared to be as far from concluding when I left as when he began. In a few minutes, the minister had ended; and then, stepping from the desk to the middle of the chapel, (there were no pews,) called out, "Naw sich on yo' as whantun (want) t' be safed by grace, yo' mun cum heear!" (you must come here.) Several women went up to him, and knelt down on the floor, and he, with two or three other men, commenced praying over them, each aloud. Presently the parson stopped, and, addressing one of the women, said, "Dus ta' (dost thou) feel th' peower o' God wartching (working) in thee?" "Neaw," (No,) she answered, as though in an agony. "God help thee," responded the minister; and then started off again. In a short time, he again stopped, and put the same question; when the poor devotee ecstatically roared out, "Hah!" (Yes!) Immediately the whole place rang with shouts of "Anuther sinner safed by grace!" Now, I would ask, can any "whirling," any "extreme unction," be more degrading to the name of religion, more humiliating to common sense, than this? The whole was spoken in the broad dialect of my native county; but I have partly translated it, for the benefit of those who do not understand Lancasterian English.

down about 60 houses. As most of the houses are of wood, a fire makes sad havoc, and fires frequently occur. I had a view of this from the steamer. I had retired to my berth, greatly fatigued; but the steward called me up to look at it. Everything was consumed except the chimneys, which were left standing in every direction like pillars, or like the long factory chimneys in my native city, Manchester. Being of brick, they escaped. The fire stopped at the English ambassador's palace, which is of stone. When a fire takes place in the day, a red ball is hoisted on the fire towers; and when in the night, a red light; and even the sultan is compelled to turn out and assist, if necessary. The people, therefore, sometimes set fire to their houses wilfully, as by this means they get personal access to the sultan, to lay before him their grievances, which otherwise they could not do. A fire here is sure to sweep away several streets, as the streets are all so narrow that the eaves of the houses almost touch each other.

The next day I went to the Turk's quarter, which is on the left side of the Golden Horn. As we had to land at Pera, on the right side, we crossed the water over a bridge of boats, the harbor being too deep for bridges to be erected in the ordinary way; but the boats are securely lashed together. The shops, or bazaars as they are called, were full to overflowing. I never saw such a profusion of everything,—apparel, fruits, fish, confectionary, vegetables, gaudy dresses, trappings, and embroidery. The shrimps were amazingly fine, larger than our prawns. The shops are all of wood, but some of them have marble foundations. I have heard them compared to wooden boxes, open in the day and shut at night; and it is a capital idea. When a man opens his shop, all that he has to do is to let down the front, and his shop, a few feet square, without door or window, is in full view; and the shutters form a stand. The roofs are only thin planks, laid over each other. The Turks were all squatted down, composedly smoking their long pipes.

Each street has its own particular trade, as it was of old. (Jer. xxxvii. 21.) In this street were all confectioners, in that butchers, in the other jewellers, in the next bakers, and so on. Large quantities of black bread were on sale, in small square cakes. This is the staple food of the poor. I did not dislike it, but found its properties too medicinal for me to take much, though the mass of the people rarely taste any other food. Our agricultural laborers often complain of their privations, and not sometimes without good reason; but I often think that if they, as well as many of us who are better off, had to live as thousands of the people abroad have, it would teach

us a lesson which might be profitable. The Drug street was full of perfumes, especially of the Turkey rhubarb. The Bookbinders' and Stationers' street, had, of course, my especial attention. The volumes of manuscripts, for there were no *printed* books, and the pasteboard inkstands and pocket-books were truly elegant. A rent is paid to the sultan for the sweepings of the Jewellers' street, and, as the people never leave their valuables in their shops, but wrap them in paper and carry them in their girdles, diamonds and other precious stones are often found among the sweepings.

In various parts of the city, there are fountains of water, enclosed in neat buildings, and cups set outside for the passers-by. A person is always in attendance, who fills the cups as quickly as they are emptied. The Turks believe that to give a cup of cold water to a stranger covers a multitude of sins.

Passing through the bazaars, we came to the heart of the city, strewed with exquisite mausoleums, or tombs of the sultans, and glittering mosques, or churches. The tomb of the last sultan is more beautifully ornamented than any palace in England. The coffins, or sarcophagi, of himself and family, are to be seen through the windows, the trappings being richly embroidered and gilt. The coffin of the sultan is surrounded with wax tapers about as thick as my body. United with the surrounding gardens, it was a far more imposing sight than was the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington, which I saw at Chelsea in 1852. Indeed, the latter was a mere puppet show. The mosque of Sultan Achmet has six minarets, and the interior appeared to be as gorgeous as money could make it. The minarets are said not to be gilt merely, but covered with plates of gold. I had several good, uninterrupted views through the windows. The dome is supported by four columns, each of which, Murray says in his Guide Book, is 36 yards in circumference, but I could not *look* them so large. I *longed* to measure them, but could not go inside.

The mosque of Santa Sophia is still more gorgeous than that of Sultan Achmet. This temple was originally built by Constantine; but being burnt down, it was rebuilt by Justinian, on a much more superb scale. By the time that the walls were only two yards above the ground, 452 cwt. of gold had been expended upon it. The mortar was mixed with barley water, as water itself was too common. The magnificence and variety of the columns surpassed all bounds. Some were taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and others from various Pagan temples at Athens, Baalbec, Troas, Rome, &c., which had been taken possession of by the Romans. On

completing the temple, the emperor exclaimed, "O Solomon, I have outdone thee!" In this temple the Greeks sought refuge when the Turks entered the city; but they were all massacred; and the Turks then turned the temple into a Mahometan mosque. It is held by them to be so sacred, that without a firman from the sultan, which costs about £7, it is dangerous for a Christian or Jew even to look inside it. I, however, watched my opportunity, and, having on a Turkish cap, or tarboosh, succeeded in obtaining two or three good views through the windows.

These magnificent structures stand in strange contrast with the shabby "wooden boxes" with which they are surrounded.

In almost every wall and every building, I observed innumerable pieces of paper, carefully doubled up; and I saw several Turks pick up the bits of paper lying in the streets, examine them, and, if they contained writing or printing, deposit them in the crevices of the walls. This, I ascertained, arose from their dread of trampling upon or destroying anything which contained the name of God. For the same reason the Turks object to have their Koran, or any religious book, printed, as it would necessarily cause a *pressure* upon the name of Allah (God). And yet these very men, if not kept down by the Government, would think no more of killing a Greek than the Greeks would of killing them. What a strange infatuation! As very few of the Turks can read, the mere fact of printing or writing being on the paper is quite sufficient. Their superstition prompts them to preserve it. The time is gone by when they can treat a Christian as a dog, with impunity.

In the Hippodrome stands the oldest authenticated relic of antiquity in the world, namely, the tripod of the ancient Oracle of Delphi. It is the very stool on which, in Pagan days, the prophetess sat when she was professing to give the voice of the gods. The custom is referred to in Rom. iii. 2; 1 Pet. iv. 11; and Heb. v. 12. The priestesses pretended to listen to what the gods said through the oracle, but they always gave an evasive answer; that is, an answer that could be made to mean anything. For instance, when the King of Lydia went to inquire if he should go to war with Cyrus, the answer was, that if he did, he should overthrow a great empire. He went, and was defeated. On reproaching the oracle for deceiving him, the priestess answered that he certainly *had* overthrown a great empire, viz., *his own;* and that he should have asked *what* empire would be overthrown.

. Here also is an obelisk from Egypt. During the reign of three sultans, the people were unable to raise it to an upright

position; but at last they succeeded, and the event is commemorated upon it.

The slave market had also my attention. There were many slaves on sale, principally black, but several white, the latter being Georgians and Circassians, and all females. One of them was, I think, the finest girl I ever saw in my life; another had a child by her side. In those countries, children are regularly *bred* by their parents for sale to the Turks, who take them as wives and concubines. The price of the blacks was from £10 to £20, and of the whites from £150 to £200. As we passed, the slaves looked anxiously at me, as though wondering if I were to be their purchaser. This market was, I am told, done away with early in 1847, so slaves are now only to be bought at the private residences of the dealers. I shall defer my remarks on slavery as it exists in the east until I reach Cairo.

We went to see the Mosque of Sulieman; but the distance was so great, and the streets so bad, that it quite knocked me up.

Having no desire to remain longer in a place of extremes so great, I went to look after my passport. The office was closed; but as soon as I had made known that I was an Englishman, the door was opened, and my passport viséd (signed.) One of the clerks spoke English well, and was very kind to me.

The next morning, as the steamer was not ready to leave, Mr. Dwight, an American missionary, came on board, and volunteered his services; for which I felt grateful. Our first visit was to the gardens of the Seraglio. The Seraglio is the palace in which the sultan's slaves and concubines and other females reside. Here there are said to be some hundreds of women. It must not be supposed, however, that they are all concubines of the sultan, as, in all probability, he never even saw many of them; but most of them are persons of rank, or attendants. Solomon had 700 wives and 300 concubines; but Josephus says, and no doubt he is correct, that this merely means females of royal extraction and the daughters of eminent persons. The sultans can marry none but slaves; so that all their children are by slaves or concubines. Every sultan, therefore, is, strictly speaking, the son of a slave; and the people do not forget to tell him so, when he displeases them.

As we passed the main gate, the sentries called to us, but we took no notice, passing boldly on, as though in authority. We entered the second court. Again the sentries challenged us, and again we noticed them not. Had we done so, my companion said we could not have succeeded. His advice to me was, "Always be bold and firm, but never impudent. You will generally succeed." Though his advice was not new to

me as my readers will already have learnt, yet I confess I cannot see much difference between his "bold" and "impudent;" but I suppose they understand it better in America.

The gardens are about three miles round, but we did not venture any farther. The Seraglio has witnessed many, many deeds of horrid cruelty.

We next went to the Mint, which was worked by English machinery and had English overseers.

I next took a boat, and was rowed up the Golden Horn to a village called Eyoub. The harbor was filled with the ships of all nations, and hundreds of caïques were swimming over the water. The scene was well-nigh as busy as the Thames at London Bridge, and far more gay. Eyoub derived its name from one Yob, who was killed during the siege of Constantinople in 668, and is said to have been buried here. The mosque is held to be so sacred that no Christian has ever been allowed to enter it. We endeavored to go up to it, but a ferocious-looking Turk *growled* us away. No Christian is permitted to reside in the village. Many of the Turks fancy that the Yob buried here is the Job of the Old Testament; but this is a mistake. The glare and glitter of the place surpass every possible conception, for money and art have done their utmost. There are streets of tombs and mausoleums, highly gilt, and richly ornamented.

I also visited several other mosques, the burnt column of Constantine, the cistern of one thousand and one pillars, the seven towers in which the European ambassadors used to be confined when the sultan was going to declare war, and other objects of interest, which it is unnecessary for me to mention.

I have endeavored to give a general idea of Constantinople, but it must not be supposed that I have "told the half." Its mosques and fountains are all rich and beautiful; its streets shabby and foul,—ridiculous extremes of splendor and wretchedness. Its men are well made, tall, and strong; its women short and seemingly delicate. Its shops are well stored; but most of the goods are gaudy and valueless. Its men-of-war are prodigiously large; but its sailors inexperienced and good for nothing. Its boatmen are exceedingly clamorous, but they are clever and dexterous; and as soon as you have selected your man, the rest are silent as death. Its caïques are greatly similar to the London wherries; but they are beautifully carved, gaudily decorated, and richly carpetted or matted. Its love of finery knows no bounds; but its poverty is proverbial. Its power, created by the sword and supported by plunder, once made all Europe to tremble, for, after the subjugation of Con-

stantinople, the Turks invaded Germany and other parts, and contemptuously laughed at all who opposed them; but it now exists "on sufferance." Its inhabitants once discarded all intoxicating liquors, but many of them have now learned the way of "Christian" countries, of drinking to excess. Tinselled pomp, luxurious indulgence, cruel bigotry, deplorable ignorance, and abominations of filth and practice, are their most prominent features. And here I must stop.

I find in my journal the following: "I never left a place with less regret, nay, with more pleasure. Despite its mosques, its palaces, and its gardens, it is a tawdry, filthy hole."

Notwithstanding all that we hear of Turkish violence, Mr. Dwight told me he firmly believed that both life and property were more safe in Constantinople than in London or New York.

The Turkish dress is not so rich as the Albanian; but it is nevertheless peculiar enough. Many of them at Constantinople do not now wear turbans, but red caps like the Greeks, only with shorter tassels; and European dress and European manners are being fast introduced. The Greek and other *foreign* ladies are easily distinguished from the Turkish by the absence of the calico *plaster* from their faces. Some writers say that the cause of the Turks taking Greece was to obtain possession of their women, who were more beautiful than their own.

As the religion of the Turks is the same as that of the Egyptians, and as the manners and customs of the two people are in every respect so very similar, I shall reserve my account of both until I arrive in Egypt.

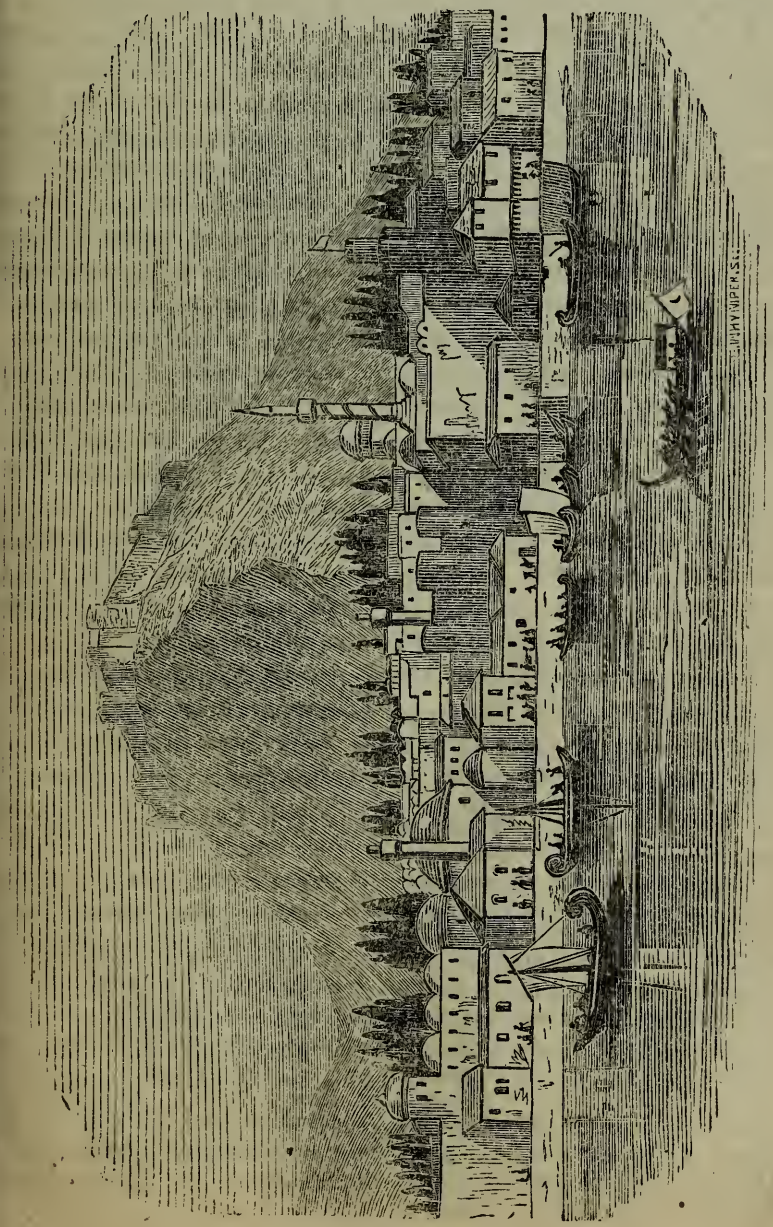
The sultan is compelled to attend some mosque every Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath, no excuse except the most dangerous illness being allowed for his absence. It is said that he is more than half a Christian; but if his people once had such an idea of him, he would soon be his head shorter.

In the evening we left to return to Smyrna. We had a Greek girl on board, who was going with her father-in-law to her husband, to whom she was betrothed, but whom she had never seen. She was remarkably lively and good looking. They left us in the Dardanelles. Before she quitted the boat, she became very dejected, and muffled up her face, never again to unveil it out of her own room.

We arrived at Smyrna the next day, Jan. 30th. The wind had changed, and the weather was much warmer. Of this I soon experienced the benefit. At Constantinople, the frost in the nights had been very severe, and the sun in the day intensely hot. I felt frozen at night, parboiled in the day. No more such experiments, said I to myself, for me.

CHAPTER IX.—SMYRNA.

Smyrna, where was one of the seven churches of Asia, is a large town, built at the foot and partly on the side of a hill. The Acropolis, like "a city set on a hill," is seen towering conspicuously over all. Many of the houses being built of stone, and numerous cupolas, domes, and minarets being visible, the town has a somewhat attractive appearance. Groves of cy-



SMYRNA.

press trees lie on the right; but I do not like them; they are too sombre-looking, too hearse-like; and yet, as they surround the respective cemeteries, they are appropriate and noble.* Most of the ships in the bay were English.

Who has not heard of Smyrna figs? It must not be understood, though, that all figs termed Smyrna are grown in or near that city. Many are, it is true; but the principal part of them is produced in the interior, brought to Smyrna on camels, and then exported, thus deriving their name from the port at which they are shipped; just as Port wine is shipped at Oporto, though produced in the interior of Portugal; Barcelona nuts at Barcelona, though grown in the more inland countries of Spain; Naples soap at Naples, though little or none is made there; and so on. I remember when I first went to Leghorn, I expected to see every shop in the town crammed with Leghorn hats and bonnets; whereas I did not see a single one in all the place. Florence is the main mart for Leghorn straws, hats, and bonnets; but as Leghorn is the port whence they are exported, they are called Leghorns.

The figs most prized are the first-ripe ones, (Jer. xxiv. 2,) called, when ripe, the "untimely" figs; that is, ripe before the time. As soon as ripe, they always drop off the trees. (Rev. vi. 13.) These are ripe in June; but the figs that are packed in drums and exported are not ripe until August.

An Italian, who spoke "a littell Englis," came on board the steamer, and offered his services as my guide. His pay was to be a dollar (4s. 2d.) a day. We went on shore together, and he conducted me to the Grand Smyrna Hotel.

I had not been long on shore ere I presented my letters of introduction to Mr. Riggs, an American missionary, and Mr. Atkinson, an English merchant. My first inquiry was, if I could make the tour of the Seven Churches;† but I found that

* It is supposed that Noah's ark was built of cypress, called in Genesis "gopher wood." (Gen. vi. 14.)

† Ephesus is about 47 miles south of Smyrna. Laodicea (Rev. iii. 14—19) is on a hill, about 160 miles east of Ephesus. It is frequently visited with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. (See verse 14.) Philadelphia (Rev. iii. 7—12) is about 40 miles north-west of Laodicea. It is still a city of some importance, and the residence of a Greek bishop. Sardis (Rev. iii. 1—5) is 20 or 30 miles north of Philadelphia. It is a place of ruins. Thyatira (Rev. ii. 18) is some 27 miles north of Sardis. It is still famous for its manufactures. Travellers say the best scarlet colour in all Asia is produced here. (Acts xvi. 14.) Pergamos (Rev. ii. 12—16) is about 50 miles north-west of Thyatira, and some 70 miles north of Smyrna. There are 15,000 inhabitants, among whom are 2,000 Greeks and Armenians. It was a warlike city. The serpent was at one time worshipped here.

that was impossible, unless I could ride 14 successive days on horseback, sleeping on a quilt spread on a mud floor every night; and this I certainly was far too weak to do; so I gave up all thought of it. I subsequently, however, decided upon going to Ephesus and Sardis, as I was told I should only be away a few nights, and could be back in time for the Austrian steamer to Beyrout. My plan was then to proceed from Beyrout to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to return to Malta; but I was compelled to change my route, as I shall by and by show.

Notwithstanding all that I have already written, I date the *commencement* of my annoyances *here*. I scarcely ever give the previous ones a thought. O my poor feet! The Pope need command no greater penance than to send one of his European votaries to perambulate the streets of Smyrna. If *that* will not atone for his sins, I am sure no penance will. Let my reader imagine anything and everything that can combine to make uninitiated feet sore, and then say, "All *that* is in the streets of Smyrna."

At the Grand Smyrna Hotel, I ordered breakfast, and then desired to see my bedroom. I stood aghast. "Is this *really* the best hotel in Smyrna?" I asked my guide. "Yes, signóre," he replied. "Well, then," I said, "the sooner I get away the better;" but I had not half learnt how to "rough it" then. I afterwards found, however, when too late to benefit me, that it was not by any means the best; but as my guide was connected with it, he felt justified in saying so. I never trusted to a guide in this respect afterwards.

However, breakfast was announced; pork chops, snipe, omelet, beefsteak, cheese, potatoes, and chicken. "Well," I said to myself, "this is pretty well for a dyspeptic." I took the snipe; but it was so far gone that it was absolutely magotty. Then came the chicken, from which, after hewing at it for some time, I managed to sever a wing; but I could no more masticate it than I could have pulverised the bones. The omelet I knew would not do for me, as eggs in any form always made me ill. So I chopped a piece off the steak, and, nerved by downright hunger, I did my very best to make it soft enough for my stomach; but my teeth rebelled, and I was obliged to reject it. The pork chops were good, *too* good, for I ate too many, and pork, at best, is bad for an invalid; but what could I do? For several days I fared no better. The landlord would insist upon calling his old roosters chickens, and his superannuated bullocks tender beef. I ordered a cup of tea, when a huge teapot, holding at least three pints, almost black with dirt, was put on the table. I asked for the tea,

when I was told it was made. I turned up the lid, and, sure enough, the tea *was* made. The pot was quite full of water, only just a degree above lukewarm, and the tea was floating at the top. I was too much amused to be angry, though I would have given a crown for a decent breakfast. The butter was like pipeclay, quite as hard, and certainly much whiter; and it was in cakes about half the size of pipeclay cakes. This I found was common enough all over the east, but I was never *driven* to it in any other place. It is made of goat's milk, and is almost tasteless. The bread was good; so, except on one day, when I dined with Mr. Atkinson, I thereafter, during my stay in Turkey, lived principally on bread and coffee.

After breakfast, my guide and I went "sight-seeing." The streets are a second edition of those of Constantinople, but neither "revised," "improved," "enlarged," nor "en"-widened. I need say no more to "publish" their fame. O yes; I may add, that here were scores of camels, in addition to horses; so that the pressure in the streets was much greater than at Constantinople, and you run much greater risk of being pinned against the walls. You *may* stop a horse if you are in danger; but a camel, laden with his ponderous panniers or beams of wood, pokes out his long neck and sets you at defiance. I received several severe bruises, and then found it best to stoop down and crouch under the panniers, though sometimes as many as two dozen camels, tied together, had to pass me. A man, mounted on a donkey, heads the caravan, as a procession of camels is termed. He has in his hand a rope, which is fastened round the first camel's neck, and all the other camels are tied to each others' tails. And thus they advance, upsetting everything and everybody that stands in the way. Some of the streets are only just wide enough to allow them to pass. I have stood and watched the people worming their way in and out amongst them, the camels all the time displaying the most daring coolness and indifference, until my legs have ached for want of exercise. The houses are not nearly so good (much worse, I mean, for the term "good" cannot here be used at all) as those of Constantinople, nor are the bazaars so well supplied, though there was an abundance of everything.

We went to the mosque, or church, the principal one in Smyrna, and were ordered to take off our shoes. As there were several persons present, I hesitated, because I had the consciousness that my stockings would not pass muster in England, and I was not very anxious that they should be seen in Turkey. The only *artiste* that had attempted to mend

them had been myself; and though I had *tied up* a good many holes, there were yet plenty left to make a riddle. However, I at last yielded, and was soon afterwards able to replenish my stock.

I will describe the place in a few words. It was large and lofty, but somewhat rude in its construction. From a noble dome in the centre was suspended an immense chandelier, made of rusty iron hoops, around which were dangling a number of common lamps. There were some other iron-hoop chandeliers, and a few glass ones. The floor was carpeted all over. There were no seats of any kind; indeed, there never are any in Turkish mosques. Huge pillars supported the roof, and the roof was arched between the pillars. There was a small pulpit on one side, and a good-sized gallery opposite. And this was *the* mosque of Smyrna. How different to those at Constantinople! A small gratuity to the man who took care of my shoes was the only payment required.

I ascended the hill to the Acropolis, to look down upon the town. It was amazingly like London, as viewed from St. Paul's, the houses being covered with red tiles, and the streets crowded with people. The view of the town that I have given at the head of this chapter, of course only shows a small part of it.

The Jews' quarter is the filthiest, and their houses are, I think, the shabbiest. The most sickening kinds of filth were running down the open gutters. The Jews in the east always live in shabby houses, but they are usually well furnished. They are afraid to make an external appearance of wealth, as they have ever been liable to the extortions of the Turks. They would consider it extreme folly to "exalt their gate," (Prov. xvii. 19,) that is, to make a great show outside, beautifying their doorways, &c., as to do so would be to "seek destruction." The gates of palaces in the east are always the most magnificent part of the building, great pains being bestowed upon ornamenting them; and the term "gate" is used to signify the palace itself, as in the instance, "Sublime Porte," (or Gate,) that is, the Palace, or Court, of the Sultan. (P. 191.) (See Ps. ix. 14; c. 4; Isa. iii. 26; xiii. 2, and other passages.) Passing by one house, I heard wailings, and I narrowly escaped being drenched with water. My guide said a Jew was dead. I thought nothing of the circumstance, until I read, a few days ago, in Jowett's "Christian Researches," that the Jews throw out of the window all the water that is in a house in which any person has died, believing that the soul had cleansed itself therein. "We must needs die," said the wise woman of Tekoa,

"and are as water spilt (thrown) on the ground," &c. (2 Sam. xiv. 14.) Perhaps she had the above custom in view. The Armenians pour a glass of water on the head of a corpse when it is put into the grave. The Armenians are a so-called Christian sect in Turkey, something between the Greeks and the Romanists.* The Armenian church does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but is governed by four patriarchs.

There is one street in Smyrna, with a stream running down, and with trees growing on each side, the houses being behind. Vines are trained over the doors, and fig-trees grow in the courts or yards. This is beautifully figured in the Revelation. (xxii. 2.) While peace reigns, every man can sit under the shade of his vine "with great delight," and "eat of his vine and of his fig tree." (See Cant. ii. 3; 1 Kings iv. 25, and other places.) The people could well understand, therefore, the figures used by the King of Assyria. (2 Kings xviii. 31; Isa. xxxvi. 16.) He promised them peace and plenty; but his words were deceitful. The easterns have also summer-houses, which, as well as their houses, are often covered with vines and other creepers. The branches "run over the walls." See the figure in Gen. xlix. 22. The Psalmist also refers to this in Psalm cxxviii. 3. Some new streets are being built all of stone, and the Sultan requires them to be from five to six yards wide. I saw only one fountain here. The water was gushing out freely, and there was a bowl attached by a small chain. The people were fetching the water in large pitchers. Solomon had such fountains in view when he penned Ecc. xii. 6.

There is a strange variety of dress, Greek, Jewish, Turkish, Armenian, &c. The Jews wear spotted turbans, and dark vests; the Greeks wear embroidered jackets; the Turks flowing gowns and capacious breeches; the Arabs are almost naked; and the English, French, and Italians wear dress coats or surtouts and trousers. The Greeks have also richly gilt pistols, but the barrels of all that I saw were rusty; the hilts of their sabres are set with jewels, but the blades appeared to me to be only a degree above half-polished iron hoops. The Turks still pride themselves in their scimitars. Some of them are said to be worth from £10 to £100, and every man calls his a real Da-

* The Armenians are not what we call Arminians. The latter are believers in the doctrines of Arminius, a Dutch divine; viz., that the merits of Christ extend to all mankind, and are attainable by all. He was not born until 1560. The former were considered orthodox until the middle of the sixth century, when they embraced the Eutychian heresy, maintaining that Christ had only one nature, and was created not of the substance of the Virgin Mary, but was divine. They detest the Greek church.

mascus blade. The Armenians are distinguishable from all the rest by a kind of four-cornered cushion over their caps.

The population of Smyrna is said to be 150,000, comprising 9,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, 5,000 Romanists, and 40,000 Greeks. All religions are tolerated. The Turk stalks majestically and gracefully along, listless and unconcerned, as though he could afford to look with contempt upon everybody else, and leave them to their own affairs. He laughs at the dogmas of the Greeks and Romanists, but, making a virtue of necessity, throws over them his benignant banner of protection. The Jews are exceedingly bitter against the Christians, and often "stir up the people" when a baptism is going to take place, so that the convert has generally to leave the town. The Jews are a persecuted race, but I believe they would be as bad as the Turks if they had the power.

The wind having changed, the air was balmy, but the atmosphere was not very clear. I saw many persons squatted in groups round their doors, smoking with their long pipes, and talking. I called them Eastern fireside parties. Even this custom is significant, as Ezekiel (xxxiii. 30) refers to it.

A little outside of Smyrna is shown what is said to be the grave of Polycarp, who was John's disciple, and was martyred in the year 167. When called upon to give up his religion, he exclaimed, "For 86 years have I served Christ, and he hath never wronged me; how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" He is supposed to be "the angel of the church in Smyrna." (Rev. ii. 8.) "Fear none of those things," said the prophecy, "which thou shalt suffer." Near it are the vaults in which the wild beasts (figured in 1 Cor. xv. 32) used to be kept. The people urged the governor to let loose one of the lions upon Polycarp; but he refused. He was then tied to a stake, and the fatal fire kindled. The Jews distinguished themselves by gathering fuel for the fire. John (Rev. ii. 10) told the church at Smyrna they should have tribulation ten days, and this corresponded with the ten years' persecution which they suffered under the Roman emperor Diocletian.

The caravan bridge, near which the Greek poet Homer is said to have been born, is much frequented by the Turks in the evenings.

There are many pretty villas outside the town, belonging principally to the European merchants; but the roads are so rough that I cannot see how ladies can pass over them. They abound in groves of myrtles and olives. The latter is the tree called by Isaiah the oil tree; (Isa. xli. 19;) and when I say myrtles, I do not mean the dwarf myrtles which grow in green-

houses in England, but such as Zechariah spoke of, amongst which stood the man on the red horse, (Zech. i. 8,) being eight or ten feet high. They grow nearest to perfection in shaded valleys, and, therefore, at once associate themselves with everything serene and peaceful. (See Isa. lv. 13.)

Property is not considered very secure in Smyrna. I have read that, a short time ago, a village adjoining, and the governor's house, with 1,200 acres of land, were offered for £200.

In the evening, Mr. Atkinson, the merchant whom I have already named, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Watkins, Mayor of Manchester in 1845–6, called at the hotel, to see what he could do for me, adding, "With the credentials you have brought I shall only be too happy to assist you in any way in my power." I mention this merely to show that if a traveller in the east take with him good letters of introduction, he is sure to be kindly received; but without them he will be eyed with suspicion, and looked upon as an "adventurer." I learnt from Mr. A. that I could not go to Sardis without travelling on the Sunday, and I therefore gave it up. With his assistance, I engaged horses to go to Ephesus on the Monday. I then retired to rest, and, though I was most horribly annoyed, I slept tolerably well.

On the following morning (Lord's Day) I went to the British Consulate Chapel. I think I never heard a purer gospel sermon in the Establishment in my life, though I heard many at Manchester, in the days of Mr. Nunn, of, to me, blessed memory. If the Smyrna minister were in England, I am sure the "Puseys" would silence him if they could. I regret my limits will not allow me to give the heads of the discourse, which I carefully noted down. There were 28 persons present.

In the afternoon, I went to hear a Mr. Johnstone, one of the American missionaries. I never heard such twaddle. His sermon was neither law nor gospel, philosophy nor reason.

In the evening I took tea with Mr. Riggs, who was as kind to me as was Mr. Atkinson. He invited me to remain for the prayer-meeting, as there would be several "converts" present. I did so; but no one came except a Greek lady and her two sons; and these, I believe, were private friends. It is painful to me to say anything that may appear to be against those who have been kind to me; but if I name the subject at all, I must speak the truth. I may sum up all in one sentence. The Missionary Station at Smyrna has, I believe, been abandoned; and no wonder, if its success depended upon such ministers as Mr. Johnstone. (See page 227.)

At night, I thought I would sleep on the divan, (a wide

sofa,) in the front room, as I had been so bitten the night previously; but I fared worse, for the noise of cats and dogs all the live-long night was most distracting. Sleep was a stranger to me. Had I been able to get away from Smyrna, I would have given up Ephesus with pleasure, as I was wearied out; but there was no steamer due before the one for Beyrout on the following Friday.

As an Englishman had, a short time before, been murdered on his way to Ephesus, Mr. Atkinson advised me to put off my journey until Tuesday, and he would then procure me a guard from the governor. I, of course, assented, though I did not feel very apprehensive of danger.

CHAPTER X.—SMYRNA TO EPHESUS.

On the Tuesday, I was up with the sun, and off for Ephesus, accompanied by my guide, a muleteer, who had charge of the horses, and my guard, called a cavasse. My guide spoke just enough English to mislead me. The muleteer was a Turk all over, both in appearance and dress. The cavasse wore a shabby, dirty, Albanian dress, which dress I have described on page 64, and had a long gun, two horse pistols, a dagger, and a large knife. On the road we met numbers of Zibeks,* that is, a class of men who, I was told, were formerly robbers and outlaws, and caused the government a great deal of trouble, until the Sultan took them into his pay. Since then they have been more orderly; though even now they do a little of the robbery business on their own account. They may, I was informed, rob and even murder a Turk, and the government may wink at it; but if an Englishman or Frenchman be molested, every man and woman in the nearest village is made to turn out until they have discovered the robbers; and if they cannot succeed, the village is burnt down. This is hard to be believed, though my authority was good. They were all armed like my cavasse, with the addition of a huge hanger, a kind of clumsy sword. They looked something like batteries on horseback. I did not fancy their looks a bit more than

* During the Greek revolution, a number of Albanians, who were originally Greeks, but who, for pay, had turned Mahometans, were sent by the Turks to drive out the Russians. Having succeeded in this, they determined upon remaining in the country, and they pillaged and murdered Greeks and Turks indiscriminately. Their ravages were, however, of only short duration, for they, in their turn, were nearly all destroyed. More than 4,000 of their heads were piled up by the Turks in one heap after the first battle with them. The Zibeks are mostly Albanians, and they are to this day a savage people.

those of the Greeks whom I met on my way to Corinth, and I was, therefore, glad I had a guard with me.

The road from Smyrna, for many miles, is, for the most part, over extensive plains, and the scenery is varied and pleasing; but for *roughness*, nothing worse can well be imagined. Stones of almost every conceivable size lay scattered in various parts. Some of them were from 1 ft. to 2 ft. above each other, like peaks, and others from 2 ft. to 3 ft. apart; and yet, without asking us if we could hold on, the horses would nimbly leap from stone to stone, safely carrying us over all. I declare seriously that, on foot, without the aid of a thick stick, I could not have scrambled along. But, rough or smooth, fast or loose, large or small, horizontal or perpendicular, slippery or uneven, it seemed to be all one to the horses. I never saw anything like them, except goats. I often had to hold by the saddle with both hands to keep from falling off. Sometimes my horse's foot would slip into a great hole, and give me a furious shake; but the animal righted himself in an instant, and left me to do the same, if I could. What puzzled me most was to find that the horses were all flat shod, or plated rather, their feet being entirely covered with iron plates, except a small hole in the centre, for air; yet, were they shod, as ours are, their feet, passing over such roads, would soon be cut to pieces. I found it my wisdom to give my horse the bridle and let him do as he pleased, for had I attempted to guide him, I should inevitably have baffled him. He saw a difficulty long before I did, and, quick as thought, prepared for it. Once we had to pass over a very narrow Roman bridge, and a caravan of 60 or 70 laden camels was coming the other way. Off the horses went, as though knowing, if the camels got on the bridge first, we should have to wait half an hour. We were only just in time. The camels reached the bridge just as we had crossed; and, as they had blocked up the road, pushing their way like so many four-legged, unheeding machines, our horses had to dart down a steep hill, more than half perpendicular, over great blocks of stones, to the river side, and then to clamber up again, through some bushes, to the main road. Almost every joint in my body was made to crack, and I had to grasp hold of the saddle with both hands; but, in spite of all, I could hardly keep my seat for laughing. How the horses accomplished this, remains to me still a mystery.

The land for about 30 miles was well cultivated in every direction. The plains were rich and vast. If such a country, with such a climate, were in the hands of the English, no limit could be fixed to its productiveness. Horses, bullocks, and

sheep, were feeding at every turn, yet scarcely even a mud hovel was to be seen; so where the cultivators and owners lived, I could not divine. I saw one man taking up his abode for the night in the trunk of an old tree, leaving his horse to feed alongside. Saul dwelt (reposed) *under* a tree in Ramah; and the same thing is common enough even now in the east, during summer; but I never before saw or heard of any one dwelling *in* a tree.

We passed the ruins of several towns and villages; and cemeteries, springs, and fountains were constantly presenting themselves. These parts must at one time have been thickly peopled; but where are the people now? Destroyed or driven away by the Turks, and the Turks have not filled up the gap. All Turks desire children. But polygamy and other causes are fast depopulating the Ottoman empire. Besides which, about 17 years ago, the plague and small pox swept away many thousands.

We met hundreds and hundreds of camels, all laden with fruit for Smyrna, and thence for Europe. I counted 193, all tied to each others' tails, in one string, or caravan. Many of them had bells to their tails. (Zech. xiv. 20.)

Every five or six miles, there is a hovel, called a coffee-house. Every traveller is expected to call and bait at each; and, as they are very useful in their way, no reasonable "Lord English," can object to stop, and order a cup of coffee.

At 5 o'clock we reached a place called Gilatte, where, in a caravanserai, or coffee-house, (pardon the libel, it is not *mine*,) we put up for the night. Here I met with an Englishman, with his escort, which was similar to mine. He had been out 25 days, collecting old coins, and had succeeded well. The whole district must contain immense numbers, buried in the earth and ruins. At one end of our mud coffee-house, for it was built of mud, was a lovely spring, and at the other a bake-house; and next to that was a *guard*-house, containing 15 of those uninviting Zibeks. Immediately opposite was a beautiful plane tree, called in Ezek. xxxi. 8, and Gen. xxx. 37, the chesnut. I have nowhere seen any other tree that I could call equal to this. Mount Tmolus was in the distance across the plain, with Philadelphia at the foot on the right, and Sardis on the left. Mount Messogis was at our back, and over it, the river and valley of the Mæander, with Hierapolis, Colossæ, and Laodicea. At Hierapolis, it is said, Philip preached the gospel, and was hanged to a pillar.

Sleep was out of the question, for I was dreadfully bitten by fleas, almost choked with the stench of a filthy stable and

dungheap in the same building, and smothered with the fumes of tobacco and the smoke from a wood fire; for the Turks smoke incessantly, and there was no chimney. I was, indeed, "like a bottle in the smoke,"—turned black and dried almost to cracking; for this was something of what the Psalmist had in view. (Ps. cxix. 83.) The bottles being of leather, as I may by and by have to show more particularly, and being hung up in rooms with large fires of wood, and without chimneys, they become smoke-dried, shrivelled, and unfit for use. My bed was hard enough, being merely a quilt spread on a mud floor. It was just such a bed as is referred to in Matt. ix. 6. The stars were discernible through the roof, and the road was visible through a hole in the wall, which was called the window. My guide lay at my side, and the Turks lay at our feet, cross-ways, as inferiors used to do in old times. I have, in my time, had as many as 150 persons in my employ at once, who were always ready to attend at my summons; but *this* night Mr. Sleep was *my* master. Though I called for him by the hour, he would not come.

It was a cold, squally night, and I suffered severely, having but little covering. At half-past 4 in the morning, the moon shining brilliantly, I aroused my attendants, "took up my bed," (Matt. ix. 6,) that is to say, rolled up my quilt and my bolster, (1 Sam. xxvi. 11,) and onward we went. There was not a cloud to be seen; but the crying of the jackals in the hills, and the barking of dogs were not very cheering.

The scenery now changed. The hills became more precipitous, and rugged; and, instead of plains, the road was along narrow valleys, and in some places mere contracted passes. The view was more diversified and romantic. Cultivation was out of the question, sterility only appearing. The sluggish river Cayster was seen winding along, and bore evident marks of frequent floods, which often render the valley impassable.

CHAPTER XI.—EPHESUS.

Suddenly, on our right, the view of the hills broke off, but it was only to be almost as suddenly renewed. We turned to our left, and Ephesus was before us. The hill of the Acropolis, as at Athens and Smyrna, stands conspicuous as we approach; but the glory of the place has departed. The candlestick is, indeed, removed out of its place. (Rev. ii. 5.) Where it was removed to, it might be fanciful to inquire; but I believe it was to the West. What great cause have we in the west to be thankful that the *light* was not *extinguished*, only *removed!* It is clear that the falling away of the Ephesians had not com-

menced when Paul wrote his epistle to them, as he ceased not to give thanks for them, having heard of their faith in the Lord Jesus. (Eph. i. 15, 16.) But he, nevertheless, said he knew that after his departure grievous wolves would enter in among them.

When John wrote the Revelation, Ephesus was inhabited principally by Jews and Pagan Greeks, the latter of whom, under Alexander the Great, had driven out the Persians. Here a church had been formed by Paul from among the Jews; and when he took his departure, he left Timothy as its pastor. (1 Tim. i. 3.) It is believed that both Timothy and John (the latter of whom returned to Ephesus when the Roman emperor Nerva liberated him from Patmos) were buried there. There are no Romanists here, or the priests would be sure to point to certain spots as their veritable tombs. It is also believed that the Virgin Mary was buried here; but the Romanists point to a tomb at the foot of the Mount of Olives, near the Garden of Gethsemane, and insist upon it that her body lies there. It is probable that she ended her days with John, at Ephesus. (See John xix. 27.) Some say that Timothy's body was removed to Constantinople; but these are points that I shall not attempt to settle. Paul was most probably beheaded at or near Rome, and buried there.

The first temple at Ephesus was burnt down on the same night as that in which Alexander the Great was born. Alexander offered to rebuild it, on condition that his name should be placed in front; but to this the people would not agree, but set to work to rebuild it themselves. The women sold their jewels, and almost every man within reach sent in his gifts. This (second) was the temple that was in existence in Paul's days. It was called one of the seven wonders of the world, and its magnificence justified the appellation. It was destroyed by the Romans in the third century. The Ephesians are said to have been always fond of architecture; and this may in some degree account for Paul's frequent allusions to buildings in his epistle to them; such as "foundation," "corner stone," "the building fitly framed together," &c. (Eph. ii. 20–22.) The church at Ephesus was founded by Paul about the year 54. (Acts xviii. and xix.)

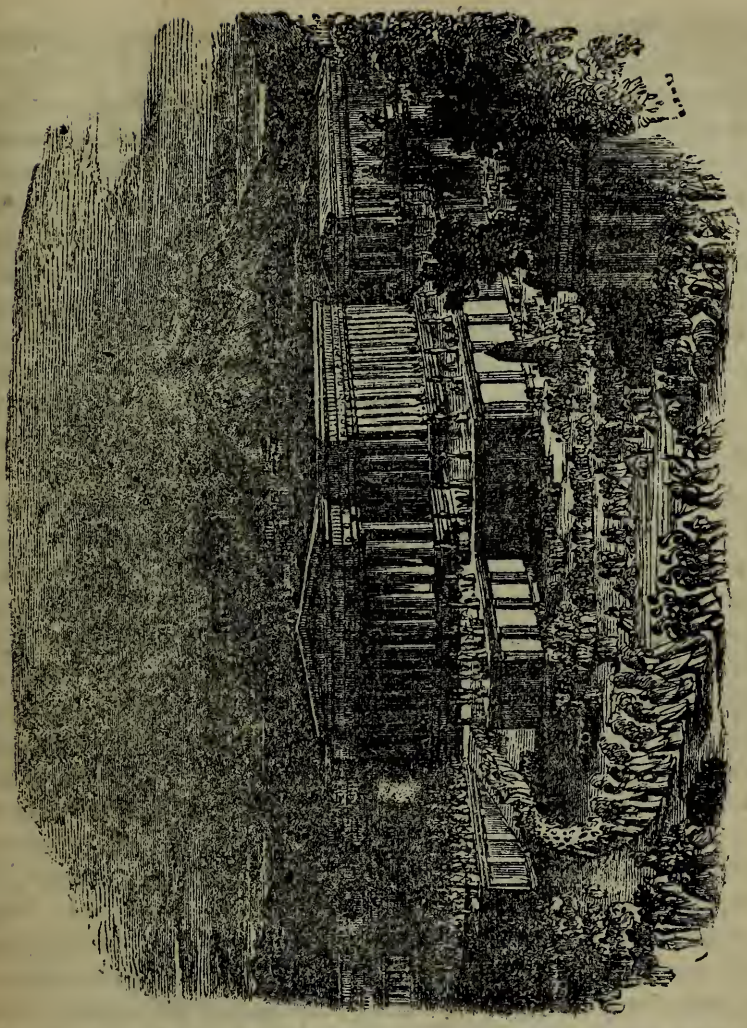
Ephesus was at one time the most flourishing city in Asia Minor, and was the capital of Ionia; but now not even a single mud cottage is to be found within a mile and a half of its ancient site. It remained in the possession of the Greeks from the conquest of Alexander until ravaged by the Romans. The Greek church, in the seventh century, embraced Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, and some parts of Mesopo-

tamia and Persia. The Saracens drove out the Romans, who, in truth, had then become Greeks, in the eighth century, and finally, the Saracens were driven out by the Turks; so that, in common with other parts of Asia, Ephesus has been the scene of constant wars, calamities, and vicissitudes.

The sea formerly washed the foot of the Acropolis hill; but it has now receded, leaving a pestilential morass, to sleep near which, as in some parts of Greece, is almost certain death. Indeed, for a foreigner to sleep in Ephesus at all, or even to visit it during the hot months, would be attended with extreme danger. I met with a gentleman at Smyrna who took a fever at Ephesus, and he told me he felt it more or less every year.

Having reached a mud coffee-house, in the village of Aiasalouk, in which were some half-dozen Turks, smoking, we dismounted, and I desired my guide to take me to the ruins. I then, to my dismay, learnt that he knew nothing about the place, and that I must take, as my guide, a Turk who resided in the village; nor could I prevail upon either of my Smyrna suite to accompany me. However, I bided my time, as I knew it would be my turn when I came to pay them. My new guide could not speak a word of English, but this was far less annoying than the English of my Smyrna guide, as he often said "yes" when it turned out "no," and "no" when it proved to be "yes." Here I was, a veritable man, and yet a mere dummy; blessed with a tongue, but unable to use it; full of sentimentality, yet necessitated to keep it all to myself.

Leaving the mud coffee-house, we passed a neat fountain with three jets. In about half an hour we reached the ruins, the site of the ancient city. Here were heaps upon heaps of prostrate walls, pillars, inscriptions, &c., with occasional marble pavements, and millions and millions of pieces of marble, tiles, and bricks, presenting to view fields and fields of desolation. On one side of a narrow valley the Temple of Diana stood, and on the other side was Mount Prion, on which the theatre was situated. If anything of the former remain, it is buried in the rubbish, which I have no doubt is the case; and all that exists of the latter is the seats. These are 30 in number, and are supposed to have been able to accommodate 30,000 people. Were the ruins excavated, I have no doubt important relics would be discovered, as they have recently been at Nineveh, though, being of a much more recent date than those of Nineveh, they would be less valuable. The market-place was in the valley, between the temple and the theatre. The people in the theatre could well see the temple opposite; and doubtless Demetrius took advantage of that circumstance to point



TEMPLE OF DIANA, EPHESUS.

to the temple, and exclaim that Paul and his companions had taught the people to despise it. Then they were full of wrath, and cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," &c. Their voices echoing on the hill opposite, and being again reverberated by the people there, the whole city was "filled with confusion." Then the people rushing by thousands up the hill to the theatre, in sight of those in the valley, they in the valley, in their turn, tumultuously followed; but the "greater part knew not why they had come together." The town clerk, beyond doubt, stood on the hill over above the market-place, while he addressed the uproarious crowd, telling them they ought to do nothing rashly, (what excellent advice!) and that all the world knew that they were worshippers of the great goddess Diana, whose image fell down from Jupiter. But I must refer my readers to Acts xix., as I cannot extend my

remarks. While standing on the spot, I seemed to follow every movement, and with my mind's eye fancied I could see the throngs hurrying up the hill, and Paul struggling to enter the theatre, while his companions had hold of him to prevent him, until I became almost as excited as if the scene were really transpiring before me. "How different," said I to myself, "is the theatre now! Silent as the grave, and not a living man near it but a solitary Turk and a still more solitary Englishman!" I also thought of Greece, what it once was and what it now is. Alas for human greatness! How soon its glory departs! I saw the vanity of it all, but sank into a state of restless disquietude. My guide led me onward, and I had proceeded a considerable distance before I had the clear consciousness of having moved.

Retracing our steps towards the coffee-house, we came to the ruins of a Greek church. As I had not anticipated such a sight, I was quite taken by surprise. Extensive marble steps led to the entrance, and the lintels and sills corresponded. The interior consists of four spacious apartments, each almost large enough for a temple, and the roofs were supported by massive pillars. The frettings, &c., were exquisite. I subsequently learnt that this church was built by the Greeks, partly out of the ruins of the second Temple of Diana, and that the Turks reduced it to its present state when they conquered the Greeks and Saracens. When the Saracens attacked Ephesus, in the eighth century, the Greeks took refuge in this church, and held up a picture of the Virgin Mary, to drive them away. Fatal delusion! The despoilers laughed them to scorn. And yet to this day the Greeks are as besotted as they were then, believing that there is efficacy in a picture or in the representation of a cross.

We now returned to the coffee-house. Here I found a man, calling himself the governor of Ephesus, and he gave me to understand that he would not suffer me to take away the few fragments that I had collected, (for I had picked up a number on my way over the ruins,) without an order from the governor of Smyrna; but at the same time he told my guide that I might do so if I would give him 50 piastres (about 9s. 6d.) This I agreed to do, when another man, who said he was the deputy governor, demanded 25 piastres. I now saw through the cheat, and refused to pay either. They then went away. I subsequently selected two or three pieces, and took my departure. These pieces, one of which I still have in my possession, I have no doubt once formed part of the great Temple of Diana; but if any one can prove otherwise, I hope he will not do so, lest he should spoil my pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.—EPHESUS TO SMYRNA.

We left Ephesus about noon, and reached Gilatte about 3, where we baited, and then proceeded. I begged of my guide to push forward as quickly as possible; but about 5 o'clock the cavasse stopped at an Arab coffee-house, and declared he would not move another step unless I would take two more guards. I think I never in my life felt much more miserable. I had, while at Ephesus, labored hard to bring myself feelingly into Ephes. i., especially verses 3 to 12, that I had "redemption through Christ's blood, the forgiveness of sins;" but I could as easily have rebuilt the ruined city. A great darkness came over me on leaving the place, and it was immediately suggested to my mind that I should be murdered by the Zibeks on my return. My natural courage forsook me, and I was, in my feelings, in a most deplorable and forlorn condition. Though I had the fear that I should not be much more safe in this coffee-house than in going on to the next, yet I was easily induced to stop. Here I was, 30 miles from Smyrna, and entirely, as I thought, at the mercy of those fearful Zibeks. Having lost sight of my Divine Protector, I fancied all sorts of evils, and feared the worst would befal me. The Turks looked upon me as an "Infidel dog," as the Israelites did the Gentiles; and really, according to my feelings, I was not much better.

This night was a repetition of the preceding one, excepting that mosquitos united with the fleas in tormenting me, and that I was so stiff and sore that I could not move a limb without great pain. The Turkish saddles are so wide and clumsy, that I suffered excruciatingly. It was a frosty night, but I contrived to get well wrapped up. There were many fires visible on the plains, kindled by some wandering tribes like the gipsies in England. Indeed, when I saw the gipsies in Cambridgeshire, soon after my return, I perceived so striking a resemblance of features, complexion, &c., to some of these homeless wanderers in Turkey, that it struck me they were of the same race.

Soon after sunrise on the following morning, we were again on our way. We passed a dead camel. The flesh seemed to be hardly cold, yet the dogs had more than half devoured it, and one was "licking the blood" at its mouth. (1 Kings xxi. 19.) In little more than an hour the sun became intensely hot, and I was in such pain that I really thought I must give in. However, by sometimes walking, or rather hobbling, sometimes riding cross-legged and sometimes sitting sideways, I managed

to reach Smyrna, it being then 3 o'clock. I had felt something of the drought consuming me in the day, and the frost by night. (Gen. xxxi. 40.)

Having ordered a hot bath, I went to secure my passage in the Austrian steamer for Beyrout, when I learnt it was gone, really gone! The agent had despatched it a day before its time. Nobody could tell why; the agent himself could not tell why. He had never done so before, and perhaps never has since. I was now perplexed to know what to do. There would not be another steamer for a month; but I felt that I could sooner endure anything than remain in Smyrna so long. Though the country around must, in spring, be a fairy land, I would not live there if they would make me a present of it. Mr. Atkinson and our consul strongly advised me to book myself for Egypt, as there would be an Austrian steamer, in two days, which would go there by way of Syra, one of the Grecian islands. This I did, reserving to myself the power of remaining at Syra if I thought proper, as I could easily get thence to Athens. But "Alexandria, Alexandria," continually resounded in my ears. No sooner had I paid my passage-money than I felt as if a great weight had been removed from my shoulders.

Having taken my bath, I went to bed; but, though I was so nearly worn out, the screaming of cats, the howling of dogs, the biting of fleas, the *delving* of sand-flies, and the stinging of mosquitos, kept me awake nearly all night.

In the morning my guide brought up his account. I deducted four dollars, being nearly half the amount, and sent him about his business, telling him that he could complain to the consul if he pleased; but he knew he was in the wrong, and therefore took it quietly. My muleteer and the cavasse also came in for considerable deductions, because they left me to my fate at Ephesus, as mentioned on page 126.

On inquiring of Mr. Atkinson, it turned out as I expected, that the self-styled "governors" at Ephesus had endeavored to impose upon me; but they had had the wrong man to deal with.

I regret that I was unable to go to Sardis, as the ruins of the place are said to be quite equal to those of Ephesus. Fully to appreciate such devastations, they must be seen. All the writing in the world can never clearly open them to view, though every column were numbered, every block measured, and every fragment counted. Nor can I say more as respects the other churches of Asia than I have said in the note on page 114, as I have already exceeded my prescribed bounds. Every denunciation in the Revelation has been fulfilled to the very letter.

CHAPTER XIII.—SMYRNA TO ALEXANDRIA.

On Feb. 6th, the steamer came in, and I went on board. As neither the captain nor the steward spoke English, I found the few words of German that I had picked up on my way to Grafenberg, in 1844, exceedingly useful.

On entering the cabin, I was brought suddenly to reflect on the way I had been led and the many mercies I had received; when a degree of gratitude to the Sovereign Giver of all sprang up in my heart, and so melted me down, that I literally "wetted my couch with my tears," and I wondered, as I have often had to do at other times, how I could be so distrustful and ungrateful. I was "ashamed, and blushed to lift up my face" to God. (Ezra ix. 6.)

About noon, we left. The wind was again right ahead of us, and it blew so hard that the captain would not venture out of the gulf, but anchored under cover of one of the hills, near its mouth. During the night it blew a regular hurricane, so that the men had to let down another anchor. I was glad that we were not out of the bay.

The next day was Sunday. We weighed anchor soon after 10, but it was so rough that I was unable to go on deck. I was, therefore, confined to the cabin, my Bible, and a sermon of my father's, "The Sentence of Death in Ourselves," being my companions. I would fain have been at the consulate chapel at Smyrna, but a man who goes to sea has not much power in the choice of days for sailing. I am satisfied, however, that, while travelling, he may encroach, bit by bit, on the Lord's Day, until he becomes hardened to it, and invariably find some excuse to quiet his conscience; just as a child, unrestrained, may go step by step into sin and crime, until he ends his days in a prison, and he will then blame his parents for not having corrected him betimes.

I was still suffering greatly; and, as the pains flew from one part of my body to another, I began to fear I was going to have the Ephesus fever, and doctored myself accordingly. I did not quite recover for some days.

The next morning, I found myself yearning after home, and I felt as though I would have given half that I possessed, had I been able to see my dear family. I therefore made up my mind that I would *not* go on to Alexandria, but stop at Syra, and thence proceed to Athens and Malta. I desired the engineer, who, I discovered, had learnt his trade in an English house, and so spoke English, to make known my determination to the captain; but he begged of me to reconsider the

matter, as I should have to perform eight days' quarantine* at Syra, and as the lazaretto was reputed to be one of the filthiest in the Mediterranean. I saw the Lord's hand in this, began to compare myself to Jonah, and at once decided upon going on to Egypt.

We reached Syra about half-past 10 in the morning. This is now the most flourishing place in Greece. During the revolution, many of the Greeks fled to the island, and from that time its prosperity dates. The bay is enclosed by lofty hills on three sides, and is therefore safe for ships, except when the wind is south. Two of the hills are exactly like pyramids, and one of them is covered with white stone houses to its very summit, a church standing on the peak. About a score of windmills add liveliness to the scene. It is the most picturesque-looking town in the Mediterranean. The Austrian steamers meet here, one coming from Trieste, by way of Athens, another from Smyrna, and another from Egypt. They then exchange goods and passengers, and each steamer returns to its own port. This route, that is, from Egypt to Trieste, and thence to England over Germany, is what was called "Waghorn's Route." As I was going to Egypt, I of course was transferred to the Egyptian boat; while those from Germany, Greece, and Egypt, who were going to Smyrna or Constantinople, were put on board the boat by which I had arrived.

There was not much to do, but it took the crews just 44 hours to do it. I am certain that half the number of Englishmen would have done the whole in five or six. The amount of work that has to be performed on board of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers at Alexandria, when they arrive there with their passengers for India, is most extraordinary. They have to land generally from 600 to 700 packages of passengers' luggage, from 1,000 to 1,200 bales and packages of cargo for India, 200 to 300 bales of goods for Alexandria, and from £350,000 to £450,000 worth of specie; and then they have to clear out the vessel, and take in 200 to 300 tons of coal, and almost as many packages of cargo and luggage as they brought out. And all must be done, usually, in 24 to 30 hours. The Austrians would hardly be able to accomplish the task in a fortnight. (I speak of 1847. yearly increasing)

In my new abode, I met with a Prussian captain, who spoke a "littell English." He said his ship had just been wrecked. "I now lost four sheeps (ships,)" said he, "and I 'fraid no one trust me wit anoder." I quite agreed with him on *that* point.

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* I shall speak of quarantine hereafter, when I had a taste of it.

I asked him where he learnt English. "O," he replied, "I married one English*man*." I have often been highly amused at the broken English of foreigners, and I am sure they must have been equally so at my French, German, and Arabic. I met with one man who was regretting that he had to leave England. "O dear," he said, "I sall not be back for de nishe minsh piesh at Chrishmash!"

Our engineer was an Englishman. His wife being suddenly taken ill, an English doctor, who happened to be on board, attended her, and in less than a quarter of an hour she gave birth to her first child.

At last we left. The wind was high, but balmy and delightful. In the middle of the night we passed Candia. Round this island, then called Crete, Paul was driven on his way to Italy. (Acts xxvii. 7–12.) It is supposed by some to be the Caphtor mentioned in Deut. ii. 23.

I had very little sleep, being tormented with sandflies, six of which I *dug* out of my skin. The pain was dreadful. The Austrian steamers are dirtier than the French.

The wind having gone down, I went on deck several times during the night. How serene, how sweet is a calm night on the Mediterranean; every revolution of the paddles, every heaving of the vessel, adding to its loveliness, by disturbing the phosphorescent waters, and bespangling the surface with sparkling studs! This phosphorescent appearance of the sea is quite a phenomenon in our seas, but in the Mediterranean it is of frequent occurrence.

Early in the morning of the 12th, we came in sight of Alexandria. The land is exceedingly flat, so that it cannot be seen until close upon it. There are no hills but sandhills, but the shore is literally bristling with windmills. I should say that there must be from 150 to 200. The harbor is protected by extensive batteries from the land, and by dangerous reefs from the sea, so that no captain thinks of venturing in without a pilot. When the English had possession of Alexandria, they marked the channel-way into the harbor by putting down buoys; but when they evacuated the country, the Turks had the buoys taken up. Prior to this time, no ships belonging to Christians were allowed to enter this harbor at all, but were compelled to go into the old harbor, which was neither so safe nor so convenient. The English obtained the removal of this humiliating restriction, and both harbors are now open to the ships of all nations. The harbor, when I arrived, was full of ships, upwards of 50 of which were English, all lading with grain. This was in February, 1847. From 23s. to 25s. per

quarter was being paid for freight, though the ordinary price had been only 7s. 6d. On the left is the lighthouse, on the site of the ancient Pharos, and in the distance is Pompey's Pillar, which was the only column that I could discern. An Arab pilot came on board. I remarked to the engineer that he looked frightened. "He may well," he replied; "for if he were to run the ship on the reefs, with which the harbor is surrounded, he would lose his head in less than an hour." His dress was simple enough, merely a turban, that is, a few yards of calico coiled round his head; a loose blue smock over his body, without drawers or anything under it; a plain girdle, and yellow slippers without heels. His legs were bare, and he had a long beard.

AN ARAB PILOT.

We passed within a few miles of the spot where the battle of the Nile was fought, in 1798, when every French vessel, except two line-of-battle ships, and two frigates, was destroyed or taken, under Nelson, and when Nelson received a severe wound in the head.

When we had cast anchor, a number of guides came on board; but I took care, this time, to engage one who could speak rather more than "a *littell*" English. Having agreed with a boatman to take me on shore for a shilling, I descended

into his boat. When, however, he had got half way, he stopped, and said he would have two shillings; and he said it so determinedly that he might have been educated amongst the boatmen at Dover, who are well up to this sort of robbery. As I had read a little of the character of the Arabs, I jumped up to take the oars, telling him that I could row pretty nearly as well as he could, and that if he offered any resistance he must take the consequence. He looked amazed, and then began to pull with all his might until we reached the pier. And then followed a scene which baffles all description. Numbers of Arabs jumped into the boat, and the bawlings, the yellings, the strugglings, and the fightings, to get hold of my portmanteau, perfectly staggered me for a time; but, on recovering my self-possession, I began to use my thick stick right and left, until I had cleared the boat. I was sorry to resort to such measures, but nothing short of this could possibly have saved us from being upset, or, at least, my portmanteau from involuntary immersion in the harbor. (Police regulations have, happily, been recently established, which have partly put an end to this.) Having handed my luggage to one, I flattered myself that all noise was over; but not so. The donkey men and boys, outside the quay, came next, and I had to act the same part over again, though much against my will. The boatman followed us, roaring out for "bucksheesh," (a present,) and the cry was taken up by some dozen others, each with stentorian lungs, until I had to turn round upon them, and cause them to sound a precipitate retreat.

In about 20 minutes I reached the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Great Square, where I took up my quarters.

On my last visit, I and my companion were taken to the pier quietly; and, as soon as we reached it, an officer came up with a board in his hand, on which was painted, in English, "Boat No. 9, Fare One Shilling each." This is an excellent regulation. Everything was peaceable till we reached the donkey men, who have not yet been reformed. My companion, in the confusion, was for a time separated from me, and hurried down a wrong street. I maintained my ground, by using my stick on the donkeys, which, I had learnt, is far more effectual than belaboring the donkeys' masters, as the Arabs are particularly fond of their horses and donkeys.

I might here give some account of a donkey trip or two, as also a relation of the manners and customs of the people; but I prefer leaving the whole till I reach Cairo, where I had more abundant opportunity for observation. I reserve my description of Alexandria for Chapter XV.

CHAPTER XIV.—EGYPT—ITS HISTORY, RELIGION, &c.

To write on Egypt all that might be written, to enter fully into its history, its Scripture associations, the manners and customs of the people, the description of its temples and other majestic relics of its "departed greatness," its religion, its products, its commerce, its plagues and torments, would require volumes of no ordinary size; but such is by no means my intention. My design is, to the best of my ability, principally to dwell upon such scenes, facts, and incidents as came under my more immediate notice, and to enlarge only when anything strikes me as important.

Egypt is situated on the south-east side of the Great Sea, (Num. xxxiv. 6,) or Mediterranean. Some geographers say that it belongs to Africa, others to Asia, and others to neither, but that it divides the two. Its centre commences on the north at Alexandria, and proceeds in a direct course toward the south for about 600 miles, or, following the course of the Nile, which runs through it, about 746 miles. It there terminates at Assouan, called by Ezekiel Syene. (xxix. 10.) From England, by way of Gibraltar, across the Bay of Biscay, the distance to Alexandria is about 2,950 miles; but, by way of France, it is only about 2,100 miles. It is divided into three parts—Lower, Middle, and Upper Egypt. Alexandria is in Lower Egypt, and Cairo in Middle Egypt. The pasha, who rules the country, principally resides at Cairo.

Egypt, like all other countries in the east, has ever been a battle-field. The rule in old times among nations was (I wish I could say it was not so now) that he who could conquer had a right to take; and no man had a right to reign over any people who had not the skill and power to conquer other nations, and also to keep invaders out of his own. The universal maxim was, "If you would like to take our country, you may if you can; and as we should like to have yours, we mean to have it unless you can prevent us." And it was also considered that the conquerors had a right to cut off all who were likely to interfere with their conquests. As the rule was general, the idea of *cruelty* was never suggested. The cry of "Quarter," which sometimes saves the life of a soldier now-a-days, was utterly unknown then. Kings put their feet upon the necks of their enemies, (Ps. xviii. 40; Josh. x. 24,) dragged them behind their chariots, put out their eyes, (2 Kings xxv. 7,) or cut off their toes and thumbs, (Judges i. 7,) without any departure from the rules of ancient politeness.

Apart from the higher authority which Joshua had to de-

stroy those idolaters whose "iniquity was full," this general rule prevented any of the people whom he exterminated from charging him with injustice. What a wide difference there was between the wars of the Israelites, under Moses and Joshua, and those of the Mahometans! The former never sought to make converts by the sword, while the latter held proselytism as their main motive.

There is no country in the world the history of which, apart from Bible accounts, is more wrapt in mystery than Ancient Egypt. Intelligent men of every age, for many centuries, have in vain endeavored to penetrate through the chaos which envelopes the earlier existence of the country. Scarcely any two of them agree as to *dates*, though all admit that certain main *facts* are indisputable. One thing it is exceedingly gratifying to know, as well to the Jew as to the Christian, namely, that not one of them, though some of them have tried, has been able to shake the evidences of the Scriptures. Even Volney, the notorious infidel, who said that the most modern temple in Egypt must be older than the oldest date in the Bible, was not able to find any earlier name for the country than Chemi, which signified Ham. Now as Ham was the second son of Noah, and as the Bible tells us that Egypt was peopled by the descendants of Ham, (journeying westward,) after their dispersion at the Tower of Babel, I think we are bound to accept with gratitude of such evidence as profane Volney's in confirmation of sacred writ, seeing that he labored hard to controvert it. David bears testimony to the same fact, in Ps. lxxviii. 51, where he calls Egypt the "tabernacles of Ham." Some have gone so far as to say that two or three of the temples were erected 10,000 years before Christ; and yet, singularly enough, subsequent researches have established the fact that these very temples were not erected till the time of the Ptolemies, not 50 years before Christ.

It is particularly interesting to know that while the Egyptians were descendants of Ham, the Israelites were descendants of Shem, and that the Messiah sprang from a distant union of the two, through Rahab, of Jericho, a descendant of Ham, who married Salmon, and became the mother of Boaz, who was the great grandfather of David.

The word which, in our Bible, is translated Egypt, is Mizraim; and this name, Mizr, has been preserved by the Egyptians to the present day. Originally, however, it applied only to Lower Egypt, and we have no evidence that the immediate children of Mizraim ever reached Upper Egypt. The word is now used by the Arabs to designate the whole coun-

try, both Upper and Lower Egypt. Now Mizraim was the second son of Ham; so that we have additional proof that Egypt was originally peopled by the descendants of Ham. It has also been proved from the monuments, that Libya, in Africa, to the west of Egypt, was colonised by Phut, another son of Ham. It is by no means my intention, however, to dwell upon these subjects, because, however useful or interesting they may be to some, I am sure the great mass of my readers would skip over them with indifference.

When Abraham went into Egypt, because of the famine in his land, Egypt had become a great country, as the Bible informs us that there was a court, with its princes, and great riches. (Gen. xii.) The ancient monuments of Egypt attest the same fact. Indeed, so far as the hieroglyphics on those monuments have been deciphered, they all tend to confirm the historical truths of the Old Testament. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson's Chronological Table, the king who reigned in Egypt at this time was one Apappus. In 1706 before Christ, Joseph was carried into Egypt, Osirtesen I., according to Sir Gardner, being then king, or pharaoh—the term pharaoh, as used in the Bible, merely signifying sun, or king. Joseph died in the reign of Osirtesen III. Soon after this, a foreign people, as is also proved by the monuments, invaded the kingdom and usurped the throne, and they "knew not Joseph," nor the benefits he had been the means of bestowing on the country; and hence arose the oppressing of the Israelites.

In 1571 B.C., Moses was born; and 80 years later the children of Israel took their departure. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who resided 12 years in Egypt, says that the Exodus took place during the reign of Thothmes III., who was the fourth king of the 18th dynasty; whereas other writers assert that it was not until the reign of the last king of that dynasty; and it is a remarkable fact that the ancient monuments bear testimony to the point that this king was not buried with his ancestors; and it is certain that the pharaoh of the Exodus could not have been, for he was drowned in the Red Sea. It is also remarkable that Amunoph II., the son and successor of Thothmes III., is represented in a drawing at Thebes as having come to the throne very young, and under the tutelage of his mother. How silencing to infidels are facts like these! I firmly believe that the more fully the hieroglyphics on the ancient monuments of Egypt are deciphered, the more will they confirm the Scripture accounts. Moses lived in the reign of five kings.

Shortly after the death of Sethon, who was contemporary

with Hezekiah, about 720 years before Christ, Egypt was divided into 12 kingdoms, "Egyptians were set against Egyptians, and city (or nome) against city (or nome,)" as had been foretold by Isaiah. (xix. 2.)

About 610 years B.C., Josiah was slain at Megiddo, by Nechos, called in the Bible Pharaoh-Nechoh. (2 Kings xxiii. 29–35.) This king then pushed on with his army to the Euphrates, and took Babylon. On his return, he found that Jehoahaz had caused himself to be proclaimed king at Jerusalem, without asking his (Nechos's) consent, which, as Nechos had conquered the Jews, was, in the estimation of the ancients, exceedingly rude. He, therefore, deposed him, and carried him to Egypt, where he died; and made Eliakim king in his stead, changing his name to Jehoiakim, and putting the land under heavy tribute. The wars and triumphs of this king are recorded by profane writers, and perfectly agree with the accounts in the Bible. He fitted out a fleet in the Mediterranean and another in the Red Sea, and was the first to discover that the two seas could be reached from the one to the other, by ships; that is, through the Straits of Gibraltar and round by the Cape of Good Hope. (See a map.) This was 2,100 years before the Cape of Good Hope was seen by Diaz, or doubled by Vasco de Gama. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, afterwards defeated Nechos, and Jehoiakim became his servant for three years. Some years later, Zedekiah made an alliance with Pharaoh-Hophra, (Apries,) against the king of Babylon; (Jer. xxxvii. 3–10;) but Ezekiel compared it to trusting to a broken reed; and prophesied that because the Egyptians had deceived the Israelites, the Lord would bring a sword upon them. (Ezek. xxix. 6–12.) Herodotus, the celebrated Greek historian, says that this king persuaded himself that even the gods could not dispossess him of his kingdom. "My river is my own," said he, "and I have made it for myself." (Ezek. xxix. 3.) What presumption! But God, by Ezekiel, called him "the great dragon that lieth in the midst of the rivers;" and by Jeremiah (xliv. 30) he said, "I will give Pharaoh-Hophra into the hands of them that seek his life." And this literally took place. His troops revolted and took him prisoner, and though Amasis, whom they placed at their head, wished to spare his life, he was compelled to give him up to be strangled. Then, again, as to the prophesy by Ezekiel, to which I have already referred. At the time that he prophesied, Egypt was in the glory of its power, and nothing could be farther from human appearance than that she should ever be subdued; nevertheless, Ezekiel, as the mouth of God, declared, "I will make the land waste,

and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers." Joel and Zechariah also prophesied the like things. (Joel iii. 19; Zech. x. 11.) See how the prophecies were fulfilled. About 64 years afterwards, the Persians entered Egypt, headed by Cambyses; and from that day to the present, there has not been "a prince of the land of Egypt," (Ezek. xxx. 13,) but it has been governed entirely by strangers. This Cambyses was the son of Cyrus, (See Ezra, Isaiah, and Daniel,) and is believed to have been the "fierce king" named by Isaiah, (xix. 4,) for his cruelties are said to have been so excessive that Herodotus, who travelled in Egypt, declared he was "outrageously mad." I think, however, that the term "fierce king" is yet more applicable to the Turks.

In 336 B.C., Alexander the Great took the country, driving out the Persian dynasty. Eighty-three years before Christ, Egypt fell into the hands of the Romans, and remained in their possession for 700 years, when it was conquered by the Saracens, with Amer, lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, at their head; and the Mahometan religion was founded. In 1250, the slaves from Georgia, who had become a formidable body, united, and usurped the power. These were called Mamelukes. No son was allowed to succeed his father as supreme ruler, but new slaves were imported to take the command. In 1517, however, the Turks, under Sultan Selim, subdued the Mamelukes; and it remains in the possession of the Turks to this day.

In 1798, Egypt was invaded by the French, under Napoleon, but, in 1801, they were expelled by the English, under Abercrombie.

In 1806, Mehemet Ali was made Pasha, or governor, by the Sultan. I may have occasion to speak several times of this man, as he was beyond doubt the most wonderful man that Egypt has beheld for many centuries. He was born in the same year as Napoleon and Wellington. Under his despotic rule, Egypt rose to a degree of prosperity which she had not known for hundreds of years; but she is still a mere shadow (Isa. xxx. 2) of what she once was. And even this prosperity may be preparing the way for the fulfilment of another prophecy, (Isa. xxx. 2,) that she may yet become sufficiently strong to be looked to for help. As Mehemet Ali, for some time before his death, became quite incapacitated to govern, his son, Ibrahim Pasha, succeeded for a short time. It was he who commanded the Egyptian fleet and army in Greece, to which I refer on page 61. At his death, Abbas Pasha, grandson of Mehemet Ali, assumed the reins, and he still holds them.

There were two or three sons of Mehemet's living at the time, but the law there is, that the *oldest* direct descendant shall succeed to the government; so that a grandson, or even a great grandson, may step in before a son, if he should happen to be older than such son. The next heir is Säid Pasha, who is a son of Mehemet Ali's. (I write in 1853.)

The people are, therefore, now, and likely to be, so far as I can see, ruled by Turks.

The Turks must not be confounded with the Saracens. Many persons take them to be the same, and I was myself of that number before I became better informed. It is true that their manners and customs are in many respects similar, but they are, nevertheless, distinct people. I have sometimes seen the sign of a public house in England called the *Saracen's* Head, when, in reality, the representation is a *Turk's* head; but as very few sign painters understand even common orthography, we need express no surprise that they cannot tell a Turk from a Saracen, particularly as the representation has been handed down from the time of the Crusades. Who the Turks are, I told my readers in my last number; and I may now, in a few words, tell them who the Saracens were. They were Arabs, originally dwelling in the country called Arabia, which is bounded on the west by the Arabian Gulf, otherwise called the Red Sea, and the Isthmus of Suez; on the south by the Indian Sea; and on the east by the Persian Gulf and the river Euphrates. How far Arabia originally extended to the north, geographers cannot well define. Those who think it worth while to consult a map will see that in one part it was in close vicinity to the Holy Land; in another to Persia; and in another to Egypt.

It is believed by most persons that all Arabs are Ishmaelites; but this cannot be the case, because it is certain that the descendants of Cush, the eldest son of Ham, settled in Southern Arabia, and subsequently extended themselves to other parts. Then there were the posterity of Shem; of Abraham by his second wife, Keturah; of Esau, called Edomites; of Nahor, Abraham's brother, who peopled the land of Uz and of Buz; and of Lot, called Moabites and Ammonites. All these, besides the Amalekites, the Kenites, &c., (Gen. xv. 18–21; 1 Sam. xxvii. 8,) in addition to the Ishmaelites, dwelt in and peopled various parts of Arabia. Some of these, the Amalekites for instance, were utterly destroyed, and the remainder have so intermarried and moved about, that it would be a vain attempt to distinguish most of them. They are all now, without distinction called Arabs; and they all likewise, with-

out exception, vainly boast that they have "Abraham for their father."

The Ishmaelites originally consisted of 12 tribes, (Gen. xxv. 12,) but they are now divided into tribes innumerable. God promised Abraham that he should become the father of many nations; and though the Jews have been preserved as a distinct nation, the promise has literally been fulfilled in Ishmael and Keturah, from whom many nations have sprung. Mahomet was an Ishmaelite; and certainly the religion which he promulgated has in no way tended to disprove the truth of the declaration of Jehovah, that Ishmael would "be a wild man; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." (Gen. xvi. 12.)

There are now, nevertheless, as there have ever been, two distinct classes of Arabs, one dwelling in towns and villages, and the other settling nowhere, but wandering about, with their flocks, as the patriarchs did in their time, encamping near wells, consuming all the produce of the country round, and then removing to another spot, to act the same thing over again. These are called Bedouins,* which signifies "dwellers in the wilderness." They consider that the whole country belongs to them; and assuredly no warrior has ever yet been able to deprive them of it. Their dress, their food, their manners and customs, remain unalterably the same as they were in Abraham's time; but their *religion* has undergone a remarkable change. In common with all the other Arabs throughout the east, they were worshippers of idols; but Mahomet succeeded in destroying their images. "Whatever rises," said he, "must set; whoever is born, must die; whatever is corruptible, must decay and perish. All representations are, therefore, denounced, as low, and unworthy the representation of the Divine Being."

The classes of Arabs who dwell in towns and villages are descendants of Joktan, (Gen. x. 25,) and these support themselves by agriculture. That the Bedouins are Ishmaelites, no one seems to doubt; for to the very letter, apart from their own traditions, which proclaim the same fact, they answer the description given of them in the Bible. They are strictly just amongst themselves, but often commit robberies upon merchants and travellers, excusing themselves by referring to the hard usage to which their father, Ishmael, was subjected, and alleging that they have a right to indemnify themselves, not

* I believe the correct word for the plural is Bedaween, but I use the term Bedouins for the sake of conciseness.

only upon the posterity of Isaac, but also upon everybody else that comes in their way. Before the time of Mahomet, each tribe had its own head, or king. Their religion was a corruption of that of Abraham, and they believed, and still believe, that Adam built the original temple at Mecca, but which, being destroyed by the flood, was rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael. Towards this temple the Ishmaelites turn their faces when they pray, as the Jews turn theirs towards the temple at Jerusalem. In the temple at Mecca there is a small black stone, which they hold in great reverence, believing that it fell down with Adam from heaven. Near the temple is, as not only the Ishmaelites but all Mahometans believe, the tomb of Ishmael, and the self-same well which, they say, sprang up for the relief of Ishmael. (Gen. xxi. 19.)

This necessarily brings me to the life of Mahomet, the founder of the present prevailing religion in Asia, Africa, and Turkey in Europe. I shall probably have occasion so often to refer to Mahomet that such of my readers as may be unacquainted with his history, will, I think, be greatly helped if they are introduced to him in a brief biographical way. Indeed, his life is so interwoven with the history of the Saracens that I cannot give an account of the latter, without also dwelling on the former.

Mahomet, or, as the Arabs pronounce it, Mohammed, was born at Mecca, in the year 570 A.D. He was of the tribe of Koreish, which was one of the noblest tribes in Arabia.

Losing his father in his infancy, the guardianship of him devolved on his uncle Abu Taleb, who employed him to go with his caravans from Mecca to Damascus. In this employment he continued till he was 28 years of age, when he married Khadijah, a rich widow. He continued to act for some time as a merchant; but a disposition to religious contemplation seems to have attended him from his early youth; and having remarked in his travels the infinite variety of sects which prevailed, he formed the design of founding a new one. He accordingly spent much of his time in a cave near Mecca, seemingly alone, and employed in meditation and prayer; but in reality he called to his aid a Persian Jew, well versed in the history and laws of his persuasion, and a Christian of the Nestorian sect. When he had no further occasion for them, it is said he put them to death, as dead men could not tell tales. With the help of these men he framed the celebrated "Koran," or "Book," which he pretended to have received at different times from heaven, by the hands of the angel Gabriel, where it was stored up for him. He held that he did not come

to establish a new religion, but to revive an old one, even the religion of Ishmael their father, which they had corrupted and turned to idolatry. The fundamental doctrine inculcated in the Koran was, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." At first he said he could not work miracles, because, as God had sent Moses and Jesus amongst them *with* miracles, and men would not believe them, so now he was determined they should believe *without* miracles. When he had gained sufficient power over the minds of the people, however, he pretended to work miracles, of some of which I may hereafter speak. At the age of 40, he publicly assumed the prophetical character, calling himself the apostle of God. At first he had only his wife and eight other followers; but in three years the number of his disciples was very considerably augmented. On these he imposed the most marvellous tales, and pretended to have passed into the highest heavens in one night, on the back of a beautiful ass, called Al-borak, and accompanied by the angel Gabriel. In the first heaven, which was all of pure silver, with stars hanging from it, each as large as a mountain, he said he saw a poor decrepit old man, which was Adam; that he also saw a multitude of angels, in all manner of shapes, one in particular in the form of a cock, as white as snow, of such a prodigious size, that while his feet rested in the first heaven, his head reached up to the second, which was at the distance of 500 years' journey from it; that this cock was the angel of cocks, and that his crowing was so loud that when he crowed all the cocks in heaven and earth heard it, and crowed also. There is a similar story to this in the Babylonish Talmud, whence, doubtless, Mahomet took it. In the second heaven, he said he saw Noah; in the third heaven, Abraham; in the fourth heaven, Joseph; in the fifth heaven, Moses; in the sixth heaven, John the Baptist; and all these, he said, recommended themselves to his prayers. In the seventh heaven, he said he saw Jesus; but, it seems, Mahomet recommended himself to *his* prayers. This was said to please the Christians. In the tenth year of his mission, he lost both Abu Taleb and his faithful wife Khadijah, which so exposed him to the enmity of the Koreishites, that he found it necessary to make a temporary retreat to the city of Tayef. His proselytes, however, rapidly increased; and as they swore fidelity to him, and proffered their assistance, he adopted the resolution of encountering his enemies with force. Being the more exasperated at this, they formed a conspiracy to murder him; but, warned of the imminent danger, he left Mecca, accompanied only by Abubeker, and concealed himself in a

neighboring cave. Here he spent three days undiscovered, after which he arrived at Medina. It is from this event, called the Hegira, or *Flight*, that the Mussulmans compute their time; it corresponds with the 16th of June, 622. Mahomet now assumed the sacerdotal and regal dignity, married Ayesha, daughter of Abubeker, and declared his resolution to propagate his doctrines by the sword. The hopes of booty, which suited the Arabs, or Saracens, amazingly, were thus added to the religious zeal of his partisans; and after many minor exploits with various hostile tribes of the Jewish persuasion, he sent a summons to the principal neighboring princes, particularly Chosrou Parviz, king of Persia, Heraclius, emperor of Constantinople, the king of Abyssinia, and the rulers and princes of various districts of Arabia, to embrace his new revelation of the divine law. The more remote and powerful parties gave no heed to him; others, however, submitted; and, having made himself master of Mecca, the Arabs, who regarded it as a holy city, embraced the proffered creed. In the 10th year of the Hegira, Mahomet undertook his farewell pilgrimage to Mecca. On this occasion he was surrounded with the utmost splendor, and attended by 90,000, or, as some say, 150,000 friends. This was the last important event of his life. He died soon after his return to Medina, in his 63rd year.

The Mahometan writers undoubtedly exaggerate the corporeal and mental endowments of their prophet; yet the reverence which the faithful Moslems pay to him, and all that is connected with him in the remotest degree, proves the sincerity with which they believe in his divine mission. But the wonder-loving populace alone gives credence to the fable, which almost every school-boy has heard, that Mahomet's coffin is suspended in the air; on the contrary, he lies buried at Medina, where he died; and an urn, enclosed in the holy chapel, constitutes his sepulchre, which is surrounded with iron trellis work, and is accessible to no one.

And thus was the foundation of Mahometanism laid.*

After Mahomet's death, his followers, (Saracens,) acting on their prophet's injunction that their religion must be established and maintained with the sword, spread themselves like maniacs over Egypt, Asia Minor, Africa, and some parts of Europe, and held sovereign sway over the whole, their very name striking terror into all the world, until the Turks conquered them, as I have already had occasion to show; but the victo-

* It is remarkable that about the same time that Mahomet promulgated his new religion, the Bishop of Rome first assumed the title of Universal Pastor.

ries of the Turks were only to be succeeded by a dominion of terror.

As Mahomet established his religion by the sword, so he had sagacity enough to see that some new "prophet" might come after him, and do the like with another religion. He, therefore, "prophesied" that such would be the case; and so fully do the Turks believe and expect this, that when Oliver Cromwell was silencing the enemies of England in every direction, the Turks are said to have sent a deputation to him, to inquire if he were the "new prophet;" but Oliver was too conscientious to take advantage of their superstition. Had he answered in the affirmative, who can conceive what revolution might have been effected in the Mahometan world?

Dr. Johnson said there were two objects of curiosity, the Christian world, and the Mahometan world.

The religion of Mahomet was a compound of all religions then existing in the east, Paganism, Greekism, Judaism, and Romanism; so that every man could see *something* of his old religion in the new one. Mahomet hoped by this rapidly to procure converts; but he found nothing so effectual as the sword. Mahomet had seen much of the worshipping of idols, amongst both Pagans, Greeks, and Romanists; and he therefore forbade every representation of any living being. His favorite wife once put up an elegant curtain, on which were images. Mahomet immediately ordered the heads to be taken off, and then, as they looked like trees, he no longer objected to them.

The Koran lays on all true believers the duty of fighting for their religion, and a sword is placed on the pulpit, to remind the people of this sacred obligation. The sword has been called the key of heaven and hell. Those who die fighting for their religion are designated martyrs, and entitled to enter paradise immediately; while those who run away are doomed to hell. Nor is it, in their estimation, any ordinary paradise to which these martyrs, in common with other "true believers," will enter; but it is just such a paradise as is suited to the voluptuous natures of the Orientals. The very meanest inhabitant thereof is promised 80,000 servants; 72 wives of the girls of paradise, called howris, with eyes jet black, besides the wives he had in this world, *if he desire them;* a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds; will be waited on by 300 attendants while he eats, all clothed in the richest silks and brocades, adorned with bracelets of gold and silver, and crowns of incomparable lustre; and he is to be served in dishes of gold, whereof 300 shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food; wine, also, though forbidden

in this life, will be allowed to be freely drunk in the next, but it will not inebriate. They are also promised perpetual youth, and as many children as they may desire. The carpets, divans, and pillows are all to be most profusely embroidered. The way to this paradise is over a bridge called Es-sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, extending over the midst of hell, and from which the wicked shall fall. As martyrs, that is, such as die in battle, escape this ordeal, being admitted to paradise on the instant of death, and as *such* a paradise is prepared for a people so sensual, need we wonder that a Mahometan general wept when he found that *peace* had been proclaimed? or need we wonder that the Turks were so eager lately to proclaim war with Russia, against the advice of England and France?

There is a Turkish proverb which says, "Kiss the hand that opposes you, until you are able to cut it off." With such a maxim in vogue, how *can* they be trusted in any matter opposed to their religion? But I shall have to say more about Mahometanism when I speak of some of their ceremonies.

I read in an old book, some time ago, that the beast spoken of in Rev. xiii. refers to Mahometanism, corresponding with Daniel viii. 23–25,—"a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences," whose "power shall be mighty," who "shall destroy wonderfully," &c. Now, assuredly, the description so far answers amazingly to Mahometanism. The Koran professes to unfold the history of futurity and the secrets of the invisible world, which may well be termed "understanding dark sentences;" and no one can deny that the Mahometans have "destroyed wonderfully," for in ten years they destroyed no less than 4,000 Christian churches.

The author of a work called, "The Coming Struggle," recently published, makes it appear that the sixth vial is now being poured out on the Turkish, or Mahometan nations; and, inasmuch as it was to be poured out upon the great river Euphrates, which is in the Mahometan territory, it is not difficult for a writer so to construe it. He supports his views by enumerating various occurrences which have indisputably taken place; one of which is, that Mehemet Ali, who was governor of "the south," (Egypt,) rebelled against the sultan, and "pushed" at him. (See Dan. xi. 40–43.) Now, it is quite true that Mehemet Ali's armies, under the command of his son Ibrahim, did take possession of Syria, and "push" at the sultan, and that he would inevitably have dethroned him, had he not been prevented by foreign powers. After the storming of Acre by the English, Ibrahim was compelled to

evacuate the countries he had taken, and return to Egypt. Then, again, as the author of the pamphlet referred to says, after this the "king of the north shall come against him (the Turkish sultan) like a whirlwind;" and, certainly, the king of the north, that is, the Emperor of Russia, is at this time aiming to destroy him. But I confess these things are too deep for me. I merely name them, and leave my readers, if they please, to pursue the subject at their leisure. I may just remark that the 42 months given by John (Rev. xiii. 5) correspond with the time, times, and half a time, that is, three years and a half, in Daniel's prophecy. (xii. 7.)

Though Abbas Pasha has the supreme government of Egypt, he is not an independent sovereign, but has to pay tribute to the sultan. The amount of this tribute is £400,000 a year, being about as much as our civil list altogether. I gave some account of the sultan in my last number. Until the reign of the present sultan, as soon as a new sultan ascended the throne all his brothers were put to death, or imprisoned for life, to prevent their disputing the throne with him. Much of this barbarous custom prevailed in Old Testament times, and still exists in Persia, and other parts of Asia. Abimelech slew his brethren, being 70 persons, to secure the throne to himself; but "God rendered unto him his wickedness." (Judges ix. 5, 56.) In Persia, the new shah (king) now usually puts out the eyes of his brothers and nephews, as there is a law that no blind person can reign. An English lady was some time ago in the palace in Persia, when she saw one of the younger sons of the monarch groping about with a handkerchief tied over his eyes. On asking him why he was doing so, he replied, that, as he knew, at his father's death, his elder brother would put out his eyes, he was trying how he could do without them. Formerly the eyes were put out by means of red hot plates being passed before them; but this not having been always found sufficiently effectual, they are now invariably scooped out with the point of a dagger. The same thing is also done in Persia to punish political offenders. Samson's eyes were *bored* out by the Philistines. (See Judges xvi. 21, *margin.*) The eyes of Zedekiah were put out, and his sons slain by the Babylonians. (2 Kings xxv. 7.) Jeremiah had foretold that Zedekiah should see the king of Babylon, and Ezekiel predicted that he should not *see* Babylon, though he should *die* there; all which came to pass; for the king of Babylon met him at Riblah, had his eyes put out there, and then sent him to Babylon, where he died. The present sultan of Turkey treats his brothers with much kindness.

After what I have said, I may startle some of my readers when I assert, but I do so without fear of being refuted, that the Turks are the most honest of any of the trading people in most parts of Turkey. Many of them, in their dealings, calculate sums to the greatest nicety, having a coin, called a para, 40 of which are worth about 2¼d., to assist them in their fractional balances. They are, however, gradually losing their character for integrity. Formerly, the word of a Turk was as good as that of any other man's oath, and much better than the oath of a Greek; but now one is obliged to scrutinise their asseverations with as much suspicion as we should those of too many London tradesmen or Manchester commission agents, which is saying a great deal. If they are remonstrated with, they have but too good ground to retort upon us; for I dare not say that the example has not been set them by professed Christians. In 1444, the King of Hungary broke peace with the Turks, the Pope, Eugenius, urging him to do so, and telling him that he was not bound to keep his oath with infidels. The Turks went against him with 100,000 men; and seeing the form of a cross in the Hungarian army, Mürad II., the Turkish emperor, exclaimed aloud, "O thou crucified Christ! If thou art the Son of God, pour down thy wrath on this king and his people, for he hath most perfidiously broken the oath which he hath sworn by thy name and holy gospel." A copy of the broken treaty was carried on the top of a lance through the Turkish army. The Hungarians were routed, and 30,000 of them, with their king, Ladislaus, slain.

Lately the Turks have begun to discover that they really are inferior to the Franks; but they often say, "The Franks have all their good things in this life, but we shall have ours hereafter, when the infidel dogs lie howling."

CHAPTER XV.—EGYPT—ALEXANDRIA.

The hotel at which I took up my abode, on arriving at Alexandria, was in the Great Square, in the European quarter. Here are the residences or offices of the various European Consuls. The buildings are all really good. A popular female writer says that they are "spacious and large, but would be considered ugly anywhere else." The same lady called Malta ugly, and says that the camel is the "ugliest" and "most impatient brute" she knows. In direct opposition to her judgment, and to show how much prejudice, or a wish to express extreme notions, may regulate the writings of some travellers,

I may quote the opinion of a still more popular lady writer, who says she "everywhere [in Alexandria] saw large beautiful houses, with lofty gates, regular windows, and balconies, like European dwellings." I should say that, in my judgment, they are both wrong.

When the flags of the respective nations are waving above the houses, the scene is somewhat imposing, especially when the sun is shining upon them from an Egyptian-blue sky. The new English church is also in this quarter, as also the principal hotels, merchants' offices, &c. &c. The Greek merchants are erecting a neat temple outside the square, and the French have a cathedral and large school. The English church has been many years in course of construction, but, though a kind of tribute is levied upon every Englishman who stops at Alexandria, if only for a day, it is not completed yet. Have they been short of money? So the managers tell us; and yet they have, I was informed, expended upwards of £8,000 upon the building, though it is only just roofed. How *can* they expect support for such extravagance? The English at present meet in the Consulate chapel. (This was written in 1854. The church is now (1858) completed.)

Having ensconced myself, my first care was the *scouring* of my person, and the ordering of a digestible breakfast; for to the latter luxury I had been a stranger for "many days," which, in eastern language, means an indefinite period; (see Gen. xxxvii. 34, and other parts;) and then, in company with my guide, I commenced my rambles.

I did not, at this time, know one word of Arabic, but I soon began to learn it on the "cramming system;" that is, just to cram myself with such words as were indispensably necessary, without reference to their proper pronunciation or the rules of grammar. There was one word with which I soon became familiar, and that was "bucksheesh;"* for, in Alexandria, turn into what street you may, you are sure to meet men, women, and children, all crying out, "Bucksheesh, bucksheesh!" and they are something like the horseleech,—never satisfied. The more you give the more they expect, and the more you are beset. Give them a trifle to go away, and it would be as unwise an act as to send an Italian organ boy in London a shilling to cease playing, because he disturbed some one that was ill in the house. His place would soon be occupied by half a dozen or more of the same fraternity; and still the cry would be, "They come."

* In some parts of Egypt this word is pronounced backsheesh, and in others bocksheesh.

We first went to the pasha's gardens. They abound in fruit trees,—oranges, lemons, pomegranates, &c., but are not, I think, equal to the Governor's gardens at Malta. The ground is too level to be very beautiful, being well-nigh as even as a drawing-room floor. Indeed, the whole country of Lower Egypt is only one extensive tract of level land. I was allowed to pluck as many oranges as I pleased, and they were then deliciously ripe. There was no great variety of flowers in the gardens; but it must be remembered that this was on the 12th of February. Some time before I was there, a lovely Mosaic pavement had been discovered buried in the earth. At the entrance is the resemblance of (if I remember rightly) a diamond-shaped floor-cloth; then a variety of birds, in all their brightest colors; then Minerva's shield, 7 ft. from end to end; and then Medusa's head in the centre. The expression of the eyes, the bloom of the cheeks, the loveliness of the face, are beyond imagination. No tapestry can surpass it. The stones of which the face is composed are very little, if any, larger than the stitches in a lady's Berlin wool work, and are all set in the finest cement. But I must not dwell on this, as I saw many more extensive Mosaic pavements in Italy.

On returning, I met a tall young man, apparently about 18 years of age, entirely naked, except a bit of calico over his chest. It was the only instance of the kind that came under my notice in Alexandria; but in Upper Egypt and Nubia such a sight is by no means an uncommon one. I also met several European merchants in their carriages. Half-naked Arabs ran before the horses, cracking their whips, as a signal for the people to get out of the way; and woe to those who were not able to do so. The Turkish Beys have also runners to precede their carriages. As several serious accidents happened through these whips, the present pasha, about a year ago, prohibited their being used; so now the runners use their lungs instead of their whips. I have seen Englishmen driving at the rate of ten miles an hour, outside Cairo, and whipping their runners because they could not keep a-head. Samuel told the Israelites that the king whom they desired would cause their sons to run before his chariots. (1 Sam. viii. 11.) Absalom also had fifty men to run before his chariot. (2 Sam. xv. 1.) So the custom then existed, as it does now.

I next visited the renowned Pompey's Pillar. It is a round column, of red granite, 73 ft. high, and nearly 30 ft. in circumference, and all of one piece. The entire height, including the base and pedestal on which it stands and the capital with which it is surmounted, is nearly 99 ft. It is much disfigured

by the names of Europeans, painted upon it in all colors. Some years ago, several English sailors passed a rope over it with the aid of a kite, and then worked their way to the top by means of a rope. Other persons, "a lady" amongst them, subsequently followed their example. Though called Pompey's Pillar, there appears to be no doubt that it was raised in honor of the Roman emperor Diocletian.

Cleopatra's Needles, as they are termed, lie nearer to the city. These are two obelisks, covered with hieroglyphics, one of which, as is very generally known, lies prostrate, and is more than half covered with sand. They originally stood at Heliopolis, called On in the Bible, (Gen. xli. 45,) and bear the cartouche, or name, of Thothmes III., one of the Pharaohs who oppressed the Israelites. They were removed to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars. Why or when they were first called Cleopatra's Needles, no one can tell. The fallen one was given many years ago by Mehemet Ali to the English, but our Government did not think it worth the expense of transporting to England. Last year the directors of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham obtained the consent of the government to remove it; but, as part of the fortifications are now built over it, and as the figures on one side are obliterated, it has been again abandoned. It is estimated that its removal to England would cost £15,000. It would, indeed, be a great acquisition to our antiquities, and I think we ought not to begrudge the money, as only one side is defaced. It is of red granite, and its length is 66 ft.

The fortifications are very extensive, and equally formidable, though not completed. They were erected by order of Mehemet Ali, under the advice of the French, it is said, to keep out the English. The present pasha, on coming to power, ordered the works to be discontinued, as useless. Formerly, when travellers wrote of Alexandria, they were compelled to say, "All that remains of its ancient glory are the Catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needles." They cannot now speak so limitedly; for, in digging for the foundations of these fortifications, ruins of the ancient city were found, just as I am persuaded would be the case at Ephesus, if the ruins were excavated there. Accompanied by a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction, I went to see these ruins; when I was quite astounded. The same description of desolations which I had seen at Ephesus lying quiescent, was here being turned up. Not only did I see millions and millions of bricks, tiles, and blocks, but innumerable marble and granite columns, some entire, 36 ft. in length, and from 3 ft. to 5 ft. in dia-

meter, according to my measurement, and others lying in the rubbish, crushed like a candle under the pressure of a man's foot. All these had been buried in the sand to a considerable depth. The remains of houses, arches, and walls, were also to be seen at every step. The houses were built upon the arches, which formed the foundations, and also served as aqueducts, to convey the water from the river to the houses. And these ruins, I was told, extend for seven miles. This will excite no surprise, when it is known that ancient Alexandria was 15 miles in circumference, and that it contained 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or public edifices, and 12,000 shops. The city was planned by Alexander the Great. It is said he marked out the principal streets by sprinkling meal upon the ground. The destroying hands of the Saracens laid the city waste, and the friendly sand from the desert for centuries covered their shame. Villas, hotels, and gentlemen's seats are now being erected out of the fragments.

Amongst the ruins, the walls of the ancient library, or museum, were pointed out to me. They were of immense thickness. This library contained 400,000 volumes, and is said to have been the most ancient collection of books in the world. Had it been preserved, it is believed that much light would have been thrown on ancient Egypt, which must now ever remain in darkness. The Septuagint translation of the Bible, made by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and which is said to have cost upwards of £200,000, was placed here.

There was also another library, in the Serapion, containing 300,000 volumes. The library of the museum was destroyed during the wars with Julius Cæsar, and the Saracens accomplished the destruction of that in the Serapion. When Amru, at the head of the Saracens, took the city, he wrote to his royal master, the caliph Omar, to inquire what should be done with the library. "If these books of the Greeks," answered the caliph, "agree with the Koran, the Koran is sufficient without them; therefore they need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed. Let them be burnt!" And thus the library perished. Everything human *must* perish. When it perishes from natural causes, we may weep for the moment, and then find some consolation in higher and nobler reflections; but when such devastations as these, and others, caused by the ruthless hand of man, meet the eye, we feel as though we had a double cause to weep,—not only on account of the devastations themselves, but also for human nature that caused them. What would not man be, were he not restrained by an Almighty Power!

For aught I knew, I might be standing on the very spot on which the evangelist Mark expired. He is said to have been seized during divine service, and dragged by the heels through the streets of Alexandria, for two days, until his mangled body sank under the torture. At Alexandria also, Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures," was born. He went to Ephesus after Paul had "planted" the church there. Paul "planted" and Apollos "watered."

Most of the men at work on the fortifications were soldiers, who received half a piastre (about a penny farthing) a day extra for their labor, the old pasha saying he had no idea of a soldier being idle. Shortly after my return home, in 1847, I read in the papers that the pasha had ordered the people in Alexandria to pay a certain tax, to which they demurred; whereupon he *sentenced* every male, old and young, rich and poor, in the city, to work for three weeks with the soldiers, on the fortifications. He kept them at it for seven days, and then, having made them know and feel his power, and having extorted from them, not only the tax but a promise of future better behaviour, he graciously *pardoned* them.

The Catacombs lie upon the sea-coast, about two miles from the Great Square. Nothing verifies the greatness of ancient Alexandria more than the extent of these Catacombs. One of the chambers is exceedingly remarkable, for the elegance and beauty of its architecture. No man can venture to penetrate far into the subterranean passages unless provided with a good guide, a strong light, and a rope. But, having already spoken of the Catacombs at Malta, I must not say more here.

The Alexandrians are notoriously clever at pocket-picking. On visiting the bazaars, I found my jacket-pocket cut, and my handkerchief gone; and on another occasion I detected an Arab trying to ease me of my watch. Here the old caution is necessary:

> "He that a watch will wear, two things must do,—
> Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too."

All sorts of money pass current here,—all is fish in the Alexandrian nets. The French franc, the English shilling, the Austrian zwanziger, the German florin, the Sicilian and Spanish dollars, the Turkish ghazi, each has its value, reckoned in Egyptian piastres. French five-franc pieces and Napoleons, and English sovereigns are, however, the best moneys to take.

I remained in Alexandria five days, simply because I could not help myself. A man may see everything there, including bazaars, gardens, and catacombs, in two days; but he must

wait for the sailing of a steamer ere he can leave for Cairo; and this was just my case. *I* was ready, but the steamer was not. I ought not, however, to allow one unkind thought to pass my mind respecting Alexandria, for it agreed with me amazingly well. I had not been there many hours before I felt like another man, not having an ache or a pain of any kind about me. My chest seemed to expand, and, for the first time for several years, I felt that I could really breathe. Let a man, who knows something, by experience, of the Hand that bestows all his mercies, and who has been for a time suffering from illness, be restored to health, and he will know something of what gratitude is in a way that he never knew it before. And if the change be as sudden, as surprising, as it was in my case, he will be at a loss for words to express his feelings. How often did I cast my eyes to that beautiful cloudless sky, while an eastern winter's sun was shedding his genial rays around me, and exclaim, "Is this *really* February? Where are the fogs? Where the chilling north-east blasts, which, in England, always try me so much? Where is the Malta Sirocco wind, and where its depressing humidity? What! no ice, no snow? No, none. Such phenomena are never seen here. No sultriness? No; not at this season of the year." How I regretted I had not gone there direct from Malta. I not only looked above me, but around me, at the rapidly-improving streets, the whitewashed houses, the European shops, &c., all so unlike what I found at Constantinople, that, instead of wondering how the city could ever be visited by the plague, I could nowhere see what could produce it,—the very reverse of what had been my impression of Constantinople. Still, I was anxious to get away; for, before I left England, my friend P., who had a good knowledge of the peculiarities of the climate, recommended me, if I should visit Egypt, not to stop at Alexandria, which was surrounded by marshes, but to go on to the upper country as quickly as possible. Hence my desire to depart. That the plague does sometimes visit the city is indeed true, and thousands are carried off by it. Not that all who die during the time that it is raging are its victims; no, though it is so accounted. Many die through sheer neglect, for if they complain of sickness at all, it must be the plague, and everybody forsakes them. If a person die, no one takes the trouble to inquire as to the cause of his or her death. There are no coroner's inquests here. It is all *the plague;* and some are said to take advantage of the general panic to rid themselves of those against whom they have a feeling of hatred.

No man can tell what the plague really is, except that it is a most fatal fever. After death, the body becomes covered with spots and quickly putrefies. Some time ago, the Emperor of Russia sent some doctors over to study the disease. They dressed a number of persons in the clothes of those who had died of the plague, but not one of them took it; therefore they concluded that it was not contagious. I remember reading that the Russians once put two criminals in beds in which two men had died of cholera, but without making known the fact to the criminals. Neither of them caught the disease. They then put two other criminals in *new* beds, and told them that they were beds infected with cholera. Both these men died in a few hours, showing how much fear and imagination predispose a man to take any disease.

In the autumn there is also a low fever, which prevails in Alexandria. The Europeans, when attacked, are immediately removed a few miles up the country, when they generally recover; but if they remain in the city long after they "feel a little sick," they are almost certain to die. This fact was related to me by an old schoolfellow of mine, who has now resided in Alexandria many years, and with whom I met on my last visit. Soon after this gentleman left school, symptoms of consumption made their appearance, some of his brothers and sisters having already died of that insidious disease. He removed to Egypt, and had not experienced a single pulmonary attack for 24 years. His partner was similarly situated. He told me that, on leaving England, he had to be carried on board the ship, being in the last stage of bronchitis. He once had the autumn fever, but, with that exception, had enjoyed uninterrupted good health ever since his arrival at Alexandria.

The cause of the autumnal fever is supposed to be the malaria arising from the lake Mareotis, a lake of many miles extent. This, in ancient times, was a pure fresh water lake, supplied by the overflowing of the river. When the French were in Cairo and Alexandria, in 1801, the lake was nearly dry. The English, who had besieged Alexandria, intercepted a courier with despatches from the French general, in which the general expressed his fears that the English would admit the waters of the sea into the lake. The English immediately saw the advantage of this, and, promptly acting upon it, greatly impeded the communications of the French army at Alexandria with that of Cairo, and also cut off the supply of fresh water to Alexandria. This was, perhaps, an unpardonable act, as the city has suffered from fever in the autumn ever since.

Much is due to the memory of Mehemet Ali, for the means he used to improve the state of the city. He required every tradesman to whitewash his shop, and every laborer his mud cottage. It is true that he was the only man in the country who sold lime, and that he charged his own price for it, which has been placed by most writers on the disparaging side of his account; but I must give him credit for what he accomplished. Had selfishness been his only object, he would not have gone to the expense of widening the streets, nor have taken the trouble to insist upon the filth being daily removed from them; though even now one's eyes and olfactory nerves are offended at almost every turn; so much so that, had I not seen Constantinople, I should have called Alexandria dirty.

One morning, when taking a walk before breakfast, according to my custom, I witnessed a scene that turned me quite sick. There were about a dozen Arabs, all attacking one Arab, and striking him with large stones. The poor fellow was pale as death, and unable to speak. It appeared to me that he must be murdered. Immediately afterwards, a little Turk, with a saw in his hand, came up to them. I felt unable to move, though I seemed fully persuaded they were going to saw the Arab's hands off. However, I was soon relieved, for the little fellow began to brandish his saw about, and made the men fly in all directions. I subsequently learnt from my friends that the little man was a Turkish overseer, and that if I had gone up to the Arabs with my stick, they would have dispersed equally quickly as they had done for the little Turk. I shrugged my shoulders, however, at the thought of it, though now, knowing the character of the people so well, I should not hesitate a moment. In all disputes, one naturally feels a sympathy for, and a consequent desire to take the side of, the weaker party. My friends also told me that the practice of stoning for the crime of which the Arab had been guilty, was still continued, though not exactly allowed by the government. When I have read in the Bible of persons being stoned, I used to fancy that the people stood at a distance, and pelted the criminals with stones until they died. Jewish writers, however, say that this was not the case, but the following. When the criminal arrived within a short distance of the place of execution, he was stripped nearly naked. His hands were then bound, and he was led to the fatal spot. The first executioners of the sentence were the witnesses, who generally pulled off their clothes for the purpose. (Acts vii. 58.) One of them threw him down with great violence upon his loins; and if he rolled over upon his breast, he was turned

upon his loins again. If he happened to die by the fall, the sentence of the law was executed; but if not, the other witnesses took a great stone and dashed it on his breast, as he lay upon his back; and then, if he still lived, all the people who stood by threw stones upon him till he died.

On the Sunday, the street leading to the harbor was all noise and tumult, caused by English sailors drinking, shouting, and galloping about on donkeys. What a *Christian* example to the Mahometans! Over one gin-shop were these words: "The British Sailors' Home. British Subjects, this is your Home." And to see the inside, it did seem as if it were their home, for the house was crowded. What a stigma upon our flag and nation! In the morning, I went to the British Consulate Chapel, and in the afternoon I attended service on board a Scotch vessel then in the harbor.

Some Maltese and Italians were one day keeping up their Roman carnival. They were dressed in all sorts of figures, sheep skins, goat skins, buffalo hides, &c., and masked in every shape. It was amusing to see the Arab boys run away at the sight of the masks.

I cannot quit Alexandria without a word or two as to my fare at the hotel.

On being shown my bed-room, I soon perceived that there would be no rest for me in the night, unless I used my mosquito net, for the mosquitos were almost as numerous as the flies. I therefore fixed up my net, and had every reason to be satisfied that I had done so. Nevertheless, there was throughout the night, and each night, such a noise about the room, that it seemed as if there were at least a dozen frogs, or toads, leaping about, which, indeed, I have no doubt was the case; but, had I got out of my mosquito net to look for them, I should have been stung by those little flying pests, and have missed most of the frogs after all, as the light would have inevitably beaconed them to their hiding places. The noise certainly annoyed me more than the buzzing of the mosquitos, though that was incredible. How strongly was I reminded of the plague of frogs, (Exod. viii. 3,) when the frogs entered into the chambers and into the ovens, mixing with the dough. The ovens, in those days, were merely large holes dug in the ground, as I may have to show hereafter. I have read of one traveller who killed 40 frogs in his room during one night. They get into the houses from the marshes with which Alexandria is surrounded. The next morning, at the breakfast table, I saw a gentleman, a Scotch missionary, whose face and hands were literally covered with blisters, as

large as fourpenny pieces, he not having had a mosquito net. These are some of the drawbacks to the climate. On my last visit, I put up at Wood's Hotel, in which, though there was no lack of either fleas or mosquitos, I saw no frogs.

The Hotel de l'Europe, cannot, however, be called an uncomfortable one for those parts, though it is greatly inferior to Shepheard's, and one or two others, at Cairo. The table was well supplied, and the charge, including everything, was 8s. per day.

In my bed-room, the thermometer stood at 61, while in my house at Cheshunt it was as low as 24. Mrs. G. kept a regular account, which she sent me by every post. The days were about two hours longer in Egypt than in England at that period.

During the last 20 years, property in Alexandria has nearly trebled in value, and commerce is rapidly increasing. Next to Rome, it was formerly the most magnificent city in the world. Under the Saracens, it became a mere Arab village, the population being reduced to about 6,000, at which it remained until the time of Mehemet Ali; but it is now estimated at nearly 100,000.

CHAPTER XVI.—EGYPT.

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

On the morning of the 14th, a notice was put up at the packet office that a steamer would sail next day for Cairo; but in the afternoon it was taken down again. The transit was and is managed by Englishmen; but in Egypt foreigners soon fall into many of the habits of the natives; so that you are never sure of a thing until you really have it. One Arab maxim is, "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow; never walk when you can ride; never stand when you can sit; never take two steps when one will do; never be without a pipe when you have one within reach." "*Ride* on a beetle," say they, "rather than *walk* even on a carpet." On the 16th, another notice was put up; that the steamer would start the same evening, and this proved to be correct. (See Vol. II.)

Our luggage, in common with that of the other passengers and a considerable quantity of merchandise, was delivered at the transit office, where were a number of Arabs, with bullock carts and camels, waiting to take it to the steamer. I have already mentioned the din of the Arabs, on my landing at the quay from Smyrna; but it was no more to be compared with the bawlings and yellings here than the report of a pistol with that of a cannon. Each Arab seemed to think that he who

made the most noise was sure to win, as is the case with them even in the most trifling disputes. Added to this, the chattering of the donkey boys, the scolding of the officials, the growling of the camels, the braying of the donkeys, the banging of the luggage, and the running about of the native passengers, it was perfectly horrifying. I could not distinguish my own voice, though I raised it to the highest pitch. No one can form the least idea of the noise. Had the poor fellows been endeavoring to send the world away, and become furiously enraged because they found it heavier than they expected, they could not possibly have yelled or bawled more.

At last, having seen my few things safely tied down on a bullock cart, I, in company with an Englishman and a Scotchman, a Mr. B. and a Mr. T., gallopped away to the steamer.

On reaching the canal, we were beset by several Arabs and Syrians, wishing to be our guides to the upper country and then to Jerusalem. Each had a bundle of recommendations, and they were all most vituperative against each other, calling one another scoundrels, big rascals, and many other bad names. We did not, however, engage any of them. Several Arabs also came to offer for sale some buttons, both English and French, which they said had been found on the field of battle,—that battle fought near Alexandria, on the 21st of March, 1801, between the English and French, in which the English were victorious, but in which Abercrombie received his death-wound. But I suspect that the "Brummagem manufacturers" could tell a tale about these buttons which would greatly depreciate their value.

The steamers between Alexandria and Cairo were not then such as one could say much in favor of; but, during the last few years, under the superintendence of a Scotch engineer, a Mr. Maxton, they have been greatly improved; and no traveller can now reasonably find fault with them. The best are always reserved for the East India overland passengers, of whom I may say more by and by. Our engineer was an Arab. I was highly amused at the orders given to him by the man on watch when we were in danger of running against anything, "Eezah," "Stoppah," being substituted for the well-known "Ease her," and "Stop her." The engine was sadly out of order. The boilers were consumptive, and the engine asthmatical; and the engineer weighted his safety valve to such a degree, 65 lbs. to the inch, that I felt by no means certain the boilers would not reach the bursting point. It was a high pressure engine, and, consequently, more dangerous than a low pressure one. Before I disposed of my business

in London, I had two engines, but I never allowed them to be worked above 25 lbs. to the inch. The steamers on the Rhone, which I mentioned some pages back, have mostly high pressure engines, and their boilers occasionally burst. I did not hear, however, of any serious accident having yet happened on the canal or river in Egypt. Most of the engineers were "Britishers" at that time; but now they are principally Arabs, who have been trained to the profession by Mr. Maxton.

The second class passengers, with the luggage and merchandise, were in a boat greatly like an English canal packet boat. Indeed, I may tell my Manchester friends that it was exactly like the old Runcorn boats on the Duke's Canal. The steamer took it in tow. The fares from Alexandria to Cairo, including provisions, were, First Class £3, Second Class, £2 10s.

As there were no ladies on board, B. and I took possession of the ladies' cabin, very much to the surprise of the Turks and Arabs on board, as it seemed to them little better than sacrilege, to go into the ladies' compartment. However, they were as glad to be by themselves as we were to be by ourselves. We had expected to find in the ladies' cabin something like cleanliness and sleep; but we were wofully disappointed. How many times did I cast my eye to the French steamers, and sigh for their comparative comfort! To say nothing of fleas, which were unceasing in their demands, we saw several spiders which, from legs to legs, across the body, were not less than five inches. The boat was shamefully dirty. I have since been in ten other steamers in Egypt, but never met with the fellow to this.

I ought, perhaps, at once to explain that the canal of which I am now speaking is called the Mahmoudieh. It extends from below Alexandria to Atfeh, where it joins the river Nile, being separated from it by locks. When the river is low, these locks are closed, so as to keep the water as much as possible in the canal; but, nevertheless, the heat of the climate and the using of the water by the people so reduces the water in the canal that in the spring it is scarcely navigable, and eight or more horses have to be employed to drag the steamers through the mud. When horses cannot accomplish the task, human beings have to do it. They throw off their long calico shirts, and then jump naked into the water. By working the vessel to and fro, they are able to get it along, when a direct hauling would have no effect. It is said that when Lord Hardinge was returning from India, the water in the canal was so low that it was nothing short of madness to attempt to run the steamer from Atfeh to Alexandria; nevertheless, old

Mehemet Ali would have it so. It was *his* canal, the people were *his* slaves, and he had a right, he presumed, to do as he pleased. In several places, banks of mud literally crossed the canal; but, to the pasha, that was nothing. A thousand men had to precipitate themselves into the water, and bodily raise the steamer over them. About four years ago, an English general was also returning from India, and applied to the pasha for a steamer. It was granted, though reluctantly, as his *grade* was not sufficiently high. *He* also had to be dragged through the mud by human bones and sinews. Lord Hardinge had recoiled from the sight, in his case, and was liberal with his "bucksheesh;" and the Turkish beys would have been equally bountiful, throwing money on the banks by handfuls. But *this* worthy general, to the disgrace of his name, laughed over "the fun," and did not give the poor fellows a single farthing. The canal is nearly 48 miles long, 90 ft. wide, and from 15 ft. to 18 ft. deep. It was excavated in 1819, by order of Mehemet Ali. Between 250,000 and 300,000 men were employed in the work, of whom no less than 23,000 perished. They had no spades nor barrows, but used only their hands, and small baskets made of palm leaves. The work was a great boon to the country; but O what a price to pay for it,—the lives of twenty-three thousand human beings! It will now shortly be greatly superseded by the railway, which is expected to be open in a few weeks. Dr. Olin, an American traveller, says the canal was completed in six weeks; but this is one of Brother Jonathan's anecdotes, as it took nearly a year.

Along the banks of the canal, for some distance from Alexandria, are many neat palaces and villas, belonging to the Turkish Beys and the European merchants. The gardens, being well watered, are exceedingly productive, as well as pleasing to the eye. There were also numbers of fig-mulberry trees, called in the Bible sycamores. The fruit resembles that of the fig and the leaves those of the mulberry tree. The leaves being plentiful and the tree tall, it is admirably adapted for hiding in, as Zaccheus did. (Luke xix. 4.) Lake Mareotis lay to our right, and looked like the sea, as we could not scan over it. The whole of the country through which the canal runs is covered with water when the Nile overflows its banks.

The canal was alive with boats, mostly laden with wheat, beans, and barley for England and France. A man, with a speaking trumpet, was stationed at the bows of the steamer, to warn off all boats that were likely to be in our way; yet

now and then one would run foul of us; whereupon our reis, or captain, would jump on board the intruder and unmercifully belabor its reis and crew with a koorbaj,—a heavy whip made from the hide of the buffalo; and this would be accompanied by roarings, yellings, screamings, and imprecations, enough to drive a nervous man into fits, until he became used to it.

At half-past 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, we reached Atfeh, but it was full half an hour before we could get to the wharf, as there were hundreds of boats in the way. We then landed, and walked a short distance to the river, where was another steamer waiting to take us on. As we passed the village, a score or two of dogs set up such a howling that we could not hear each other speak. The baggage was carried by Arabs from one steamer to the other, each singing gaily the whole time. The Nile, at this point, was about 600 yards wide; but the waters were not very low.

As soon as I got on board, I went into the cabin and wrapped myself up for sleep. The sky was perfectly cloudless, and the stars, sparkling like diamonds, without even a shade to dim their splendor, gave as much light as the moon in England when several days old. About 6, I went on deck, to see the sun rise. The clouds were then a glowing carmine, but the colors changed almost as rapidly as I could find names for them. At half-past 6, the sun literally *jumped* up, and soon we felt the benefit of his rays.

"At one stride came the light."

Up to that time, my thermometer, which I had on deck, had stood at 38, only six degrees above freezing point; yet, the atmosphere being dry, and there being no wind, I did not feel it at all disagreeable.*. The Arabs on board, as also numbers on shore, were now busy at their prayers and washings. The Koran enjoins upon them the duty of praying five times a day, but by no means to omit three times,—sunrise, midday, and sunset; and they are bound to wash in *running* water each time before prayer. Hence those who are able invariably go to the river, and wash in the flowing stream. Those in the desert use *running* sand; that is, they pour sand over the various parts of their bodies; and this is allowed by the Koran, when water is not to be had. The Pharisees used to pray nine times a day. There are 10 or 12 attitudes of

* This winter was everywhere unusually severe. I learn from the "British Almanac," that, on the 12th of February, the thermometer in England, out of doors, was down to 12, being 20 degrees below freezing, an instance of very rare occurrence in our country, and equally rare is it to see in Egypt an indication so low as 38.

prayer, the principal of which are shown in the annexed engraving. The first and third figures also show the way in which, in Old Testament days, the people did obeisance to the king, and bowed their heads and fell on their faces to the ground. (2 Chron. xxiv. 17; xx. 18; Josh. v. 14; &c. &c.)

MAHOMETANS AT PRAYER.

Without professing to give all the prayers or sentiments the Mahometans use, (for all their prayers are *fixed*, having been made for them by Mahomet,) I may name a few, simply remarking that the different sentences are mentally gone over during their various attitudes, and all *inaudibly*. While standing as represented in figure 5, the worshipper says, "God is most great. I assert the absolute glory of my Lord, the Great," at the same time bending himself as in figure 3. He then repeats, "God is most great," and prostrates himself as in figure 1, when he repeats, "I assert the absolute glory of my Lord." He then rises to figure 4, and again repeats, "God is most great," and again "bows himself" to the ground. He also repeats one or two chapters of the Koran, and, at different times, runs over, "Praises are to God, and prayers, and good works." "Peace be on thee, O Prophet, and the

mercy of God, and his blessings. Peace be on us and on the right worshippers of God." "I testify that there is no deity but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet and apostle." Some of the above sentences he repeats three times, with successive prostrations. "Praise be to God," he repeats 33 times, and, "God is most great," also 33 times, often using beads to count by, as the Romanists do. If he turn aside his eye more than three times, or make more than three mistakes, he has to begin again. I must say that I never saw worshippers so apparently totally abstracted from everything around them, as, with few exceptions, I have seen the Mahometans when at prayer. It is considered exceedingly insulting to disturb them during their devotions. A few other particulars will be found in a previous part of this work; and I must not add more.

It was the custom of the Jews always to wash before prayer, and they were strictly commanded to wash in *running* water on certain occasions; (Lev. xv. 13;) and in India to this day it is considered a great act of devotion to pray while prostrate in a running stream.

The praises of the Nile water have been sung by travellers of every age, describing it as the most delicious in the world. The Arabs say that if Mahomet had only once tasted it, he would have prayed that he might live for ever, so as to unceasingly enjoy its sweetness. For my part, I must say that their accounts are all exaggerated. If a man have been in the habit of drinking only the unfiltered impure waters of London, the marshy waters of the fens, the chalk waters of Brighton, or the clay waters of some other parts of England, I can easily believe that he will really enjoy a glass of filtered Nile water; but it was not so with me. I had been accustomed to drink the pure rain water of a village in Hertfordshire, and I declare seriously that it was equal, nay, in some respects superior, to that of the Nile. Of course, I always took care to filter the rain water, when it was rendered as transparent as crystal. To drink too much of the Nile water will relax the stomach, for it contains a large amount of salts; and yet, unfortunately, some travellers add to it an unusual quantity of oranges or other fruits, and thus often render the consequences serious. The Nile water has a turbid appearance as it rolls down its channel; but, after passing through an Egyptian zeer, *i. e.*, a porous earthenware jar, it becomes perfectly free from impurities. I have some by me which I took out of the river and put in a bottle, and it seems to have purified itself. There is scarcely any sediment at the bottom of the bottle, and yet the water is quite clear. Ship

loads of the Nile water are yearly sent to Constantinople for the sultan and his hareem.

For upwards of thirteen hundred miles does this river run, from south to north, without a single tributary stream of any kind. In other parts of the world, the lesser rivers empty themselves into the greater, as the Lea into the Thames, the Irk into the Irwell, and the Irwell into the Mersey, in England; the Saône and the Ain into the Rhone, in France; the Ohio and the Missouri into the Mississippi, in America. But not so here. The Nile is totally independent for at least 1,350 miles. I can myself bear witness to nearly 1,000 miles, having been that distance up the river. Where its sources are has never been satisfactorily ascertained, though for 2,000 years repeated attempts have been made to explore them. Formerly it was supposed that they were in the Mountains of the Moon, in Central Africa; but this idea has been for some time exploded, and all that is known is, that the White River, which is the longest branch, rises somewhere south of the equator. It is then joined by the Blue River and the Atbara branches.

In the month of June its waters begin to rise, and continue gradually to increase until September, when they as gradually fall. Over all Egypt the fertilising waters spread themselves like a sea. Wherever they reach, they deposit a rich alluvial soil; and as they recede, the husbandman has little else to do but sow his seed, for luxuriance penetrates through every pore of the mould. If the deposit be too strong, a little sand is mixed with it. If the waters rise not to a certain height, comparative famine ensues; and this was doubtless the case during the seven years of famine in Joseph's days. If they reach another certain height, there is abundance for man and beast; a little higher, and there is not only abundance, but an abundance also to spare; a little higher, and destruction follows; villages are swept away, plantations washed up, and works annihilated. And this occurs much more frequently than the scarcity. During this year, 1853, some damage has been done, though not to so great an extent as was the case in, I think, 1848. In 1818, the great traveller Belzoni was eye-witness to a most deplorable scene. The waters rose 3 ft. higher than they were wont, and swept away several villages and hundreds of people and cattle. As the river rose unusually fast, the people had anticipated the result, and had protected their villages with walls, formed of the mould; but wherever these embankments were broken down, inevitable destruction followed. Amos calls it "the flood of Egypt." (ix. 5. P. 290; Job xxviii. 11.) I think Ezekiel must have had such

walls in view, when he speaks of an "overflowing shower," and of the walls falling. The natives have, of course, to be continually plastering them over during the flood, to keep them up. The plaster, or mould, may well be called "untempered mortar;" and those ministers who cry "Peace, when there is no peace," the flood continuing to increase, (what a beautiful figure!—the heart being still at enmity against God,) may also well be termed "false prophets." (See Ezek. xiii. 10–15.) Belzoni saw some villages surrounded by 4 ft. of water, and nothing but such uncertain fences to protect them. Not a boat was to be had, and the poor people had to watch their embankments night and day. The boats were all employed in removing the corn for the pasha, as *that* was to him of greater importance than the lives of either men, women, or children.

The Arabs can calculate to a nicety, on certain days, from the height of the water, what will be the state of their crops. Need we wonder, then, that, while passing from village to village in boats, with the certainty of plentiful harvests before them, their mouths should be filled with laughter, and their streets with singing and music? Need we wonder that Egypt should have been called "the Gift of the Nile?" Or need we wonder that, in the days of darkness, when the creature was worshipped rather than the Creator, divine homage should have been paid to so beneficent a stream? So, however, it was; and it was not until the days of Mahomet that the practice entirely ceased.

In Upper Egypt and Nubia, where the river is confined between lofty hills, the waters increase in height from 24 ft. to 33 ft., while in the Delta, where the waters spread, the rise is only about 4 ft. At Atfeh it is about 13 ft. On commencing its rise, the water assumes a greenish colour, and then a reddish; after which it takes and retains a sandy one.

Where the Nile waters do not reach, all is sandy waste, the Ethiopian desert on the south, the Libyan on the west, and the Arabian on the east.

Should these inundations ever cease, Egypt would become like Lower Mesopotamia, which, though only 2,000 years ago was as fruitful as Egypt, is now a mere desert, for want of irrigation.

It has been clearly ascertained that these periodical overflowings of the river are caused by the heavy rains in the spring within the tropics; that is, in Abyssinia. There is a night which the Arabs call the Drop Night. Many of them believe that a drop of dew falls into the river, which causes the inundation, and some declare they have seen it fall like a star. In Upper Egypt, it rarely rains at all. A heavy shower is

quite a phenomenon. But in Lower Egypt, in Alexandria for instance, near the sea, rain is not so infrequent.

I must not omit to mention that the whole country is intersected by canals, protected by floodgates. When the water has risen sufficiently high, these gates are opened, the waters admitted, and the canals filled; and the gates are again closed when the river begins to fall, thus securing a supply of water for those who reside in the interior. The people are thus enabled to "sow beside all waters." (See the beautiful figure, Isa. xxxii. 20.) These canals, and the rivulets issuing from them, were doubtless some of the rivers and streams referred to in Exod. vii. 19, and viii. 5; and Job probably had them in view when he spoke of the floods, and brooks of honey and butter. (xx. 17.) The largest is called Bahr Yoosef, (Joseph,) which the Arabs believe was constructed by order of Joseph. It conveys the water a considerable distance into the western plain. It must have contributed greatly to Pharaoh's stores during the seven years of plenty. An ancient writer says that Job referred to this canal when he said, "He (man) cutteth out rivers among the rocks," for the canal is, in some places, cut through the hills; but if Job did so refer to it, then Joseph could not have constructed it, as Job is believed to have lived many years before Joseph.

Many of the ancient canals are now filled with sand, and the desert is fast encroaching, in very many places, on the once cultivated parts, as I shall have occasion to show in a future chapter. The waters made the Egyptian king great: "The deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters." (Ezek. xxxi. 4, 5, 7. See also xxx. 12.)

The Nile formerly had seven branches running into the Mediterranean. It has now only two, viz., the Rosetta and Damietta branches; and the latter is, it is said, fast filling up. "And the waters shall fail from the sea," said Isaiah. (xix. 5. See also xi. 15.) I should like to enlarge on these prophecies, but I might become tedious. The country between these two branches is called the Delta.

On the banks of the Nile, grew the "paper reeds," that Isaiah said should "wither," (Isa. xix. 7,) which has literally come to pass, as the papyrus plant does not now grow there.

From this plant, a kind of paper, the word being derived from the name of the plant, was made, and was the only material used for writing on prior to the use of parchment by the Greeks. Quantities of the papyrus rolls, covered with writing, have been found in the sepulchres. I have a piece in my possession, and specimens are to be seen in the British Museum. They contained an account of the most remarkable particulars in the life of the person in whose tombs they were found, and some contained the public records. In *our* climate they would rot in a cave in a few months; but in Egypt they would *never* decay. They contain writing on one side only, such being then the custom. The roll which was given to Ezekiel was written on *both* sides, meaning that it was *unusually full* and overflowing, as it were, with "lamentations, and mourning, and woe." (ii. 10.)

Near the river, the soil is in many places 30 ft. deep; whereas, only a short distance from it, it is merely a few inches. The banks of the river are the highest parts of the land, which gradually declines until it reaches the level plain. The very contrary is the case with all other rivers, as to them the land slopes down from the meadows. This difference is caused by the alluvial deposits of the Nile, which I have already named. Some writers have expressed their fears that, as the banks continue to increase in height, the river will not, in a few centuries, be able to overflow them, when Egypt will become a vast desert; but it is an undoubted fact that the *bed* of the river rises in the same proportion as the banks, so that both river and banks become gradually more and more elevated above the plains. It has been estimated that in some parts, the river and banks increase in height five inches, and in others one foot, in a century.

I may hereafter speak of the productions of the country, and shall then show how unlimited are its resources.

It has been well said that the Nile is all in all to the Egyptian. If it withheld its waters for a single week, his paradise would become a desert. It waters and manures his fields, it supplies his harvests, and then carries off their produce to the sea for exportation. He drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it. Though it used to be his god, it is now his slave.

On this mighty, this wonderful river, the "Sihor" of Joshua, (xiii. 3,) Isaiah, (xxiii. 3,) and Jeremiah, (ii. 18,) I was now standing. What a host of reflections crowded in upon my mind! I could scarcely believe it true; it seemed like a dream. And yet why should it? For, after all, the Nile is nothing but an accumulation of rain drops, like every

other river. Aye, but look at its associations! This is the river of the Pharaohs; the river whose friendly reeds sheltered Moses from the wrath of the Egyptian king; the river on whose brink Moses was commanded to stand, when he turned its waters into blood; (Exod. vii. 15;) the river near to which was situated the Land of Goshen, and whose streams irrigated the pastures of the Israelites; in a word, *the* river of the Bible. (Isa. xxvii. 12; 2 Kings xxiv. 7.) Need I say more to arouse in my readers a sympathetic feeling? Much as I had read and dreamed in my youthful days of this river, never did I expect to feast my eyes upon it, and still less to experience such delightful meditations,—the wonders God had wrought for his ancient people, and the still greater wonders he had wrought for his *spiritual* people. As the country all around continued to be exceedingly flat, there was little for some time to disturb my reveries. Were it not for frequent palm groves and occasional minarets, there would be little on shore to relieve the eye. The villages, which are situated about a mile apart, are all built of mud, and are about as wretched as anything that can be well conceived. Almost the only exception to this, between Afteh and Cairo, is Fooah, a town of some importance, in which is a manufactory of the fez, a woollen cloth of which the red caps, or tarbooshes, worn by the soldiers, are made. Here I counted 12 minarets. Every inch of land on both sides was richly cultivated. Beans seemed nearly ready for cutting, and the ears of the wheat were formed. Now and then, on the west, we got sight of the desert, and saw the sand blowing about in clouds, obscuring the desert from view by its own particles. Between the gusts of wind, the desert, with the sun shining upon it, looked almost like a sea of glass. Half-naked Arabs, the color of unburnt bricks, left their work to gaze upon us at every bend of the river. Pelicans, cormorants, eagles, and other large birds, with wild ducks and geese, were as numerous as sparrows are in England. Mr. B. shot an eagle as it was flying over the steamer. It measured about 7 ft. from tip to tip.

The river was as lively as the canal. At almost every village, boats were being laden with corn, cotton, sugar canes, and earthenware. We met a number of rafts, formed of earthenware jars. These are lashed together until a raft of about 60 ft. by 40 ft. is made. Then, upon these, other jars are piled, three or four tier high. I have counted 2,500 on one raft; each as long as a good sized filter. The owner and his wife and family take up their abode on the rafts, with beds of coarse straw, and their cooking apparatus; a large branch of a

tree forms the helm, and thus they float down the stream. Some of them had their dirty dresses stuck up between poles, to form sails. As the current of the river runs about three miles an hour at this time of the year, the rafts make good way when the wind is not against them. Everything now was truly oriental. Nothing European was to be seen, except the steamer and what was on it; and this is the time at which a traveller's interest becomes truly awakened.

The evening arrived. Our little steamer was not able to make much head against the stream, so that we found we should have another night on board. The sun did not set well, but seemed of a dark yellow cast. We could only see it, however, through the dense clouds of sand that were still floating in the air. I went early to my hard bed, and was able to pay off all arrears in the shape of sleep.

The next morning I was on deck at 7 o'clock. There was a cold wind, but the thermometer stood at 47. I rapidly paced the deck, swinging my arms about in every possible way, to keep myself warm, while the poor Arabs were convulsed with laughter, not being able to comprehend why I should labor so hard. The helmsman was once so intent on looking at me, that he forgot his helm, and ran us right against the bank. Then to hear the reis! but I spare him, though he did not spare the steersman. The Arabs were also greatly interested in my thermometer, and I felt a real pleasure in explaining it to them, showing them how the sun would cause the mercury to rise, and the cold cause it to fall. I once or twice put it on the boilers, when, of course, it rose rapidly, greatly to their astonishment.

I now, for the first time, got sight of the Pyramids. I fancy that I must have expected too much; for the sight in no way surprised me, except that it was not so grand as I had anticipated. I was neither unnerved, electrified, nor petrified. Indeed, I was more than half disappointed; but I ought not to forget that they were some 20 miles away; and, therefore, to see them at all is proof convincing that they are structures of no ordinary magnitude.

The works at the Barrage were not, on my first visit, proceeding very rapidly, and they are now, I believe, entirely abandoned. The Barrage was suggested to Mehemet Ali some years ago, and the old pasha was amazingly pleased with the idea. A few miles north of Cairo, the Nile divides itself into the two branches which I have already mentioned, the Damietta branch running in a north-easterly direction, and the Rosetta in a north-westerly. The object of this Barrage

was to dam up the two branches of the river, or to allow them to pursue their course uninterruptedly, as the rulers pleased. Great numbers of stone arches were erected across the rivers, and these were to be closed when necessary, by means of flood-gates, so that the whole lower country could be irrigated at any time without the aid of man. The estimated cost was very great, and it was to be completed in seven years. The engineer, M. Mugel Bey, a Frenchman, was to receive a salary of £2,000 a year, for superintending the works. On my second visit I carefully examined the works, and I felt satisfied that they would never answer. If the channels were obstructed in one place, the waters would speedily form other channels, as is the case every year in various parts of the Nile, for there are no rocks to penetrate. Besides this, numbers of boats are constantly being lost, by being dashed against the butments. In 1853, I wrote a letter to one of the London papers, in which I unreservedly laid the thing bare, adding that there would be no limit to the loss of life and property if it went on. Shortly afterwards, Abbas Pasha was going down the river in his pleasure boat, when he had a narrow escape of being sunk. He immediately sent for M. Mugel, paid him off, and ordered the works to be abandoned. The mischief is, however, in great part done. The only remedy that I can see is to form artificial channels, and thus divert the streams. Without this the amount of evil will soon be incalculable, as it is exceedingly dangerous to pass through the arches. Canals were to have been made at the dam-head, to irrigate the country. Had one-fourth the cost been expended in the erection of engines, the *interest* of the remainder would have defrayed the expenses of pumping up as much water as could have been used.

Passing the pasha's gardens of Shoobra, we at length reached Boulac, which is the port of Cairo. Here are several tall chimneys, à la Manchester, one belonging to a large cotton factory, and the others to the pasha's foundries.

We landed without being beset, as at Alexandria, by either porters or donkey-boys, as only a limited number of persons were admitted to the quay. Mounting donkeys, B., T., and I posted away to the English hotel. The road from Boulac to Cairo, like most other roads near large towns in Egypt, is along an avenue of trees, principally sycamores and acacias. These roads are usually raised a few feet above the level of the surrounding country, to enable the people to pass to and fro during the inundations of the Nile, when the waters cover the plains. Cairo opens beautifully to view as we approach

it. The endless variety of minarets, towering aloft, arrest your attention at every turn. Before you lie the Mocattam hills, on which stand the citadel and the beautiful alabaster mosque of Mehemet Ali. It is true that this view is by no means equal to that of Constantinople; but there is *this* redeeming point, that, if you do not behold the same grandeur *externally*, you will not be doomed to the same disappointment *internally*, as I shall show in its proper place. Every bed at the hotel was engaged, as the passengers from India, on their way to England, had just arrived. On showing, however, my letters, one of which was to Mr. Lane, the celebrated writer on Egypt, another to the English Consul, from Dr. Bowring, and another to the Church of England missionary, from Dr. Kitto, the editor of the "Pictorial Bible" and other works, the landlord quickly found rooms for two of us, and the third had to try his hand elsewhere. After some difficulty, he procured a bed at the Hotel d'Orient.

I shall, I believe, ever look back upon this Nile trip with satisfaction. Altogether it formed one of the most pleasing excursions I ever made.

Nor must I omit to mention that, so far as food went, our bodies were well taken care of. I was both pleased and surprised to see the way in which the cooks dished up the dinners, prepared in such contracted kitchens, which were merely boxes. But, perhaps, my friends will say, "Aye, but the air was pure and your appetite, in consequence, good; for 'hunger is the best sauce.'" Well, be it so. If that version will afford you pleasure, I can have no objection to it, for I assuredly had never felt so strong in my whole life as I did on reaching Cairo.

CHAPTER XVII.—EGYPT AND THE BIBLE.

In a previous chapter, I promised, when I had conducted my reader as far as Cairo, to give him some account of the manners and customs of the present race of Egyptians. I feel, therefore, that I am now entering upon a very important part of my work, especially as those manners and customs will be found identical with some often referred to in the Bible.

The Bible is, indeed, altogether an oriental, that is, an eastern book. Every sentence it contains is eastern. Every simile it uses, every figure it displays, every dress it describes, every scene it portrays, is eastern. Thoroughly to understand those figures and similes, therefore, a man should have some knowledge of the people and country whence they were derived.

Well do I remember, when, years ago, the leaves of the Bible from time to time quivered through my fingers, how much I was perplexed to understand the meaning of allusions to certain things, even the existence of which was in England utterly unknown; and though I had read much upon the subject, it was not until after my last visit to the east that I could in any way satisfactorily understand them. Many of my readers may be, and doubtless are, similarly situated, and such will certainly be glad of continued explanatory remarks, for I have already been somewhat profuse in illustrations. For their sakes, therefore, though others may hastily turn over the pages as old news, I feel disposed to persevere in the course I have hitherto pursued, that is, to refer to the Bible, whenever I think such reference will elucidate any passages in connection with manners and customs which happened to come under my particular notice. I write not for those who have every source of information as well as time to make use of such sources at command, but for the masses of my friends, whose means and time are alike limited.

The habits and sayings of the people in the east seem to be not only unchanged but unchangeable. There is a decided aversion to innovations of any kind, and this feeling pervades all classes, all castes, and all sects,—pashas and slaves, Jews, Arabs, Persians, Turks, Copts, Armenians, and Hindoos. Look at the Book of Job and the Song of Solomon. What an endless variety of figures are used and modes of expression employed. All these can be well understood and fully appreciated in the east, however vague they may appear to us. I might quote several passages, and give, in parallel columns, the customs, proverbs, or sentiments from which the ideas were taken, but I must not risk the patience of my readers too much. The orientals ever were, and probably will remain, peculiarly fond of figurative language, shrewd sayings, and sublime comparisons. I will only repeat that every sentence has its full meaning; and some, when given in the native tongue, are replete with beauty.

CHAPTER XVIII.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

On entering the dining room at the hotel at Cairo, I was recognised by a Church of England clergyman, from N—. This gentleman was going to cross the desert to Jerusalem, and proposed that I should make one of the party. The thing being thus put into my head, I began to think seriously about it.

A STREET IN CAIRO.

When I had taken some refreshment, my new companion kindly volunteered to be my guide through the town to the citadel, to see some of the curiosities; of which offer I readily availed myself. Of course, donkeys were indispensable, for nobody thinks of walking many yards in Egypt. In the middle of the day, the heat forbids it; and not only the heat, but mud, dust, and crowds of people, riding and on foot, equally forbid it. As soon as we presented ourselves at the door, some two or three dozen donkey-drivers, with their animals, bore down upon us. These drivers are mostly barefoot, and have no dress but a small red cap and a loose blue calico shirt, which just reaches the knees, with a band round their bodies. Their bosoms they turn into pockets, and can deposit in them a surprising variety of etceteras, such as purchases which their hirers make at the bazaars, their own food, oranges, and what not. They all seemed as anxious to be engaged as if their very life depended upon it. There was, however, a total absence of that determined rudeness which had so annoyed me at Alexandria, and I began to feel specially interested in the poor fellows, regretting that I could not employ them all at once. Indeed, the behaviour of the people in general at Cairo is very much superior to that of the natives of Alexandria. Every voice was at its highest pitch: "Berry good donkey, master;" "Berry hansome donkey;" "Dis your donkey, mas-

ter;" "Had dis donkey before, master;" "Donkey foll down? O no, master! Go like steamer!" Having made our selection, the unsuccessful candidates quietly retreated, while the victors looked upon them with a jeer, and triumphantly shouted, "Now den, cut away;" "Here we go;" "Get out o' de way;" "Lick him;" "Dat's de ticket for soup;" and other phrases, which they had picked up from English *gentlemen*. Though I have written this in the past tense, as having occurred on my first visit, it must be understood that the same practices continue to this day, the only difference being that boys and men *improve* in their knowledge of English, and, *consequently*, are now able to offend our ears with expressions which are but too revolting. This was lamentably the case with the boy I called *my* donkey boy. I do not know his real name, but he was nick-named Cyclops, because he had only one eye. Though not more than eight or nine years of age when I was in Cairo in 1847, he recognised me in 1850 and again in 1852, and I always took his donkey when I could. On my last visit, he spoke English well, *too* well; and I had several times to tell him I must beat him if he used such bad words. He said he did not know they were bad words, as Inglees gentlemen had taught him. English gentlemen, equally to their discredit, had also taught him to take drink, and had, indeed, several times made him intoxicated; and he had become passionately fond of it. "Give me brrandy," he would say; "I want brrandy." I asked him what Mahomet would say if he took drink. "Me no care for Mahomet," he replied; "give me drrink, drrink, drrrink!" and he once drove the donkeys up to the house of a Maltese who sold spirits, and we had some difficulty to get him away. Nevertheless, I scarce ever met with a boy in whom I felt so deeply interested. He was unquestionably the sharpest boy in Cairo, though many of them at 10 years of age can, for acuteness, vie with the smartest London boy at 15.

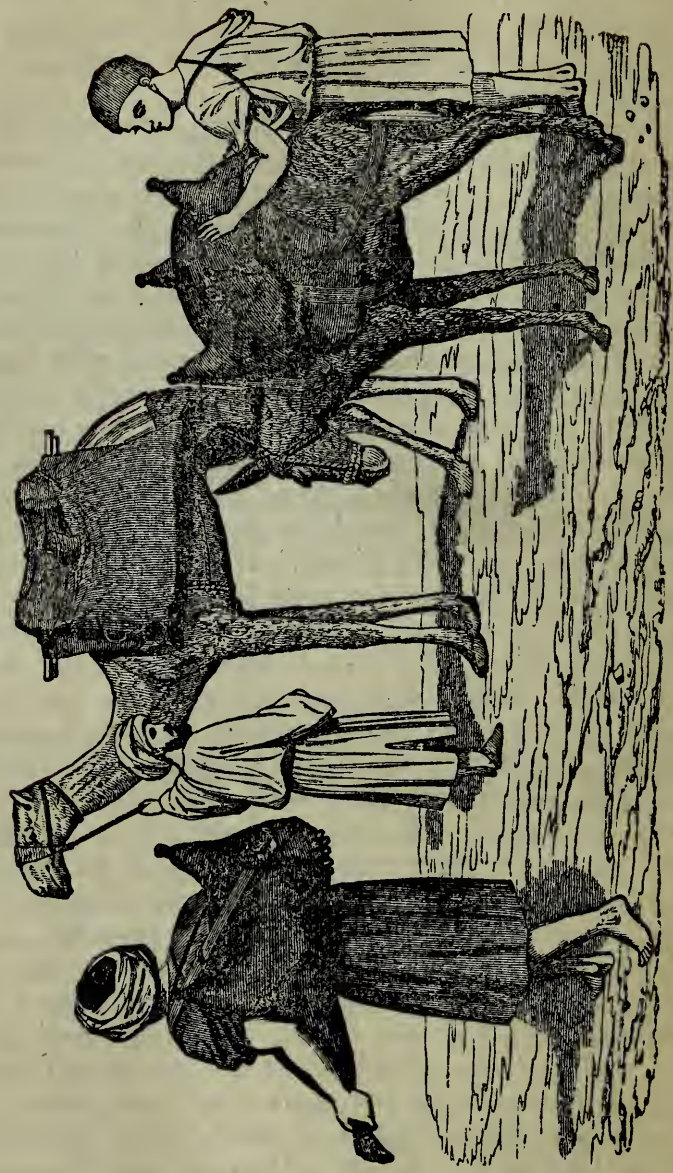
The donkey drivers give every visitor with whom they become familiar, a name. On my second visit, I was joined by two American gentlemen with whom I had met at Rome, and they, with others, whenever we rode out together, generally deferred to my opinion as to which was the best way to take, seeing that I was in some measure acquainted with the country. Hence I was dubbed "Mr. Coptin," while one of my companions was called "Mr. Doctor," another "Mr. Connell," (Colonel,) another "Mr. Gentleman," and so forth. Sir John Potter, of Manchester, a gentleman of no mean dimensions, was called, "Basha Kibbeer," that is, the Big Pasha; and he certainly looked majestic enough on the back of a donkey.

He could very well spare me some of his weight. Sometimes men run with the donkeys, slipshod, but they generally send their boys. The boys will often go 30 miles in a day; for instance, to Sahhara and back.

The donkeys are mostly not only shorn, but shaven, though they usually have parts of their legs untouched by the razor, (or rather scraper,) by way of ornament. That they should be closely clipped, or still more closely shaved, is indispensable, as they harbor the worst description of vermin if the hair be allowed to grow. They have all stirrups and wide stuffed saddles, covered with carpet, which are not to be complained of.

Some of the streets through which we passed were quite as crowded as those of Constantinople, but the people skip from side to side like goats, when they hear, which they constantly do, the well-known warnings, "Schemalek," (Mind the left,) "Emenek," (Mind the right,) "O-a," (Take care,) "Errgah," (Look out,) "Reglek," (Mind your feet,) "Wishek, ya bint," (Mind your face, you girl,) &c. &c. If on foot, however dull a man may be in England, he must learn to be quick in the streets of Cairo, or he will assuredly have to smart for his stupidity. He will infallibly be bumped on the one side or jammed on the other. And even when riding, we have to constantly "look out," or our legs would be grazed against a bullock cart, a carriage wheel, the panniers of a camel, or something equally inflexible; for neither camels nor carriages ever stop for anybody. Every animal seems to be in the way of every man and every man in the way of every animal. The streets are in this respect amazingly like Smyrna, "only more so;" for they are certainly much more crowded.

Perhaps my readers will say, "Why don't the people keep on the footpaths?" Simply because there are none. With the exception of the Moskie Street, which has been greatly widened and is being principally fitted up with European shops, none of the streets are more than from three to six yards wide, though the amount of traffic would not disgrace a London Cheapside. When the streets have been newly watered, they are almost as slippery as ice, for they consist only of Nile mud and desert sand, and the donkeys now and then make a tumble of it; but somehow or other, nobody seems to be hurt by the fall. I have been several times pitched over their heads, but was quickly up again, as right as if nothing had happened, except what my clothes had gathered of the mud. When the streets have not been watered for several hours, they are frightfully dusty; for the moisture soon evaporates under the influence of a Cairo sun.



WATER CARRIERS IN CAIRO.

As I have mentioned the watering of the streets, I may as well state how it is done. The men employed for the purpose carry on their backs goat skins filled with water. These are strung from their left shoulders at one end, and supported by their right hands at the other. In their left hands they hold the neck of the skin, from which, with astonishing expertness, they squirt the water in every direction,—squirt, squirt, squirt; and it is necessary that passers-by should be on the "look out," or they may come in for a cooling drench.

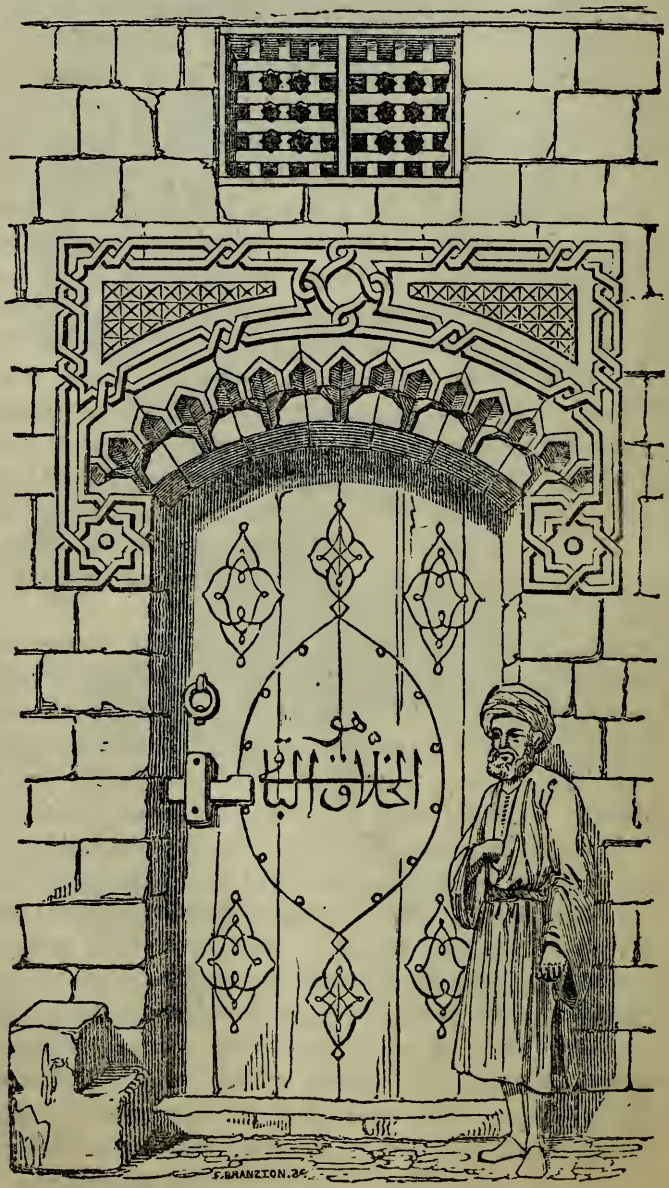
In the same way men go about selling water, and they are so well initiated that they can fill a cup to the greatest nicety, closing the neck as promptly as we could turn a tap. Others convey water on camels, and others on donkeys, as shown in the engraving.

We had not proceeded far before we met a man dressed in goat skin. He had a long staff, and was going from stall to stall asking alms, or, rather, levying contributions, for he did not seem very particular about helping himself, when nothing was given. This man was looked upon as a santon, or saint. I have seen many such in Egypt. As all persons who are afflicted with harmless insanity are in Egypt looked upon as saints, they are cheerfully supported by all classes; and many there are who, having learnt that it is an easy way of getting a good living, dress in goat skins, and impose upon the credulity of "the faithful." In 2 Kings i. 8, Elijah is described as being a "hairy" man. That this merely means that he wore an outer garment of hair is clear from Zech. xiii. 4, *margin;* and this seems to have been the general dress of the prophets in those days, and is now, as I have shown, often the dress of those who wish to be esteemed as saints. There were impostors then, as now, as is evident from the above passage.

Many of the streets are roofed over with wood, to keep out the heat of the sun, and others are so narrow that the upper stories and eaves nearly meet across. All this is very acceptable and cooling in the summer; but it makes the streets dark and gloomy in winter, if the word winter may be used in reference to Egypt.

On passing along the streets of Cairo, one thing that arrested my attention was the houses, with their latticed windows and ornamented doors. Indeed, I may say that the lattices came under my notice almost as soon as I arrived in the east. Few of the houses have any glass windows, but their place is supplied with lattices; that is, turned pieces of wood joined together in small squares, similar to the diamond-shaped laths of a dairy window in an English farm-house, only much closer and more ornamental. These are usually formed into balconies, which project from the upper stories, from 1 ft. to 2 ft. into the street. There are no windows of any kind on the ground floor, unless placed very high up, as the easterns have a perfect horror of being overlooked by even their next door neighbors. They have a saying, "God grant us not any neighbors with two eyes," meaning, first, that they do not wish to be overlooked; and, next, that every neighbor should be at least half blind; for "a bad neighbor sees only what goes *into* a house,

and not what goes out in the shape of charity." In the front of the balconies is a small door, about the size of a boy's face, though sometimes a little larger; and these doors are made to open on hinges in the usual way. Through these lattices the inmates of the house can see all that is passing in the street, while they are themselves quite screened from view. If they wish to converse with any one below, they open the little door, as I have seen in innumerable instances, and just show their faces, the rest of their bodies being entirely concealed.



DOOR OF HOUSE IN CAIRO.

Now look at the Song of Solomon, (ii. 9,) and you will there see the church's Beloved represented as just *showing* himself (his face) through one of these little doors, and speaking to his fair one, who was looking up to him from below.

I have also often seen persons peeping through these little doors, who would quickly withdraw on seeing me approach; but who, after I had passed, if I looked round, were peeping again, closely observing, but not willing to be themselves too clearly observed. Now the word, in the verse referred to, translated "*showing*" himself, ought to have been rendered "*flourishing*" himself; and here we see the figure still more beautifully portrayed.

It was through one of these little doors that the mother of Sisera looked, as recorded in Judges v. 28, and Jezebel, in 2 Kings ix. 30; and the same is called a casement in Prov. vii. 6.

Where the word "windows" occurs in the Bible, the original is "openings," for glass windows were unknown in those days. This will explain Isa. liv. 12.

The better class of houses in Cairo are now being fitted up with glass inside the lattices, which are closed in the night during winter. The glass is often stained, representing birds, flowers, &c.

I have in my possession a piece of lattice work which I brought from Cairo, and which I value as a curiosity.

In the engraving of an inner court, which I have inserted a little further on, both the latticed balconies and the little windows (openings) will be seen.

Then as to the doors. These are generally ornamented, as shown in the engraving opposite, and have upon them an inscription in Arabic, as seen in the centre, "God is the Creator, the Everlasting." This is intended as a charm, to keep away the evil one, and all who have no right there.

In Deut. vi. 9, we read that the children of Israel were enjoined to write the law of God upon the posts of their houses and on their gates. Here we see a similar custom to the one just named, though for a very different purpose. The Mahometans often have extracts from the Koran also put on the walls in their houses, and the Jews to this day affix the name of God on their door-posts.

Over the door in the engraving may be seen a representation of a small barred window. Some of the doors have dried crocodiles over them, to keep off the "evil eye," and to drive away evil spirits, as the people say.

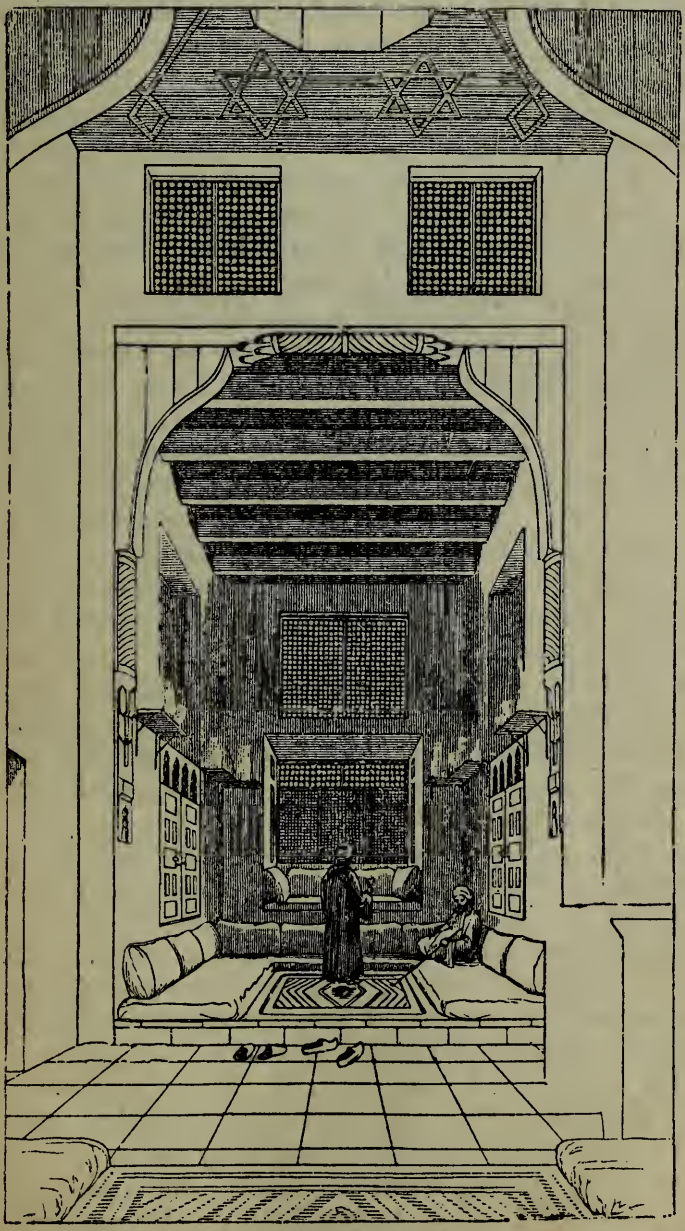
None of the rooms in the houses are fitted up as bed-

chambers. The room called the bed-chamber is one in which the beds (mattresses) are deposited in the morning, when rolled up, as mentioned by me in my journey between Smyrna and Ephesus; for the same custom prevails all over the east. This will explain how Joash could be *hidden* in a bedchamber. (2 Kings xi. 2.)

In the engraving which I have already given, a man will be seen standing at the door. This is the porter. His duty is to constantly watch outside. In the night he lies down at the door, having rarely any covering more than his usual dress. This, doubtless, was one reason why the command was given that the clothes which might be pledged should be delivered up by the time the sun went down, as otherwise the poor creatures might be starved to death, (Exod. xxii. 26, 27,) for indeed the poor generally were and are similarly situated. Sometimes the porters have stools, made of the palm tree, on which to sit, and sometimes forms on which they can lie down; but their bed is in general the hard ground. Frequent allusions to the porters are made in the Bible. (1 Chron. ix. 17; John x. 3.) "I had rather be a door-keeper," &c., said David; but the correct rendering of this is, "I would rather wait at the threshold," the idea being taken from these porters; and this strikes one who has seen the porters in Egypt as being a very *low* place, a situation of deep humility, much more so than our ideas of a simple door-keeper would imply. (See also Prov. viii. 34.)

The entrance to the houses in the city, even to those of the Europeans, is most forbidding, being exactly like going through a dirty back yard, and up a narrow passage in the worst parts of Manchester; but the passage, after one or two turnings, to prevent passers by looking in, opens into a large court, round which are the rooms. The houses are mostly two or three stories high; but the upper rooms are devoted exclusively to the women and children, strangers being on no account allowed to ascend beyond the ground floor. In the centre of the court there is mostly a well of water. It was in one of these wells, in Bahurim, that Jonathan and Ahimaaz hid themselves, as recorded 2 Sam. xvii. 18, the well being, of course, then dry. The reception room for strangers, which is on the ground floor, is generally paved with red tiles, or square pieces of marble of various colors, and in the centre is a small fountain playing. This custom, as well as the magnificence with which the easterns build their houses when they are able, is referred to in Isa. liv. 11, 12, and Ps. xlv. 8. Opposite to the door of the reception room, called the mundarrah, the floor is raised a few inches, and round this raised

part are divans, with a Turkey carpet in the centre. The cushions of the divans are stuffed with cotton, and covered with calico, silk, or other material, according to the means of the owner; (Prov. vii. 16;) and these are sometimes on the floor and sometimes on seats. Visitors always take off their slippers before ascending to the carpet, as it is on that which the occupier of the house prostrates himself while at prayer;



RECEPTION ROOM.

therefore it is considered holy. Doubtless this illustrates Exod. iii. 5; Josh. v. 15.

Besides the court and fountains, most of the houses have good gardens and baths; so that, however mean they look in front, they have within themselves the elements of luxury. The gardens, however, are not like our English gardens, laid out in walks for the purposes of recreation; but are more like squares, filled with orange trees, sweet-smelling acacias, jasmines, &c., the doors of their private rooms opening into them; so that the people can luxuriate in their fragrance while reclining and smoking on their divans. Many indulge themselves by having soft pillows under their arm pits, in addition to those against the wall, when they "stretch themselves upon their couches;" (divans;) (Amos vi. 4;) and this certainly is a luxurious way of reclining. These pillows, or cushions, are often made by the "women" of the hareem. (Ezek. xiii. 18.) Ishbosheth is named as lying "on a bed (divan) at noon;" (2 Sam. iv. 5;) but this is a constant practice in the east, especially in the summer. There is no business transacted from 12 to 2. Every one flies to his divan, or some shaded spot, to escape the scorching embraces of the sun. Amos pronounces a woe upon those Israelites who lie upon "beds of ivory," and are "at ease in Zion," (Amos vi.,) the figure being taken from these luxurious habits.

The term bed, in the Bible, often means divan, as 1 Sam. xxviii. 23; Esther vii. 8; and many other parts. All the rooms have divans.

The walls of some of the courts and gardens front the streets, though this is not often the case. I have several times seen persons standing behind these walls, talking to their friends in the street, while their heads just peered above the walls. See the figure in Song ii. 9.

The walls and ceilings are usually decorated, very often with strips of wood nailed together in an ornamental way, and painted in various colors. (See Jer. xxii. 14.)

In erecting houses in Egypt, the builder never studies regularity. His grand aim is, to make every apartment as secluded as possible, and not to have the windows of one house overlooking those of another; and also to form a secret door, by which the owner can escape, if in danger, or privately let out any one else. There are also staircases outside, extending from the roof to the porch, or court, by means of which a man who is on the house top can readily come down without entering *into* the house. (Mark xiii. 15.) It was down one of these that the prophet fled. (2 Kings ix. 10, last clause.)

The divans and carpets are all the furniture that the rooms contain, unless it be sometimes a long pipe and two or three water bottles and perfuming vases. Elisha's chamber, therefore, (2 Kings iv. 10,) was *well* furnished, having "a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick." If we say to the Turks, "We wonder you have no beautiful landscapes hanging up in your houses," they will quickly retort, "We wonder you cannot enjoy nature without them."

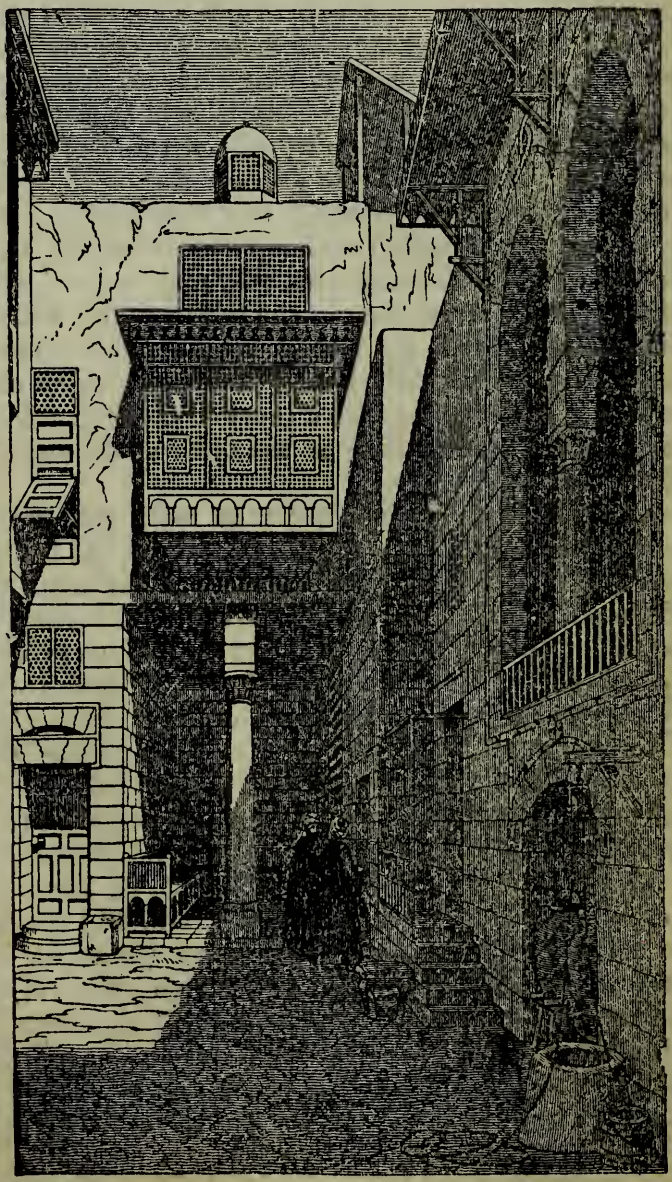
Some of the houses have two courts, one, called the outer court, near the entrance to the house, by the wall, and the other, called the inner court, entirely screened from view, and enclosed like a prison yard. This is held as sacred, for the women, and the native visitors would not think of entering it, or the rooms, though asked to do so. So much is this custom incorporated in their system, that they decline going into these parts, even though the houses are occupied by Europeans, and however much pressed they may be by the tenants, especially if there are women in the house. This will explain why the Turks and Arabs looked so astonished when I and my companion took possession of the ladies' cabin on board the steamer, as I mentioned in a previous chapter. In Esther v. 1 we find Esther standing in the *inner* court, and in vi. 4, Haman in the *outer* court.

Hezekiah was doubtless lying in a room opening to the inner court when Isaiah went to him. From his bed (divan) he would have a view of the court and of the sun's shadow, called the dial. (See 2 Kings xx. 1—11.) He turned his face to the wall, that his attendants might not see his grief.

Against the wall of these *outer* courts, and sometimes partly on the walls, and sometimes over the gate, there are often various rooms, which are not exactly connected with the houses, and yet not altogether separate from them. It was one of these "little chambers" which was prepared (or made ready, for that is what the verse means) for Elisha, at Shunem. (2 Kings iv. 10. See also 1 Kings vi. 5; Ezek. xl. 10.) The chamber over the gate, (2 Sam. xviii. 33,) the summer parlor and the summer chamber of Eglon, (Judg. iii. 20, 24,) and the upper chamber of Ahaz, (2 Kings xxiii. 12,) on the terrace of which he erected altars, were all chambers of this description, as well as the upper chamber in which the disciples partook of the last supper with their Divine Master. The "little chambers" which were measured in Ezekiel's vision were about 10 ft. 6 in. square, for that was about the length of the "measuring reed." (See Ezek. xl. 7.) Other allusions are made in the Bible to these chambers, as also to *outer* and

inner chambers, all which may be seen in the east; but I must not be too minute in my descriptions.

The annexed engraving shows an *inner* court. The door facing you leads into the women's apartments, called the hareem; and by that term I shall hereafter always designate those *sacred* parts of the houses, whenever I may have occasion to refer to them.

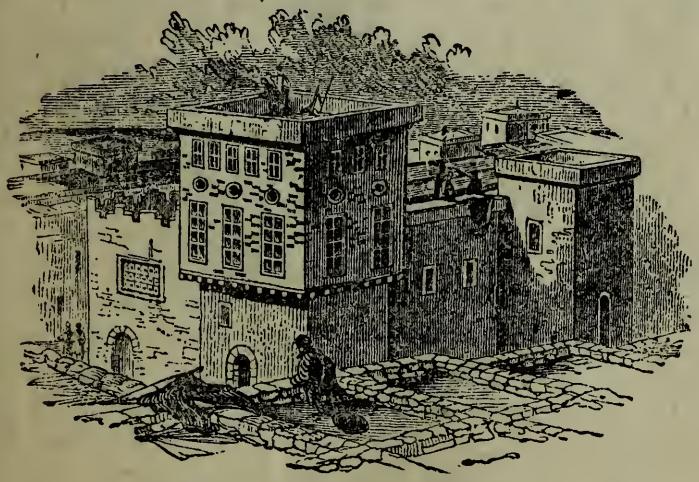


INNER COURT OF HOUSE IN CAIRO

It was in a court such as I have described, only, of course, an immensely larger one, that Samson was placed by the Philistines to make sport, the roofs all round being covered with the spectators, and the building being, as is often the case in the east, supported by pillars. The two *midmost* pillars, (for such is the real meaning of the verse,) being broken down by Samson, the main building necessarily followed.

In the temple at Jerusalem there were three courts; the outer one was for the Gentiles, the middle one for the Jews, and the inner one for the priests, each being separated by a wall. This "middle wall of partition" was "broken down" by Christ, to show that Jews and Gentiles were all one in him. (Eph. ii. 14.) It was in the outer, or Gentiles' court, that the buyers and sellers sat. As the Jews did not themselves assemble there for worship, they supposed they might make a market place of it, forgetting that God had said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for *all nations*." (Isa. lvi. 7.)

The exterior appearance of most of the houses is far superior to that of the houses in Smyrna. Indeed, round and near the Esbekiah Gardens, there are some really good mansions. They are all built of stone. The roofs are invariably flat, protected by battlements, or parapets. In the summer, most of the



ROOF BATTLEMENTS.

people sleep on the roofs, so that the parapets form walls for their protection and privacy. This will explain Deut. xxii. 8. Should there be no battlements, and should a person fall off, his blood would rest on the head of the builder. See also Josh. ii. 6; 2 Sam. xi. 2; Jer. v. 10; and other parts of the Bible. Upon these terraces the people prepare their figs

and raisins, dry their clothes, &c. As many of the roofs are formed of nothing but dried branches covered with mud, grass often springs up; but it soon withers under the influence of a scorching sun. (Ps. cxxix. 6.)

I might easily fill 50 pages on this subject, but I must return to my donkey trip, with which I commenced this chapter.

We did not, on this occasion, stop to examine the bazaars, as our destination was the citadel. This we had told our donkey boys on leaving the hotel, and they seem not to comprehend the possibility of their hirers wanting to halt anywhere short of the given goal; so that, though I was anxious to look about me on one or two occasions, I found it utterly out of my power to do so, for gallop onward I must. Indeed, to *ride* a donkey in Egypt means to *gallop*, for each attendant is determined to make his animal show the others the way, if he can; therefore sticks are in constant requisition, and the cries of "Yella," (Quick,) perpetual. The driver never will let you have your own way, nor go quietly when you wish to do so. Perhaps at the very instant that you are endeavoring to stop your animal, to look upon some particular object or to save your legs from being bumped against a cart, he gives the poor creature a blow, and screams out, "Imshee, ya ebne khanzeer,"* (Go along, you son of a pig,) and you are inevitably foiled. It must not be supposed, however, that the drivers treat their donkeys cruelly. On the contrary, they are exceedingly fond of them. Dr. Olin, the American writer whom I have already named, says there is always a raw place on the donkey, which the driver keeps poking with a stick; but I declare I never saw such a thing all the times I was in Egypt, except in the case of donkeys employed in carrying merchandise. But an Egyptian donkey gallop must not be compared with that of an English donkey. So far from that, it is quite a luxury. The motion of the worst-trained is scarcely greater than riding in a second class carriage on the Eastern Counties or Manchester and Sheffield Railways; and that of the best-trained, so far from being unpleasant, is quite as easy and composing as sitting in a Manchester or an American rocking chair. The Egyptian donkeys have been well styled the cabs of the country. They are altogether different animals from the European, being well-proportioned, of beautiful symmetry, exceedingly docile and tractable, and amaz-

* I do not vouch for the correct Arabic orthography in the above phrases, but I have endeavored to adhere as closely as possible to the pronunciation as it caught my ear. And I must beg of my reader to allow these remarks to apply to all my Arabic quotations.

ingly nimble. Their amblings are most graceful. I saw one which had just been sold, as I was told, to go to America, and for which £75 had been paid. I believe attempts have been made in England to obtain a race of Egyptian donkeys, but they have always failed, owing, it is said, to the climate. Whether or not the Americans can succeed better, remains to be proved.

After worming our way for about three quarters of an hour, passing by fountains, through bazaars, and along all sorts of streets except paved ones, some roofed with wood and some exceedingly like Constantinople, and enjoying a treat of unparalleled bustle and confusion, amid throngs of horses, camels, donkeys, dogs, carriages, bullock carts; funeral and marriage processions; beys, sheikhs, effendis, fellahs,* soldiers, policemen, beggars, santons; Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Ethiopians, English, Americans, French, Germans, Italians; women, boys, and girls; Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free; and, ascending a steep path and passing through two or three strong gates, we reached the citadel.

It is only the streets which are occupied as bazaars which are so crowded as I have mentioned. Many of the other streets are quiet enough. The entrance to these streets is guarded with an arched door, having the appearance of a house; so that, on my first visit, when my guide was taking me to see any person, I over and over again thought I had arrived at the house; but, instead of that, the door merely opened into another street, not more than from 4 ft. to 6 ft. wide. Again and again I arrived at a door, and again and again I was deceived. The passages being all built over, the entrances to the streets are mere openings, cut through the ground floors of the houses, like the entries leading to the back doors in Preston and other parts of the north of England, or like narrow lanes enclosed by walls, and built over.

And then the streets are such labyrinths,—so winding and interminable, that no stranger ought to penetrate far into the interior of the city without a clue or guide. I well remember once walking on and on, and turning and turning; admiring this, wondering at that, and reflecting upon the other, until I quite forgot myself, and did not know where I was. In fact, I must for once confess, I was lost. I took out my compass, which I always carried in my waistcoat pocket, and by means of which I had often found my way; but, though I knew my bearings, I could this time no more steer out of the roads than

* The plural of fellah is properly fellaheen.

I could have worked my way out of the maze at Hampton Court Palace, the first time I visited it. And what made it worse was, the sun was near setting, and I did not then know a sentence of Arabic; and I was aware that soon after sunset all the gates and doors would be shut. At length I saw a donkey boy taking home his donkey. I made him dismount and took his place. He cried, but I was hard-hearted. "Shepheard's Hotel," said I; and off we gallopped. I paid the boy liberally, which turned his tears into exclamations of "Tyeeb, tyeeb," (Very good, very good.) But I had learnt to be more careful for the future. Though I now understand "a littell" Arabic, I should not venture to explore those interminable regions, the streets of Cairo, too incautiously.

Since the pashas and beys began to drive carriages, they have also begun to widen the main streets.

Mr. Freeman, Wesleyan Missionary at Ashantee, gave the king a carriage, who soon had all the houses pulled down to make room for it, and ordered roads to be made in the country.

Formerly Christians were forbidden riding in any part of Egypt on horseback. Donkeys were thought quite good enough for them; and if they met a bey, or even an ordinary sheikh, they had to dismount, to do him honor; but now many of them dash away in style.

There are several handsome fountains in the streets, though not equal to those of Constantinople. Little brass pipes are fixed in the front walls, to which the people apply their mouths, and suck out the water. When several dirty Arabs have their mouths at work at once, they remind one of a litter of sucking pigs.

However dirty the streets may have been in former times, as described by some travellers, they are certainly much freer from filth now than those of either Constantinople or Athens. Still one wonders why the city should be called *Grand* Cairo. If there be much *grandeur* about it, it is concealed in the courts and hareems, and does not meet the traveller's eye. And the same may be said of light and air. The people can receive none from the streets, but their courts and gardens amply make up the deficiency. And then I must not omit naming that, besides the courts and gardens, there are several large squares, which, like the squares and parks of London, may be called the lungs of the city. The Esbekiah Gardens cover a space of 60 acres, and are full of the sweet-smelling acacia, interspersed with flowery walks. They are open to the public, and the public knows how to enjoy them, especially in the evenings of summer, when they are crowded with loungers,

smoking, eating confectionary, and drinking sherbet. In one part, a juggler will be exhibiting his performances, and in another a reciter telling some marvellous tale. Sometimes many of the trees are covered with variegated lamps, and tents and bowers are to be seen in every direction. These, with the rich dresses of the Turks, and divers bands of music, give the European no insignificant idea of what they often term a "fairy garden." But they are to be seen in perfection only during the evenings of summer. The gardens are enclosed by avenues of sycamores, palms, and other trees, and a narrow canal encircles the whole. This canal is full of water in the summer, when the Nile is high, and, unfortunately, coated at the bottom with filth at every other period of the year. The site which the gardens occupy was formerly a marshy, fever-breeding lake; but Mehemet Ali had it filled up; and Cairo has been much more healthy ever since.

The watchmen go about the city now, with their doleful cries, as they did of old. No person is allowed to be in the streets after dark without a lantern or a light of some kind; and even Europeans are taken to the guardhouse when they violate this rule. The people have an idea that a man who is afraid to show a light can be after no good, and they therefore secure him. Most of the lanterns are made of paper, which elongate like a child's peep-show; and some will only contain candles about the thickness of a penholder; but any sort of light will do, so long as it *is* a light. Glass lanterns are becoming more common. Women are not allowed to be in the streets at all beyond one hour after sunset. Those who are found there are considered as loose characters, and treated as such. This will explain Song v. 7, where the bride is represented as being wounded by the watchmen, her veil taken away, &c. The rule as to men is considerably relaxed. See p 282.

Cairo is surrounded by strong walls and gates. The gates are shut one hour and a half after sunset, and then no person is allowed to pass either in or out without the password; and this it is now difficult to procure. In 1852, some English engineers, who were employed on the railway, were able, by paying a little money, to pass through the gates at any hour; but as they did not always go quietly home after they had been enjoying themselves at the hotel and drinking freely of cognac, the govenor of Cairo took the privilege from them. The gates at Jerusalem and most eastern towns are closed at sunset, and not opened until sunrise. (See Nehem. vii. 3.)

I stated in a previous part that the term "gate of a house" frequently, in eastern language, means the house itself. So

now I may state that the same term applied to a city, that is, "gates of the city," means the city itself. (See Gen. xxii. 17, and many other parts.) See page 117.

Formerly, the principal business of the city was transacted at the gates, which will explain Deut. xvi. 18; Lam. v. 14; and Zech. viii. 16; and the markets for fruits and vegetables ever have been (2 Kings vii. 1,) and still are held outside the gates. There is no lack of anything at Cairo if you have only money to buy it, the markets being abundantly supplied.

Cairo abounds in Turkish baths. These are all vapor baths, and contribute greatly to cleanliness and comfort. Europeans, however, ought to be careful after using them, as I have known several who have taken severe colds. You are thrown into a profuse perspiration, and then a powerful man rubs you unmercifully hard with very coarse gloves, and sometimes actually rubs off the skin. He then takes hold of you, limb by limb, and cracks every joint. It is exceedingly unpleasant during the operation, but afterwards the sensation is delightful, and, in that warm climate, greatly conducive to health.

CHAPTER XIX.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

THE CITADEL AND MEHEMET ALI.

The citadel stands on a hill, which overtops the town. From it the city looks like one mass of balconies, parapets, flat roofs, domes, minarets, groves, and gardens. On the right we look towards On and the Land of Goshen, and on the left are the pyramids. The river winds its course through a richly-cultivated valley, and the great deserts of Arabia and Libya, like "seas of glass," (Rev. xv. 2,) are visible west and east. The court yard has a high wall round it, with strong gates, and the walls are surmounted with guns. Here the late pasha, Mehemet Ali, had a palace. I have already mentioned that this remarkable man was born in the same year as Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, viz., 1769. Prior to his appointment by the sultan to the dignity of pasha, or governor, of Egypt, the country had been ruled by Mamelukes, who were originally slaves, as I named on a previous page. For some time after his installation, the sultan eyed him with jealousy, and wished to remove him from the country. As he had contrived, however, to obtain favor in the eyes of the soldiers as well as of the Mamelukes, whom he had allowed to pillage Cairo, he set the sultan at defiance, and, through the treachery of the Turkish admiral, aided by the French Consul, Monsieur Drovetti, he procured possession of the Turkish fleet,

which had been sent to subdue him. In 1806, he made the sultan a present of 4,000 purses of gold, and was then admitted into the favor of the porte, or court, of the sultan. ("Money answereth all things.")

Mehemet now, in his turn, began to be afraid of the Mamelukes, and devised a plan for their extermination, but was not able to put it in execution until 1811. He in that year prepared a great banquet at the citadel, on the occasion of investing his son Toussoon with the command of an expedition against the Wahabees in Arabia, and invited all the Mamelukes in the country to partake of it. Between 400 and 500, some accounts say 600, of them, all mounted on their best steeds, accepted of his hospitality. When the banquet was over, they rose to depart, but, to their amazement, found the outer gates of the citadel closed. A cry ran through their ranks that they were betrayed, and at the same instant, the fearful command, "Vras, vras," (Kill, kill,) was given; when a number of Greek soldiers, who were stationed on the roof, fired amongst the unfortunate guests, and every man, with one solitary exception, was butchered in cold blood. The Mameluke who escaped was on horseback, and leaped through a breach in the wall down a precipice. The horse was killed but the rider saved. The spot was pointed out to me. So great is its depth, that, were there not many witnesses to the fact, it would be impossible to believe that the poor fellow could have escaped.

Nor did the scene end here; for the pasha gave free license to the troops to plunder the houses of the Mamelukes, and commanded them and the people to destroy all with whom they met; so that not less than 1,200 more were sacrificed, while the remainder, about 2,000, fled in various directions, and all, with the exception of 14 or 15 who reached Tripoli, perished. The pasha, to use an eastern expression, (Deut. xxxii. 42,) made his sword "drunk with blood."

Horrible as this act of the pasha's was, there were numbers of persons who applauded it as a necessary means of self-defence. Mehemet affected to believe that the Mamelukes had plotted to take his life, and that, therefore, he merely turned the tables against them; and some writers say that such plot had been laid.

Mehemet Ali is said not to have been a *cruel* prince, but merely an *ambitious* one; but if a man can murder hundreds, nay, thousands, of his people in cold blood, as he did, merely because they stood in the way of his projects or disobeyed his will; if he can cause the death of 23,000 human beings in a few months by arbitrarily forcing them to dig a canal under a

tropical sun; if he can take possession of all the land in the country,* reduce the people to serfdom and then punish them with death unless they can promptly pay all the taxes he demands; if he can make war on a peaceable and independent neighbor, cause thousands of them to be put to death, and sell thousands more into slavery, as was the fate of the Nubians; it will require a greater amount of charity than I am possessed of to believe that that man was not a *cruel* man. Before we condemn him, however, we ought to compare him with other princes in the east, and not with our own sovereign, or government. The kings of the east are equally as arbitrary now as they were in Old Testament days, raising up one and putting to death another, without any one presuming to call in question their right to do so. Mehemet Ali was, indeed, a strange mixture of good and evil. When he assumed the viceroyalty of Egypt, he found the country in a state of anarchy; Bedouins, Mamelukes, Albanians, and Turks, each striving for the mastery. There was no order in any department, no security for life or property, and agriculture and commerce were alike neglected. This state of things he was resolved to alter; the country he was determined to regenerate; but he was equally determined that such alteration, such regeneration, should be made subservient to the filling of his own coffers. And he accomplished both. He improved everything. He tranquillised the country from one end to the other, and rendered the life of the traveller as safe as in his own city. The "wild ass men" of the desert, (for such is the literal meaning of Gen. xvi. 12,) who had been the terror of the people, he rendered in a measure submissive, and established a discipline in the army hitherto unknown in that quarter of the globe. He did incalculable good, and would have done more, but he had to contend with the grossest ignorance and fanaticism, and with innumerable obstacles thrown in his way by priests and people. He once went on board one of our men of war, when, seeing the books in the captain's cabin, he exclaimed, "Ah, books, books! In mine I should find pipes, pipes."

* Mehemet Ali's taking possession of all the land in Egypt, as he did when he assumed the reins, reminds me of what William the Conqueror is said to have done in England, viz., that he gave one-tenth of the land to the priests, and kept the rest for himself, but afterwards gave large portions to men whom he called nobles. This was how many of our ancient nobility became possessed of their estates. One condition, however, was imposed on the clergy, that one-third of their share should go to support the poor, and another third to repair the churches; but, bit by bit, the priests, in their craftiness, secured all, and made the people both support the poor and repair the fabrics. (See Appendix.)

Force and craft are the only influences recognised by the Turks for the accomplishment of their ends, and the old pasha was thorough master of both. Having fixed upon a plan, he was unscrupulous in the means he employed for its accomplishment. His power was unlimited, both as to life and property. He could either take a head off which would not contribute to his ambition, or allow one to be kept on whose owner paid for the privilege, though he were really worthy of death. I may name one or two instances, if I can find room. He shed blood without compunction when the person through whose veins it flowed stood in his way; but he took away no life merely for the *sake* of shedding blood; which is more than can be said of too many in the east. Indeed, however stern he was in his own person, he could not endure to see unnecessary severity in others. He had a son-in-law, who really was, even in the eyes of the Turks, a cruel man. This monster used to force his servants or others who had offended him into a field, and then cause a plough to be driven through their bodies. He once found one of his servants quarrelling with a milkseller. The servant said she had paid for the milk and that the milkseller had swallowed the money; all which the milkseller denied. The dispute was soon settled by the enlightened Turk, who caused the stomach of the milkseller to be cut open, to see if the money could be found; and then, not finding it, he caused the servant to be *ploughed*. These and many other similar barbarities reaching the ears of his father-in-law, the old pasha caused the monster to be poisoned; and everybody said the country was well rid of him.

In a word; my view of the old pasha is, that he was neither a disinterested ruler nor a wanton, useless tyrant; for all his reforms he turned to his own profit, and all his tyrannical acts to the benefit of the country. However, he is now no more, as he died in the year 1847, and has gone to appear before a more righteous tribunal than mine. The Turks do not consider it cruel to cut off the hand that opposes them; but their presumption will avail them little at the great day.

As the old pasha was up the Nile on my first visit to Egypt, and as he was no more on my second, I never had a sight of him, though I confess I was exceedingly anxious to have an interview. I went over his palace at the citadel, but saw little to admire, as the draperies and furniture were principally of European manufacture, and considerably the worse for wear. That they had been elegantly rich, I have no doubt, and had they been in Europe I might have even then pronounced them beautiful: but in Egypt I did not seem to admire anything

that was not oriental. There was throughout a universal mixture of meanness and extravagance, magnificence and dirtiness; marble floors and shabby stuccoed walls; rich couches and curtains, and some pieces of furniture that might have been picked up in Broker's Alley, London; gold-plated water taps, and servants in rags, holding out their brawny hands for the never-dying bucksheesh. But why should I complain of the poor Arabs for expecting bucksheesh? Can we travel in England a single mile without its being demanded, in some form or other? Can we visit a nobleman's seat, where the hand will not be held out on our retiring? Can we take a boat on the Thames, and the man who hails it for us not say, "Remember the waterman?" or land from a steamer, or mount a stage coach, where such *antiquities* are still in existence, and he who snatches from us our carpet bag not say, "Remember the porter?" or stop to take a single meal at an inn, and not hear some one call out, "Remember the waiter?" Can we walk the length of a single street without hearing the doleful words, "Please to bestow your charity?" Can we go through a manufactory, or stop to look at any agricultural laborers, with their bread and fat bacon, and not be asked for the "price of a drop of beer?" Can we desire any of those white-aproned gentlemen in the neighborhood of Doctors' Commons to show us the Will Office, or any other office, and not afterwards see them touch their hats? Nay, can we enter even a cathedral in this great metropolis, or the pensioners' chapel at Greenwich, or the vine at Hampton Court, or Big Tom at Lincoln, or any other Big Tom or Little Tom either, and a gratuity not be required? And what is all this but bucksheesh? The only difference is, that while in Egypt a single piastre (twopence halfpenny) is often considered liberal, though the Arabs will never tell you so, the lily-white hand at the Duke of Devonshire's at Chatsworth, or at the Earl of Warwick's at Warwick Castle, or at the Earl de Grey's at Silsoe, must not be sullied with much less than a crown.

Near the citadel also stands the Mosque of Mehemet Ali. Before the pasha's death, this mosque had been six years in the course of building, and nearly £1,000,000 had been expended upon it. It has been going on ever since, and is not completed yet. Every portion of the building, except the outer walls, is of Egyptian alabaster. The court is surrounded by a colonnade, supported by 48 massive columns, and in the centre is an alabaster fountain. All mosques have fountains in the courts, for the purpose of washing before prayers. On the east and west sides is an arcade, supported by pillars, and there

are also arcades inside, supported in like manner. The base, plinth, and moulds are also, like the pillars, &c., all of alabaster, and are richly carved and ornamented. The interior is about 46 yards by 60 yards, and is gilt and enriched in every possible way. On one side is the tomb of the pasha.

Within the walls of the citadel also is Joseph's Well. This well, or tank, is 260 feet deep, and is supplied from the Nile by means of an aqueduct. There seems to be no doubt that it was originally constructed by the ancient Egyptians; but, having become filled up with sand, it was cleared out by order of Yoosef Salah-e-deen, (Joseph Saladin,) who reigned during the time of the crusades; and from him the well derives its name, though the Arabs will have it that it was constructed by the patriarch Joseph. I descended by means of a winding staircase. The water is worked up by bullocks, which, with their drivers, are stationed near the bottom of the tank.

CHAPTER XX.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

THE BASTINADO.

In the citadel were a number of public offices and the Divan el Khideewee, or Police Court.* This court is presided over by a magistrate called the kikhya, which means deputy, as he sits there the representative of the pasha. Learning that several prisoners were going to be tried, or rather that their cases were to be summarily disposed of by the kikhya, we hastened into the hall, a large spacious apartment, about 40 yards by 16 yards, and not unlike the Guildhall of London. The kikhya, whom I may term the magistrate, was sitting on a divan, or raised seat, covered with a Turkish carpet; near him was squatted an Arab, who was evidently the accuser; and on his right was a man reading the charge. Before the magistrate was an old Arab, supplicating for mercy on behalf of his son, who was about to endure the lash, or bastinado. The magistrate held in his hand the flexible tube of his sheesheh, or Persian pipe, which I may describe by and by, and seemed as unconcerned as if nothing had been going on.—The reading of the charge being concluded, the accuser turned a fiendish, exulting look toward the magistrate; the aged supplicant cast his eyes, flooded with tears, in the same direction, while his features bore evident marks of extreme anxiety and anguish; the word of command was given, which was followed by a triumphant leer from the accuser and a groan of horror from

* I give this in the past tense, for the court is now removed into a street near the Moskie Street.

THE BASTINADO.

the accused and his friends; and the next act in this sickening tragedy was commenced.—The prisoner was thrown on his face; his feet were grasped by two men and *grappled* between a thick bar of wood, like the whipple tree of a cart, and a strong cord. The bar and cord were then twisted together, so as to hold the feet firmly; the soles of the feet were turned up and one man put his foot on the poor fellow's shoulders, while another assisted to keep down the body. Two men, one on either side of the culprit, immediately began to lash his feet with a koorbaj, that is, a thong made of the hide of the hippopotamus, hammered round, and made flexible by being steeped in oil, and the thinnest end of which was about the thickness of my little finger. (My friends in the north may see one at the Rochdale Road Sunday School, Manchester, as I have sent one, with several other things from Egypt, to their Museum.) Each executioner, standing almost on tiptoe, seemed to vie with the other in endeavoring to make the hall vibrate under the sound of his stroke. I looked on like a man stupified. Lash followed lash in rapid and appalling succession, while every corner of the building seemed to groan out its harrowing echoes as the koorbaj whizzed through the air, and as every stroke fell. But, horrifying as all this was, it seemed nothing compared to the screams of the sufferer, who, in the most heart-rending manner, called upon Allah, (God,) as every lash cut him. I know not how long I remained, nor how many strokes I witnessed; but this I do remember, that I saw the feet laid open in streaming gashes, while the body was convulsed, and the piercing shrieks of the culprit had ceased; and then, in a state of semi-madness, I rushed out of the court.

I have heard the sobs of a parent who had lost her child, the darling of her heart; I have been pierced with the shrieks of a mother in a court of justice, on hearing her only son sentenced to a long term of transportation; I have a shuddering recollection of the screams of my fellow-passengers, when, in the Gulf of Lyons, (a sea having broken upon us, swept the decks, washed two men overboard, carried away our bulwarks, our companion stairs, and our cabin windows, and deluged our berths and saloon with water,) it seemed for a few moments as if we were going to the bottom; but I never in my life heard or witnessed anything which so completely unnerved me as the groans of this poor Arab.

And what had been his offence? He had given *short weight.* It was not his first offence, it is true; but, alas! how many of my own countrymen would come under the lash, if the Turkish law were extended to them.

I afterwards learnt from my companions that one man had received 170 lashes, another 120, and two others 70 each.

One poor woman was bastinadoed, though in another room, as Franks are not permitted to see the women flogged, and her crime had been, selling a couple of fowls above their value.

The Turks say that the whip was the gift of Heaven; and they use it, not as if their commission were divine, but as though it were satanic. For short weights or measures, for common assaults, for petty thefts, for simply disobeying orders or doing things without orders, for (in some cases) asking more for wares than they are worth, for refusing to pay taxes, for violating a contract, for displeasing a "Jack in office," and for a thousand other things, the koorbaj or the naboot (stick) is the sovereign remedy. Only name the koorbaj or the naboot to any poor Arab with whom you may be dealing, and depend upon it he will think twice before he speaks once.

I asked my companions how they could possibly stay to see so much, why they did not leave before a second man was thrown down. "O!" replied the clergyman, "I think nothing of it. I have been several times, and shall come again." I did not respond, but I began to think that *he* was not the man for me to travel with across the desert.

As the afternoon was not far gone, my clerical guide proposed that we should visit several other places; but I was unmanned, and preferred returning to the hotel. On our way, despite the exclamations of our boys, the donkeys would sometimes run foul of now a man and then a woman, and nearly knock them down. Still, however much they were hurt, everybody took it in good part, and laughed, except my clerical companion, and he, whether in the right or wrong, unceremoniously used his stick. This, indeed, appeared to be his delight, for he once dismounted to belabor a poor Arab, whose only fault was knocking against his leg, while trying to avoid a horse. On reaching the hotel I asked him if *that* were the way he meant to do when crossing the desert. "O the brutes, yes!" said he; "nothing else will do for them." "Then," I replied, "I must decline making one of your party."

I may here observe, that I never once found the stick indispensable at Cairo. Some of the people tried my temper often enough; but, in Cairo, I always managed them without that established sovereign remedy. I cannot, however, bear the same favorable testimony to all the Arabs in Egypt, for, though I never used the stick but once, and that was to prevent the boat being capsized on landing at Alexandria, I had several times to threaten some of the people up the country to send

them to the sheikh, as they were most incorrigible. Fear alone makes them tolerate the Christians. I once asked an Arab guide how it came to pass that they allowed the Franks to remain in the country so peaceably, which was so contrary to what used to be the case. "O," he said, "we are afraid of the pasha." And this, I fear, is the fact. Indeed, the Turks insist upon it that a mild rule would never do for the Arabs, and I have certainly met with many who would spare neither life nor property, were it not from dread of the consequences. I do not believe that there is a single really honest Arab in all Egypt. I never heard of more than one, and he was flogged to death; and though, one way or other, I have had dealings with hundreds, I never met with one. Cheating, stealing, and lying are their prominent characteristics. The hands of these children of Ishmael seem to be "against every man, and every man's hand against them." (Gen. xvi. 12.)

The koorbaj on the feet is not the only mode of punishment. Sometimes a stick, called a naboot, is freely used on other parts of the body. I once saw a poor Arab, who was an assistant overseer in the dockyard at Boulac, whose flesh had been grievously lacerated with the naboot, simply because he had allowed two or three of the laborers to assist the engineers in the foundry, though he had done so many times before, and always with the approbation of the superintendent. And yet, this very superintendent, who had ordered the infliction, had been educated in England, and spoke English almost without a foreign accent. In England he had learnt shipbuilding, and he had learnt to despise Mahometanism, though he did not dare to openly avow it; but he had not learnt humanity.

That beating was an ordinary punishment in ancient times, is clear from Deut. xxv. 2, 3. The man who was "worthy to be beaten" was to be made "to lie down," but not to have more than 40 stripes. The Jews, after the captivity, reduced the number to 39, lest, by miscalculation, they should perchance exceed the 40; and this will account for Paul having received "forty stripes save one." The instrument used was a whip with three thongs, so that 13 strokes made 39 stripes. The largest number of stripes that Mahomet mentioned was 100, but the Turks often inflict 500; indeed, lash away until the criminal dies. The Jews reckon 168 faults that were to be punished by scourging.

I have called the whip the "established sovereign remedy" of Egypt. And so it is. Is a man suspected of concealing money which the sheikh (petty governor) of his village wishes

to extort? Down with him, and lash him till he is insensible! Then wait a little, and let his reason partially return. Will he not yet confess? Down with him again, and yet again, and cut away until his mangled flesh becomes a pulp! He may die. That, in Turkish estimation, is of no consequence. It is a simple act of justice. If he be innocent, he is almost certain to be slaughtered, as he has nothing to confess; but if he be guilty, he will, perhaps, when he feels the pangs of death upon him, give up the trifle which would have spared him all; and they often expire almost immediately afterwards.

Paul was examined by scourging, as recorded in Acts xxii. 24. Formerly, even in England, persons were tried by "ordeal," that is, made to pass over red hot iron bars; which was a barbarous method. Though neither of these cases had reference to money, yet they were not the less barbarous.

Has the sheikh of a village neglected, or been unable to collect the taxes required from the lambs of his fold? Down with him! Give him a hundred, or two hundred, and then send him home to try again. Woe, woe to them under him! By hook or crook, which, in Egypt, means by koorbaj or naboot, the money will be forthcoming.

Such is the Turkish way of dealing with the Arabs, and such, I am bound to say, is the Arab way of dealing with the Turks,—the former exacting to the utmost farthing, and the latter, in very many instances, enduring almost anything rather than part with a single piastre. Tyrant and slave are here on a level. The love of money rules both, and the one is as determined to withhold as the other is to get; and O how harrowing to think that the one is as determined to slay as the other is to be slain, rather than be without the "sordid dust," or "sweet balm," as they call it, which, in Egypt, heals all wounds. There are not many, however, who are able to "wash their steps with butter," (Job xxix. 6,) that is, enjoy uninterrupted prosperity, as they know not how soon they may be humbled. Most of the people are destined to "inherit the wind." (Prov. xi. 29.) "Wings *grow* on all their property," as they often express it, "and so may soon fly away." (Prov. xxiii. 5.) "The head," therefore, (or ruler,) is not much more secure than "the tail," (or lowest people.) (Deut. xxviii. 13.) And this insecurity is what "will not suffer a rich man to sleep." (Eccl. v. 12.) All these passages are oriental, and very appropriate.

The whip, therefore, is the key which unlocks all treasures, unravels all mysteries, settles all disputes, and opens all hearts. "You may cry," say the unfeeling rulers; "what does Heaven care for the howling of the dogs?" "And what does the wolf

care," respond the people, "if the sheepfold be destroyed?" and "What can we think of your good qualities, when every bite draws tears?" When a sheikh has been having a poor man or woman bastinadoed, the friends of the sufferer will sometimes say, "The corn passes from hand to hand, but comes to the mill at last;" meaning that it will be the sheikh's turn next. And sometimes, when a person is in trouble, his friends, by way of consoling him, will say, "Ah, well! even a *handsome* woman may have to endure a divorce."

Some years ago, a poor Arab had the misfortune to be elevated to the dignity of Sheikh el Bellad, which means Governor of a Village. While digging in his garden, he came upon an earthen vessel, containing a considerable sum of money. It was the custom, in ancient times, to put money, writings, and jewels in earthen vessels, (2 Cor. iv. 7,) and then bury them in their courts or gardens, for fear of invaders or their rulers robbing them. (Ezek. xxii. 25.) This is still universally practised; so that, when a man who is supposed to have had property dies, his successors are sure to dig in his gardens, &c., to see if any treasure be buried. This custom is referred to in Job iii. 21; Prov. ii. 4; Matt. xxv. 25; Isa. xlv. 3; Jer. xxxii. 14; Matt. xiii. 44; and other parts. Some bury a talisman with the treasure, as a charm, to prevent its being discovered. In like manner, corn, &c., is often buried; and, in times of invasion, the soldiers spare the lives of those who are able to direct them to such granaries. (See Jer. xli. 8.) Well; this poor sheikh, elated with his "good luck," and grateful for his promotion, took the money to the pasha, old Mehemet Ali, expecting, no doubt, that he would have been promoted to be a bey, (next in dignity to a pasha,) or at any rate to a nazir (ruler of a district, embracing several villages.) But, instead of that, the old pasha looked sternly at him, and said, "Is this all you found?" "Yes, your Highness," said the terrified sheikh, who already anticipated his doom. "I do not believe you," replied the pasha. "Down with him!" In vain did the sheikh affirm by all that was dear to him that he had given up every para.* He was "thrown down," and received his hundred. Still no more money was forthcoming, therefore he was thrown down again, and beaten till he expired. Poor fellow! He was far too honest to live in Egypt. Had he said nothing about the money, he might not only have retained it, but have saved his life. The old pasha once said if he could only find four honest

* The fortieth part of a piastre.

men, he could rule the country well; and yet it would seem that when he did find any, he could not believe that they were honest, and so flogged them to death. What a deplorable state the country must have been in! And it is not one whit altered. Distrust and deceit are universal. We need not wonder, then, that their fruitful fields, their smiling gardens, are becoming a howling wilderness,—the "basest of kingdoms."

An official personage once waited upon a nazir, who, as I have mentioned, is a grade higher than a sheikh. The nazir knew not his errand, but prepared for him a handsome supper. When it was ended, the visitor said, "I am sorry to inform you that I am ordered to give you 500 lashes; therefore the sooner such an unpleasant business is over the better for both of us." Roaring for mercy was useless; the nazir was "thrown down," and received the full tale.

Sometimes these petty officers are paraded through the streets on a donkey, with their faces towards its tail, and then sent to the galleys at Alexandria for two or three years, because they have been found guilty, or are suspected, either is sufficient, of making false returns.

Only last July, some policemen, who had interfered with the servants of the Spanish Consul-General, who had taken part in a quarrel, were bastinadoed by order of the governor of Alexandria, and one of them, from the last accounts, was not expected to recover.

In all money matters, the rulers take the lion's share, and give the people "the sheep's ear," as the Arabs express it. (See Amos iii. 12.) "To the lion belongs whatever he has seized." "They take from the sore-footed his sandals;" meaning they completely ruin him, for if he have sore feet, how can he walk without shoes?

The people usually divide their property into three parts; one of money, which they bury; another of jewels, which they can easily carry away; and the third of merchandise, with which they trade. They will sell anything and everything sooner than their jewels, as they can carry these about their persons.

I several times subsequently visited the citadel in the capacity of a guide, and to re-examine the beautiful mosque; but I had had enough of the bastinadoing. I once took two American gentlemen, who wished to see the punishment, into the court, when we were told there were no criminals that day; "but," said the officer on duty, "if you wish it, I will soon find some." My companions, however, a Mr. S. and a Mr. D., with whom I afterwards ascended the Nile, could not agree to that; for what the officer meant was, that he would

send into the town, and, for their gratification, soon trump up a charge against some unfortunate Arabs, and bastinado them.

Such is Turkish rule. That the pasha would have tolerated such an act, I do not for one moment believe; but worse things than this are done by the "Jacks in office," of which the pasha is totally ignorant, and for which the poor sufferers have no redress. Every man in the country is, in his way, a tyrant. The pasha issues his orders to his beys, or ministers. They again reissue them to their under officers, and so on until it comes to the poor sheikhs of the villages. However disreputable the order may be, *all* are compelled to obey. For instance; the pasha wants money; he tells his ministers so, and the money must be found. They apportion the amount. It would be folly for the governor of a district to say he cannot obtain the sum required of him. The sheikhs of the villages under them must bastinado every fellah they can lay hold of until the money is forthcoming; and if it be not found even then, the poor sheikhs must themselves endure the lash, by order of the governors; and the governors must find the money themselves or be dismissed or imprisoned. The consequence is, that if a man have a spare penny, he is afraid to let his neighbor know it, for he would be sure to tell the sheikh, to save his own pocket. Thus are all bred and born in fear and distrust. The boys tyrannise over the girls, the men over the women and children, the sheikhs over the men, the nazirs over the sheikhs, the governors over the nazirs, and so on; and, to wind up, the pasha over all. To him the people are all slaves, and would soon be told so, if they dared to think otherwise He exercises all the power that is mentioned in 1 Sam. viii. 11—17, and a great deal more.

CHAPTER XXI.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

BAZAARS.

As I find it utterly impossible to follow my journal, without a good deal of repetition, I shall, for the time being, forsake it, and content myself by describing Cairo as its varied scenes and doings present themselves to my mind.

I cannot do better than begin with the bazaars, or narrow streets of shops, for that is what the word means. These are exceedingly like the bazaars of Constantinople, except that they are not so gorgeously supplied, and that everything is very much dearer. I was asked a dollar (4s. 2d.) for a box of Price and Gosnell's tooth powder, and over and over again 30

piastres, (6s. 3d.) for articles which I could have purchased at Constantinople for 10 piastres, (2s. 1d.)

When you reach the bazaars, it is indispensable that you dismount, as it would be impossible to remain on the back of your donkey in front of the stalls, the pushing, squeezing, and jamming being unceasing and indescribable, and almost every part being wedged up to the very walls. It is often the case, that when you have left your donkeys, for a time, in charge of the drivers, the boys, who are constantly full of life, pass their jokes upon the Franks whom they may see strolling about: "Good morning, Sir, why you walk? Do you speak Engelish?" (No answer.) "No! Thought you were Engelishman. Signor, signor! Buono mattino.—Take my donkey." And if the visitors should answer in Arabic, "La, la," (No, no,) then the boys will laugh heartily, and exclaim, "La, la! Terribel Arabic."

The shops, or boxes, are similarly constructed to those of Constantinople, and about the same size, 3 ft. 6 in. or 4 ft. square; but these are built of stone, while those at Constantinople are merely wood. The floor is raised about 3 ft. above the level of the street, so that a counter is unnecessary; and the opening to the street forms both door and window, as shown in the engraving. In one street the shops are well supplied with cottons, stuffs, silks, tarbooshes, and other articles of dress; in another slippers; in another embroidered goods; in another saddlery; in another Turkish pipes; in another swords, pistols, and guns; and so forth.

The rent of the square boxes, which I have called shops, is about 30s. per month.

None of the shops, not even the new ones in the Moskie Street, have conveniences of any description. We need not wonder, therefore, that the corners of the streets are receptacles for all kinds of filth, but too offensive to an Englishman's or an American's eye; yet Cairo is clean, compared with most other eastern towns.

Many of the shops are kept by Arabs, but the most expensive belong to Turks. The former are exceedingly quick and urgent in their requests for you to purchase, while the latter often act as though they were conferring a favor upon you in allowing you to buy their goods at all. Indeed, to do anything but smoke requires an effort from these indolent people. "Why should we hurry?" say they; "the hasty and the tardy meet at the ferry;" alluding to the numerous ferry boats on the Nile, for which the people have sometimes to wait a long time. There these lordly merchants, with their turbaned

heads and crossed legs. sit, like so many statues, on their raised floors in front, scarcely moving a muscle, except what is necessary to blow out of their hairy mouths a volume of smoke. Having all their wares within reach, they rarely rise to wait upon their customers. As soon as you present yourself, they request you to be seated alongside of them, and then hand you their pipes. You may sit as long as you like, and they will never ask you what goods you want. If you will

BAZAARS, OR SHOPS, IN CAIRO.

smoke and look pleased, they will take the pipe turn about with you, and look pleased also, though neither of you may utter a word. If you make a purchase of any amount, the little cup of coffee is sure to be forthcoming, sometimes with sugar, though generally without.

I have been more than once refused an answer altogether, the shopkeeper saying he had sold enough for the day, and did not wish to sell more. There they squat, with their long pipes, as shown in the engraving, and seem to think of, or care for, nothing but their tobacco and self-indulgence, keeping their goods exposed to view, yet refusing to sell. This indifference is, however, peculiar to the Turks. I never found the Arabs saying, or even thinking, they had sold enough.

The shop shown in the engraving is that of a chymist and grocer. Paper lanterns and farthing candles are seen suspended from the box lid, or shutters. (See my remarks on the bazaars at Constantinople.) Latticed projections are seen above, and a half-clothed Arab girl in front.

The weights and measures in the bazaars are superintended by an officer called Mohtesib. This officer rides about with a large pair of scales, followed by numerous servants. Mr. Lane gives several anecdotes of two men who successively held this office a few years ago, which are, I think, worth recording. The first would often stop a servant in the street, and ask him what he had given for the goods he had just purchased; and if he found he had been cheated, he would have the offender flogged on the spot. Once he bored a hole through the nose of a baker, who had given short weight, and had a cake suspended from it by a piece of cord. He was then stripped naked, except a piece of linen about his loins, and tied to the bars of a window in one of the principal streets, where he was left for three hours, exposed to the gaze of the people and to the scorching heat of the sun.

The other officer used to cut off the ear lap for the most trifling offences, and often for no offence at all, but from mere whim, or because the dealers would not bribe him. A butcher had two ounces of flesh cut from his back because he had given two ounces short weight. A seller of a paste like vermicelli was half baked on his own copper tray. A bath-keeper was "thrown down," and beaten to death, because he did not like the mohtesib's horse to go into his marble bath. One man was asked the price of his water melons, and he replied, "Clip my ear." "What do you mean?" said the mohtesib. "Why," replied the man, "I know that if I were to say the price is ten fuddahs, you would say, 'Clip his ear;' and if I

said five fuddahs, or one fuddah, you would say, 'Clip his ear;' therefore, clip it at once, and let me pass on." His humor saved him, though it was a daring experiment. Many other acts of similar brutality were committed by this mohtesib.

Mutilations of the nose and ears are mentioned in Ezek. xxiii. 25.

There was one officer in Cairo, whose servant used to carry a pair of scales with a hollow tube for the beam, and this tube contained quicksilver; so that, in trying the weights, he could turn the balance which way he pleased, by causing the quicksilver to pass to either end. He knew which shop-keepers had bribed his master, and their weights were sure to be pronounced correct, while all others were declared deficient. Our excisemen's method of weighing paper at the paper mills is bad enough, but it is certainly not like this. They always take the draught the wrong way; that is, if the paper only just move the weights, they call it another pound; and this causes our paper makers to pile on their scales as much paper at one time as they can, as they lose the draught at each weighing. I think the easterns must always have been great cheats, as a "false balance," "making the ephah small and the shekel great," is more than once denounced in the Bible, while a "just balance" is said to be "the Lord's."

The Turkish mohtesib does not always take the law into his own hands, but sometimes sends the offenders to his superior officers at the citadel. And this is much more the case now than it was formerly.

Though the punishment for cheating is so severe, it would be the height of folly to give the dealers anything like the prices they ask for their wares; nor will you be much spared if you have your dragoman, or interpreter, with you, as he divides the spoil with the spoiler. It was not until my last visit that I was able to make my own bargains; and I certainly saved both myself and my companions a considerable per centage on our purchases. If you want any article, the best way is to push it on one side and seem indifferent about it, when the seller is almost sure to name a fair price, or somewhere near one. Their best goods are always kept in the back ground, and only brought out when they have failed in inducing you to purchase their inferior ones. Sometimes, indeed often, when we ask the price of goods, the Arab dealers will answer, "Take it for nothing; I shall be happy to make you a present of it." But this always means that they expect *a present* in return, of much greater value. I once pretended to take one of these *benevolent* Ishmaelites at his word. When

he *presented* me with the article I wanted to purchase, I graciously received it, and hastily walked off, exclaiming, "Kattell kharuck, ya taager," (Thank you, merchant;) but to have heard the noise he made would have frightened any one who was not acquainted with the Arab character. I have no doubt that when Ephron offered the field to Abraham, as a burying-place, and said, "I give it thee," it was much in the way that I have just been naming; but Abraham would have the price fixed. (Gen. xxiii. 11—16.) However, I soon relieved the anxiety of my merchant, as I sent him the proper value of his goods.

Some of the Arabs are not very particular what they trade in. One of their maxims is, "Gain upon dirt, rather than lose even upon musk." And gain they will, by some means or other. They do not even attempt to make you believe they are honest. "To thy eye, O merchant," is one of their ejaculations. As much as to say, like our English auctioneers, "There are the goods, fairly before you;" which means, Keep your eye open, or you may possibly pay too much.

The Arabs are all busy at work at their trades in view of the streets. The pipe turners use their feet to turn their lathes, and the fringe makers and many other artisans hold their work with their toes.

Amongst my purchases at the bazaars, besides a great variety of articles of dress, were pipes, sticks, coffee services, cutlery, and every out-of-the-way curiosity that I could lay my hands on. The Egyptian cutlery is the worst I have anywhere seen, being nothing but sheet-iron, half polished and a quarter sharpened. Before the use of iron became general, knives were made of flint, and so also were arrow points and spear heads. They were sharpened by grinding, and are called in Exod. iv. 25 "sharp stones." In Josh. v. 2, 3, "knives" means flints. Flint is still used in some parts of Ethiopia for certain religious purposes.

On Fridays, the Mahometan Sabbath, the bazaars are open as on other days, the only distinction that the people make being to say their prayers a little oftener. When they go to the mosques, they hang a piece of net over the front of their shops until they return; and nobody ever thinks of stealing their goods.

Sometimes we may see a person reading portions of the Koran to the shopkeeper, both being seated side by side. As there are very few persons in Egypt who can read, these effendees, as those who can read and write are called, obtain a livelihood by going about in this way.

One amusing scene in the bazaars must not be passed over; and that is, the Arab auctions. A man passes along, from

street to street, holding up some article which he has to sell, and incessantly repeating the amount of the last bid. When he has exhausted all his efforts, he makes his way back to the highest bidder, and declares him to be the purchaser. I have often wondered how an auction in the English fashion would take in Egypt.

Cairo swarms with money changers, who are principally Jews. It is estimated that no less than 3,000 Jews reside in the city. Their quarter, as at Smyrna and everywhere else, is the filthiest in the town. It is remarkable that the plague generally breaks out here. In 1835, no less than 80,000 persons died in Cairo during the plague.

Though I visited the bazaars times innumerable, and though everything went on in the same way, I never seemed to be tired. It appeared as if there were something gorgeously, fantastically, and strangely new every visit I paid them. At Athens there was nothing worth seeing but the ruins, and the attractive features of a lovely undulating country, with a continued alternation of hill and valley; but here, in Cairo, there seems to be something new every day; and I dare not say that the view from the citadel is not equal to that from the Acropolis at Athens. Indeed, few, if any, scenes awaken at a glance so many interesting associations as the view from the Cairo citadel. It was always necessary, however, that I should look only at the surface, for if I involuntarily, as it were, looked underneath, I could see nothing but taxation and the bastinado; and this has spoiled me many an hour's pleasure in Cairo.

CHAPTER XXII.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

MOSQUES AND SLAVES.

As Cairo is the metropolis of Egypt, it contains, of course, a large number of mosques with their towering minarets, just as London contains its full share of churches with their steeples. Some writers say there are in Cairo 400 mosques, but I should take at least 100 from that number. Prior to the erection of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, which I have already named, that of Sultan Hassan was considered the best in the city; and its architecture is really beautiful. The Arabs say that the sultan who caused the mosque to be erected had the hand of the architect cut off, that he might not erect another like it; but they say the same of other buildings, being fond of extravagant language. The guides direct attention to a raised medallion in the mosque, about

3 ft. in diameter, and say that a cake of that size was sold for a khamsa (a little more than a farthing) when that mosque was built.

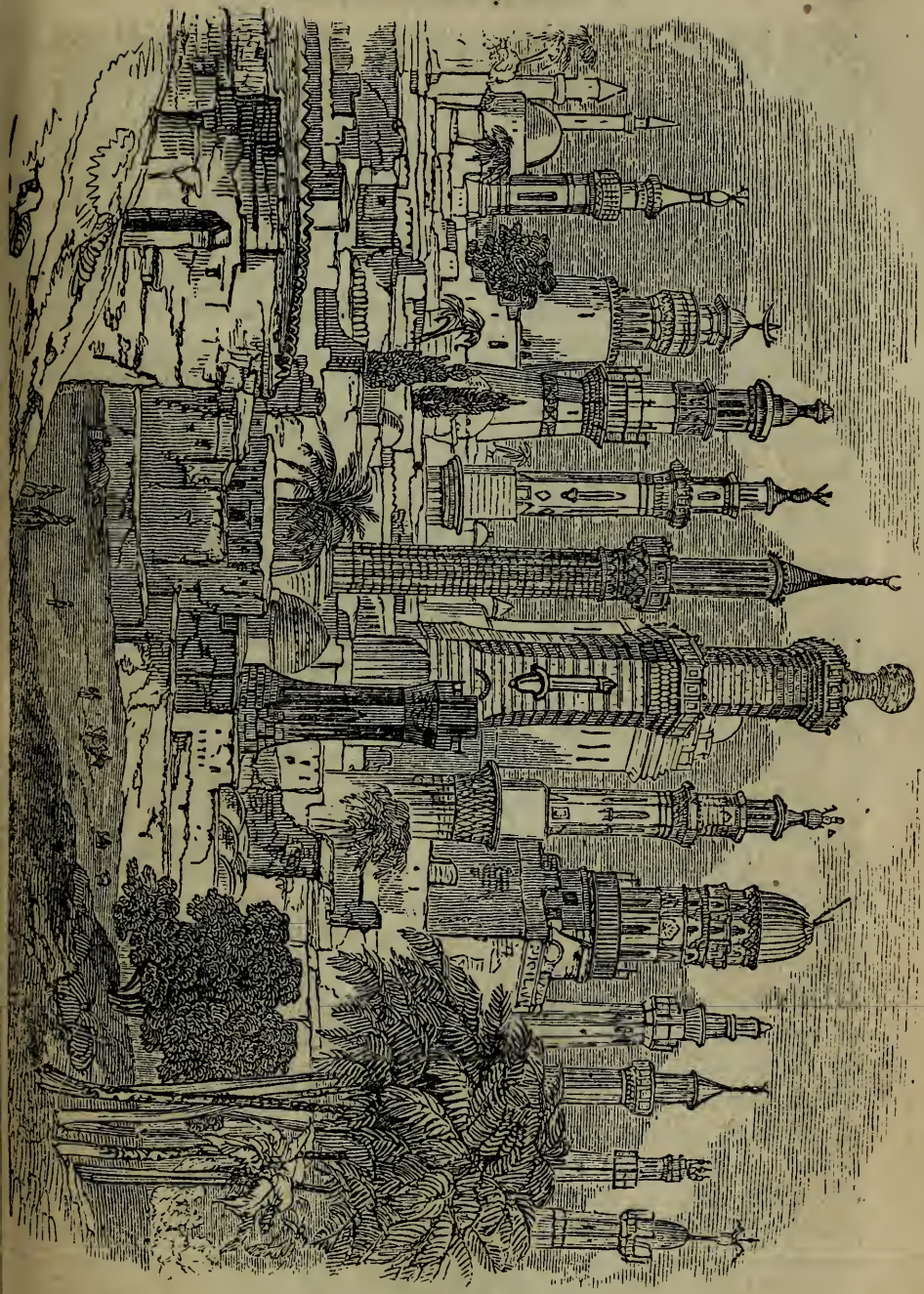
The oldest mosque in Cairo is that of Achmet Tayloon having been erected nearly 1,000 years ago. The Mahometans believe that it stands on the spot where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac; and they say that the court marks the site where Noah's ark rested after the flood. They also point to what they say is a print of their prophet's (Mahomet's) foot, forgetting that he never was in Cairo.

It must not be supposed because I name no other mosque that none others are worth naming, for the very contrary is the fact; there are many, and we can obtain ready admission to all; but dry descriptions I wish to avoid. They are all, or nearly all, open to the houseless poor. Here they may find a refuge when every other door is closed against them. This is one redeeming trait in the character of the Mahometans.

At the given hours of prayer, the moueddins, or priests, ascend the minarets, and, often in an impressive and melodious tone of voice, call the people to their devotions. They exclaim, or sing, "God is most great! I testify that there is no deity but God, and that Mahomet is his Prophet. Come to prayer! Come to safety! Prayer is better than sleep!" &c. &c. There are few, however, who pray five times a day. Indeed, I could not learn that some of them ever pray at all, but merely utter exclamations of honor or praise. They say that it is impossible to change the mind of God, that he has decreed everything, and that, therefore, it is useless to ask him for anything; but they are ignorant of the fact that where there is no prayer there can be no spiritual life, that without prayer there can be no answer, and that God has declared he "*will* be inquired of for these things." (Ezek. xxxvi. 37.)

There are no bells in any of the minarets, the cries of the moueddins being substituted. Many of the moueddins are said to be blind, chosen in preference to others, that they may not be able to pry into the houses, which, from their elevated position on the minarets, they would otherwise be able to do.

When the Egyptians hear the moueddins call to evening prayer, which is about four minutes after sunset, they wind up their watches, those at least who have any, but they are not numerous, and also *set* their watches. As they reckon their time from sunset, which they call 12 o'clock, they have to alter their watches nearly every day. Some tell the time by observing the length of their shadow, which, of course, extends as the sun declines. This is what Job referred to,



EASTERN MINARETS.

when he spoke of the servant earnestly desiring the shadow, meaning that he "gaped after" (as expressed in the margin) the lengthening of his shadow, that he might give up work for the day, and receive "the reward of his labor." (Job vii. 2.) And when they are particularly anxious to give up, they say,

"How long my shadow is in coming!" just as we should say, "Only five o'clock yet! I wish it was seven." The Psalmist had the same thing in view when he wrote Ps. cii. 11, and David also in Ps. cix. 23. Our shadow is the *shortest* when the sun is due south, right over our heads; and the *longest* just before the sun disappears, when we are "*gone*,"—our sun is set! Thus it is a common expression, "May your shadow never decline;" or, "May your shadow never be less," which is equal to the exclamation, "May you live for ever." The sultan is sometimes called the *shadow* of God.*

Mahomet (poor man!) promised that all who built a mosque to the prophet on earth, should be "rewarded with one in heaven, covered with diamonds, where the trunks of the trees should be of solid gold, and the pavement of pearls and jacinths. From the roots of the tree called Tuba (Happiness) should flow rivers of pure water, wine, and honey, and their banks should be covered with saffron, strewn with gems." A commercial friend of mine once astonished his interpreter a little, by saying that where gold, diamonds, and gems would be so plentiful, they would be worth nothing.

The engraving on the previous page represents a variety of minarets, or steeples, as seen in Cairo and elsewhere.

Formerly, there was a slave market at Cairo, which was a much larger one than that at Constantinople. Mehemet Ali, however, caused it to be done away with. Slaves are, therefore, only to be purchased now at the residences of the slave merchants.

The slaves in Egypt are, as a general rule, well treated by their masters, but the dealers are described as perfect brutes. Mr. Lane asserts that there is scarcely a girl "of eight or nine years of age who has not suffered brutal violence; and so severely do these children, boys as well as girls, feel the treatment which they endure from the dealers, that many instances occur of their drowning themselves during the voyage down the Nile." I have seen cargoes of these poor creatures brought down the river in open boats, like so many pigs. The children are all pot-bellied, arising from their food, which consists en-

* The term "shadow," sometimes in the Bible means *protection:* "The Lord is thy shade (protection) upon thy right hand." (Ps. cxxi. 5. See also Ps. xvii. 8; lxiii. 7; xci. 1; and many other parts.) So in Numb. xiv. 9, the word "defence" means literally *shadow.* "Allow me to come under your shadow," the easterns sometimes will say, meaning under your care, or protection. Isaiah pronounces a woe upon the "land *shadowing* with wings," which doubtless means Egypt, as she professed to be a great protector, and as wings are represented in all her temples. (Isa. xviii. 1; xxx. 2, 3; Judges ix. 15; and other parts.)

tirely of vegetables. Until recently, there were slave hunts throughout the interior of the country, Nubia, &c., but the influence of England is said to have caused them to be done away with. I wish I could believe it. Many are induced voluntarily to leave their homes under promise of rich dresses, luxurious lives, and so forth; but many others are kidnapped. They are brought chiefly from Dongola and Sennaar. Sometimes a gang of armed men, often soldiers on furlough, will go into a village, and take possession of the wells, thus depriving the people of water, until they consent to give up their children; and sometimes they lie in ambush, to seize the children as they pass by. Those who know what the Turks are will have no hesitation in believing this. Free children may be stolen, as they are not considered property; but to steal a slave is punishable with death. A tax of more than £2 per head is paid to the government on each slave.

Some writers state that the slaves can claim their freedom in seven years; but I much doubt this.

Accompanied by one of my American companions, I visited two of the merchants, to inspect their "live stock," that I might see with my own eyes whether or not what I had heard and read about slaves were true. The first merchant upon whom we called had only Abyssinians, who are of a yellow colour,—as nearly as possible that of a person who has the jaundice.* The other's stock consisted of Ethiopians, now called Nubians, who are jet black. These are, however, by far a finer race of people than the Abyssinians.

When at the dealers', my companion did not like the look of the Abyssinians, and, therefore, asked few questions respecting them; but the Nubians he thoroughly and freely examined, stroking them down and feeling their joints, just as if they had been horses which he was going to purchase. He then turned to me, and said, "That's how the southerners do in my country, but I abominate the system altogether;" and

* Mr. Fisk, a clergyman of the Church of England, in his "Pastor's Memorial," says the Abyssinians are *black*. Speaking of the Nile between Atfeh and Cairo, the same gentleman says the sandy banks are seldom relieved even by a palm tree; and he also falls into several other errors, which I need not mention. I do not name these things by way of criticism, as I have read the work in question with considerable interest; but for the following reasons: 1, To show that even the most conscientious writers may make mistakes, which, as in Mr. F.'s case, may be allowed to pass through several editions uncorrected; and, 2, Because I know that some of my friends have read Mr. F.'s work, and that, if they compare our accounts, they may think the errors are mine, unless I call attention to the fact.

I believe he did. The dealers opened the mouths of the poor two-legged animals, to show us their tongues and teeth, to convince us they were neither feverish nor dyspeptic; and they also caused them to walk about, to "exhibit their paces," as a horse dealer would say. One or two of them laughed, being ignorant of their degraded state, but others looked heart-rendingly sad. There were no men amongst them, only women and children.

The slaves always looked well pleased when they thought we were going to purchase them, though some of them were motionless and upright as black marble statues. Their skins being rubbed over with oil, they shone as if they had been varnished.

What can be more revolting to a Christian's mind than this traffic in human flesh? To say that the slaves are kindly treated, with me weighs but little. The *principle* is the same.

We English have abolished slavery in our own dominions, having paid, some years ago, twenty millions sterling to the West India planters for the redemption of their slaves; and we profess to impose a heavy fine on all British subjects who shall in any way deal in slaves in foreign countries; but were I at liberty to put in print all that I have seen and heard on this subject in Egypt, I should astonish some of our philanthropists.

It is no uncommon thing for slaves to become the favorites of their masters, and to be raised to considerable power. Joseph was sold as a slave into Egypt, and was made ruler of the kingdom; and prior to the time of Mehemet Ali, the country was governed by the Mamelukes, who were originally slaves. Daniel was carried a slave into Babylon, yet he became great.

Sometimes a man who has no children "redeems" a slave boy, adopts him as his own, and constitutes him his heir. This must have been the case with Abraham prior to the birth of Isaac, as recorded in Gen. xv. 3, and the custom may be referred to in Prov. xxix. 21; for it must not be forgotten that the term "servant" in the Bible generally, if not invariably, means *slave*. Thus Onesimus was the *slave* of Philemon, and ran away. (See Philem.) So also in Gal. iv.: "No more a *slave*, but a son; and if a son, then an *heir*." And as the Ethiopian slaves are *black* naturally, and, before such adoption, held in Egyptian bondage, are not the Lord's adopted ones also *black* by nature, and, before being thus manifestively redeemed, in bondage to the world? How beautiful the figure!

There are many persons in the east named Abdallah, that is, the slave of God; and if we look at Ps. cxvi. 16, we find David

saying, "O Lord, I am *thy slave;*" and he also says, "Thou hast loosed my bonds;" that is, thou hast redeemed me from the yoke of my old master. And this is what the Redeemer referred to when he said, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Take *my* yoke upon you," &c. And may not his people say, in reply to the gracious invitation,

"Behold we sit
In *willing bonds* beneath thy feet?"

See also Rom. viii. 15, and Gal. iv. 4, 5, which alike refer to this adoption. Moses refused to be thus adopted by Pharaoh's daughter.

It still is the custom, when a man buys a slave, to stamp upon his hand, or some other part of his body, some particular mark by which he may know him, just as a farmer or cattle-dealer does his sheep or bullocks; and Paul, (Gal. vii. 17,) referring, of course, to this custom, says he bore in his body the *marks* (which were stripes, 2 Cor. vi. 5; xi. 23, 24) of his new Master; and he says to the Corinthians, "Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price," &c.; and Peter says this price was "the precious blood of Christ."

The Romans often treated their slaves with great cruelty, compelling them to carry a large cross, as a sign that their lives were in the hands of their masters, while men followed them, whipping them round their theatres, often merely for the amusement of the spectators, who jeered and ridiculed the whole time. Thus was the dear Redeemer mocked, and scourged, and ridiculed, and compelled to bear *his* cross, until he broke down under its weight, being thus treated as the meanest of slaves; but, as Paul says, he "despised the shame." And hence the Redeemer, knowing that such was the treatment of slaves, and referring prophetically to the fact that such would be *his* treatment, said to his disciples and to the people, "Whosoever will come after me, let him take up his cross;" that is to say, Let him be prepared to submit to all the indignities, deprivations, and cruel hardships to which he sees the slaves around him subjected, even to whippings and scourgings, yea, even to being separated from his father and mother, yea, even to the laying down of his life; and if he be not prepared for this, he "is not worthy of me." (Matt. x. 37, 38, and other parts.) So again, slaves were often *put to death* by the Romans, and they were then treated as the worst of malefactors, and crucified; and this is what Paul refers to when he speaks of the Redeemer taking upon himself the form of a *slave*, and becoming subject to a slave's death, even the death of the cross. (Phil. ii. 7, 8.)

Most of the ladies in the east have slaves of their own, and have a full right to do with them as they please, without any interference on the part of their husbands. The husband has no power over the wife's property, whether that property consist of slaves, jewels, dress, or furniture. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a wife to give her husband her slave, just as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham; and the children, if any result, also become the property of the wife. Thus Sarah, according to the custom of the country, still in existence, had a perfect right to send away Hagar and Ishmael, and Abraham could not have prevented it without violating every principle of eastern propriety. Rachel also gave Bilhah, her *slave*, to Jacob, to whom she bare children, and they were considered Rachel's children, as much as if they had been really her own. Hence she says, "God hath judged me, and given *me* a son;" and so on. Leah also gave her slave Zilpah to Jacob. But my reader must turn to Gen. xxx. 1—13, and other parts of the Bible, for I cannot extend my remarks on any of these points.

A man may also take his own slave to be his wife, or concubine, and, indeed, as many as he pleases; but I may say more upon this subject when I speak of eastern marriages.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EGYPT—CAIRO.

HOTELS, INSECTS, MISSIONARIES, & MISCELLANEOUS.

I have been particularly requested to name what sort of accommodation is to be found in Cairo for an invalid.

On my first visit, the hotels were bad; but on my last I found Shepheard's Hotel equal to any at which I had put up out of England; and our food was everything that a reasonable man could desire. His usual terms are 8s. per day; but if a person or family purpose making any stay, he does not object to special arrangements. There may be cheaper hotels in Cairo than his, and there may be quieter, as he makes up a large number of beds; but, taking all things into account, his is decidedly the best.

Invalids must not, however, expect those particular attentions which they would have in their own houses, unless they hire a servant there, which can easily be done. Neither must they expect to be free from troublesome insects, though every attention is paid to cleanliness. I used to have every yard of carpet taken out of my room, leaving nothing but the bare flags, and would then, night after night, walk about bare-

legged until my feet have been half covered with fleas. I then applied a wet towel, in true hydropathic style, and by this means would somewhat clear the room. But the next day, as sure as ever I went into the streets, I again imported a large number. The dust seemed to be alive with them. To blame the landlords of the hotels for this, would be as absurd as to blame the sea for containing sharks. I at first wondered where the fleas all came from; but the mystery was soon unravelled to my mind. As there is scarcely any wood for fuel in the country, and no coal except what is sent from England, the people have to burn dung. This it is the duty of the girls and women to gather. When they have a basket full, they mix with it bits of straw, chaff, dried grass, and anything else they can find, and then make it into flat cakes, about the size of muffins. These are then stuck up on the sunny sides or on the roofs of their houses to dry; and they breed fleas by thousands, which, when a wind arises, are blown into the streets, and every man, woman, and child must have his or her share. This dung fuel is referred to in Ezek. iv. 12, 15. That the bread was to be dealt by measure, and to be baked with man's dung instead of that of animals, was intended to show the distress to which the people would be reduced. By taking care that my mosquito curtains did not reach the ground, I generally succeeded in keeping my bed tolerably free from fleas, for, necessity being the mother of invention, I discovered that they could not jump many inches high. This, however, I did not find out until my last journey. When these marauders did get into my bed, I used to lie still until they were surfeited, though I had to endure a martyrdom; and then, lighting my candle, they were easily secured.

But is there not worse than this in London and other parts? I once took a room, as a store-room, in London, in which a woman had been living for some time. I had the walls and floors washed over with dissolved arsenic, and the men carried out nearly a pailful of bugs. They put them into the pail with a spade. Now a bug in Shepheard's Hotel I never saw, though there may be some in the summer, for most houses in Egypt, in consequence of the lattices and ornamental wood work, literally swarm with them in warm weather. Both bugs and fleas are also harbored in myriads in the coarse sacking blinds which the people have outside their windows and lattices to keep out the dust; for sometimes the dust is so terrific that it obscures the sun like a yellow fog.

There are other insects in Egypt which must not even be named in polite society, and too many of which I picked up

from the donkeys and people in the towns and villages of Upper Egypt, causing me sometimes to strip to my skin and throw all my clothes into hot water; but of these I never met with one at Shepheard's. Mosquitoes and flies are also very troublesome, but these are easily managed. It is said that mosquitoes will not pass through nets; but I know to my sorrow that they will squeeze through the smallest holes, if only large enough for their bodies. Their sting is, perhaps, the most intolerable of all others in the houses.

At a meeting held in London, in Oct., 1853, it was stated that "Sir John Franklin was so tender-hearted that he would not even kill a mosquito that was stinging him." I should say he never was in Egypt, then; for all travellers agree in saying that there is no place in the world where the sting of the mosquito is so penetrating, so smarting, so itching, so acute, as in Egypt. They stick their proboscis into your flesh like a horse fly, and my inexperienced readers may form their own views of that. How the Jews manage on their Sabbath Day I know not, for they profess to keep it so strictly that they are not even allowed to look for a flea during it, however much it may be tormenting them. If they see any vermin on their outer dress they may knock it off, but not kill it; neither may they turn over any part of their dress, though they may have seen insects crawling up their legs. Under such restrictions, I am sure I could not exist in Egypt, as my skin is particularly sensitive.

When Sir Sydney Smith was in Egypt with the British army, he thought one night he would sleep on the sands, as he could get no rest in the houses; but that night a wind covered him with all sorts of insects.

I am anxious to say as much in favor of Cairo as I conscientiously can, as I like it much better than any other city I have ever visited in the east; but some sights which often arrest your attention in the streets are truly sickening. The lower classes swarm, nay, quiver with vermin, and you are constantly compelled to see them resting in shaded corners and divesting themselves of unmentionable insects, the necessity for which would be obviated were they to bestow a little attention on the cleanliness of their persons. But thousands of them have no change of garment, and, therefore, are compelled to wear one dress night and day. Those who sleep among the tombs or in the streets are filthy to a most loathsome degree, covered not only with vermin but with disease. However much my word may be doubted by those who do not know me sufficiently to believe that I am incapable of uttering a wilful

falsehood, I declare seriously that I often saw not only the soldiers, when off duty, but even the dogs in the streets, assisting each other to rid themselves of vermin. But to all these things I became gradually so accustomed that I at last thought no more of them than I did of the water carriers. In going over an empty house, it is always desirable first to send in two or three of the natives, to carry off the fleas. They will take away the hundreds, and thus enable you to escape with only the dozens.

Moths I must not omit naming. I once saw some knives the black bone hafts of which were said to have been half consumed by them. I also saw the remains of a hair-seated sofa which had been devoured. It is no uncommon thing to find dresses consumed in a single night. In Isa. li. 6, "wax old" probably refers to a garment that is moth-eaten. So also in Ps. vi. 7, and xxxi. 9, "consumed" means moth-eaten; and again in Ps. xxxix. 11. Job xxvii. 18 probably refers to the fact that the moth literally consumes its own dwelling; and Job xiii. 28 is equally expressive.

The moths in England are bad enough, but of course they are nothing to this. Perfumes of various sorts are used to keep away the moths, but I am not sure that any succeed.

Ants again are exceedingly troublesome and destructive, but more so in the country than in the towns. Mr. Maxton, the pasha's superintendent engineer, to whom I referred a few pages back, assured me he had had a whole joint of meat devoured by them in a few hours. This was by the lion ant, which is very large, and has two claws at the head, similar to those of a crab, only smaller. I have seen thousands of them.

I said so much about the dogs at Constantinople, that I shall say but little here. The pasha lately obtained from England, by great exertions, a gigantic mastiff, of the famous Lyme breed, and the monster was the talk of the whole city of Cairo. As the pasha's private secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the people did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only, "Wonderful! wonderful!" Others adopted literally the sentence, "Our trust is in God." One old man was heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can protect us even from thee, O terrible one!"

The dogs of Lower Egypt are by no means so fine a breed

as those of Constantinople, neither are they half so well fed. The latter fact may be easily accounted for by the poverty of the people of Egypt. I have observed some dogs in Cairo which seemed to be ever lying in the sun, sleeping. On going up to them, instead of snapping and growling, as other dogs did, they invariably quietly skulked away. It struck me that these must be the dumb dogs, "loving to slumber," to which Isaiah compared the watchmen. (lvi. 10.)

The landlord of the hotel had a dog of the bull breed, which used to watch on the steps and keep the donkey boys in check; and he did his work more effectually than half a dozen men could have done; for as soon as he was seen trotting down the hall, both donkeys and drivers would scamper away. His name was Toby. On my last visit to Egypt I took with me a tolerably thick walking stick, with the form of a bull-dog's head, with glass eyes, at the top. This I took because I knew it would amuse the Arabs; and I was not disappointed. In every part of the country the people would press round me to examine it, and pass their remarks, in approving terms, on every part,—mouth, ears, eyes, nose, &c. Many of the boys would run away as soon as they saw it, until they found it was really not alive, though even then they approached it very carefully and timidly; and my donkey boy made dozens of them run away, by merely holding it up to them and running after them. The donkey boys in Cairo called it Toby.

Should the clothes of an Egyptian accidentally touch a dog's nose when it is wet, they must be washed seven times over in clean water and once scrubbed with earth. Dogs are essentially useful in the streets of Egypt, there being no scavengers, as they eat all the offal, which would otherwise soon putrefy. In the villages, they are certain to bark at every one in a European dress; but they take care never to come within stick distance. Still I should not like to take some of them "by the ears," as that would be wantonly exposing myself to danger, which is what Prov. xxvi. 17 means.

In many streets there are troughs of water for the dogs, and the shopkeepers pay a man to keep them filled. Mr. Lane says that a mad dog is never seen in Egypt, notwithstanding the great heat; which fact may arise partly from the canine race being always able to find water and partly from the dryness of the climate.

Many years ago, a rich man in Cairo is said to have left a sum of money to the kadee, or chief judge, for the purpose of supporting cats. Everybody who has a cat that he wants to get rid of, turns it into the court of the kadee's house; but,

by some means or other, the number under his paternal care never increases. And, indeed, as the officer is changed every year, it would seem that the amount of the cats' income has changed too, for it has now dwindled down to a mere trifle.

It was always to me an interesting sight to watch the passengers for India leave in the vans, to cross the desert to Suez. I may as well, in a few words, give particulars. This is, as I have already once or twice mentioned, what is called the Overland Route, by means of which persons can reach India in a month; whereas, to go round by the Cape of Good Hope, double or treble that time would be required. Passengers leave Southampton in the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, cross the Bay of Biscay, call at Gibraltar and Malta, (or they may reach Malta by way of France, as I did,) and then proceed to Alexandria. Here they are transferred to the steamers on the Mahmoudieh Canal, thence to the Nile, and thence to Cairo.* While proceeding to Cairo, they form themselves in parties of six, and each such party is numbered by one of the officers. Soon after their arrival at Cairo, notices are affixed to the hotel doors, "Nos. 1 to 6 will leave at such an hour, Nos. 7 to 12 at such an hour," and so on. I have known them to arrive at midnight, and the earlier groups be compelled to leave at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, however fatigued they may have been, while the later Nos. have probably remained in Cairo all day, and thus been able to visit the pyramids. Well, the time arrives. Half a dozen good two-wheel vans, each with four horses, drive up to the hotel door. The names of the passengers are called over. Six persons seat themselves in each van, and off they go. Those who leave at night are accompanied some distance by men with meshals, which are circular iron frames, (probably the same as in John xviii. 3 are called "torches,") filled wth burning wood, to give light, and they are then left to traverse the desert as best they may. In these vans they have to travel 80 miles, which occupies 16 hours, and they then reach Suez. At Suez they generally remain a few hours, and then go on board a steamer on the Red Sea for Aden, and thence to India.

I once went from Cairo to Suez in one of these vans, but it was the most horrid journey I ever had in my life. Being in the night, and having no beacons to guide us, our driver frequently lost the track, for there is no regular road in the desert, and then the jolting was terrific. Now we are pitched

* A railway is in progress from Alexandria to Cairo, superintended by English engineers. It will be a great boon, and is expected to be completed this year, (1854.)

one upon another, and then banged back again; now we run bump upon a huge stone, which makes us roar again; knocked right and left, shaken in every direction, causing us to laugh at first, but to nearly cry at last; and now we come to a dead lock in the sand. Then the driver hallooes to the other drivers, "Where is the road?" And we hear the answer, "I don't know; I'm lost myself." Then I take out my compass, and, through Mr. Maxton, who was with me, and who spoke Arabic, tell the man which way to go. Off we go again, bump, bump, bang, bang,—it really is terrific. And thus we go on from station to station. My stomach did not, for several days, recover from the effects of the shaking. The road is being macadamised, though slowly. When completed, omnibuses are to replace the vans. I have no doubt, however, that eventually there will be a railroad, despite the Ishmaelites.

The stations for changing horses are only five miles apart, and at every fourth station there are good rooms with refreshments. At the middle station there is always a hot dinner or supper prepared, consisting of soups, mutton, turkeys, geese, chickens, vegetables, fruits, &c.; and all very good. There are telegraphs (not electric, but on the old plan, by signals on towers) all the way from Suez to Alexandria; so that it is known at each station at what time the passengers may be expected. Hence they never have to wait for either breakfast, dinner, or supper. Every drop of water for these stations and almost every particle of food have to be taken from Cairo on camels. Hundreds of fowls and pigeons are, however, kept at the stations; but of course their food has to be conveyed in like manner, as for miles round it is nought but a dreary sandy desert, without even a blade of grass. I slept two nights at one of these stations, and must say the accommodation was excellent. I never felt more grateful. The passengers from India often grumble, but they are exceedingly unreasonable. They have been accustomed to enjoy every luxury in India, with servants behind them to fan off the flies; and because they cannot have the same in a barren desert, they abuse the pasha and everybody connected with him. I have often felt very indignant when I have heard them give vent to their foolish complaints on arriving in Cairo. A celebrated public lecturer, who, in his lectures on the Overland Route, so ridiculed the desert accommodations, is said never to have been there in his life! I could stay comfortably at the middle station for a month, or more, if the wild Arabs would only promise to keep away; and they never now molest the passengers.

On returning home, we once or twice had true Arab horses, as frisky as the wild ass. They kicked, and plunged, and reared, and turned us round and round, and tore away from the ropes, called harness, until we thought we were doomed to be upset, and to remain in the desert all night. Once the driver got off his seat and left us, to fetch something from the stable, when the horses started off. Mr. M. sprang out, and succeeded in stopping them; or what might have been the result I know not. It was a merciful deliverance. When the driver came up, Mr. M. gave him a good threshing, and he richly deserved it for leaving us. The pasha was once going to his palace, when one of the horses began to kick. He immediately ordered the sais (ostler) to have 500 lashes.

On one occasion I saw a party leaving Cairo for Suez in the night, and the Arabs were selling them candles, at sixpence each. I soon found that they were stealing the candles from the hotel, and I quickly had it stopped.

I once or twice gave up my bed to the passengers when the hotels were full, as is sometimes the case; for from 150 to 200 people often arrive at once.

Opposite the central station the pasha has a good palace, to which he resorts occasionally, by order of his doctors. No less than 50 camel loads of water are conveyed there every day from Cairo. The expense of keeping it up is enormous.

I several times, when in Cairo, visited an English physician, named Abbott. This gentleman was quite an original, and had, or might have had, a tolerably good practice; but in his habits, as well as dress, he had become a thorough Turk. "As for religion," he once said to me, "I believe everybody is right. I'm determined I'll never be a martyr. If Turks or Catholics came to me, and said, 'Now, Sir, you must either believe so and so, or be torn to pieces,' I would soon reply, 'Just put those red hot pincers in cold water, will you? and I'm your man to believe anything.' My wife," he continued, "is what they call an Armenian, but I don't know what that is; and there were some men with robes on, but I don't know what they were, [priests,] and they came to my house to perform some ceremony, but I don't know what it was, [baptism,] over my little boy, but I don't know what for, only it pleased my wife, and therefore it pleased me." This gentleman had in his possession one of the most valuable collections of Egyptian antiquities in the world, including the real signet of Cheops, who built the great Pyramid. He offered the collection to the trustees of the British Museum, but they could not agree about the price; so he managed to get it out of the

country, and took it to America, in 1851, where he sold it for hundreds, some say thousands, of pounds more than had been offered him by the English. And this is the way that our people lose much that is valuable, while tens of thousands are squandered in useless buildings and other works.

Among other things in his collection, he had a lachrymatory, or tear bottle, which had been found in a tomb at Thebes. This interested me very much. The custom in old times was, when a person was ill, or in great distress, for his friends to go to see him, and take with them a tear bottle. Then, as the tears rolled down the cheeks of the sufferer, they were caught in these bottles, sealed up, and preserved as a memorial of the event. This is what David referred to in Ps. lvi. 8: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." But it implies much more than at first suggests itself, and much more than I can attempt to write. For instance, it is as if David had said, "*Visit* me, and behold my tears;" ("O visit me with thy salvation!") for without such *visit* there could be no bottling of his tears. "Thou tellest my wanderings; O visit me, and behold my anguish! Put my tears into thy bottle," for "they have been my meat day and night." (Psalm xlii. 3.) "Keep them before thee by way of remembrance; and when thou seest the bottle, O think of him whose tears it contains. Are they not in thy book?" That is, God's book of remembrance, that was written for those who "thought upon his name." (Mal. iii. 16.) Just as the kings of old used to keep a book of Chronicles of important events. (See Esther vi. 1—11.)

There are several of these bottles in the British Museum. Some of them consist of two bottles joined together, so as to reach both eyes at once; and that no tears should be wasted, they were made to fit just under the eyes.

Most of the easterns shed tears much more copiously than the people of Europe. The Psalmist said rivers of waters ran down his eyes; and though the language is beautifully figurative, I have no doubt it was also literally true. I have myself seen Arabs shed tears like streams.

As the inquiry is sure to be made if there be any English places of worship in Cairo, I may as well anticipate it. There is only one, and that is the English church. The clergyman, or missionary rather, is a German, and a very kind, obliging person. When in Cairo in 1847, I went to the church, and found about 20 Egyptians, in their native dress, joining in the service, and most lustily going through the prayers in English. When they came to sing the hymn, however, they murdered the queen's English without mercy. These, I was told, were

converts, and I was well pleased to see them. In 1852 they had all disappeared; not one was present. On inquiring into the cause of this, I learnt that they were formerly *paid* to attend the services, and that now the missionary, for "want of means," had discontinued their "bucksheesh," and so they had withdrawn their "patronage." They were not Mahometans, but Copts; that is, professors of Christianity not unlike the Greeks; and they are, I believe, descendants of the ancient Egyptian race, which existed before the invasion of the Saracens. Of this descent they boast. These had been educated in the missionary schools, and had learnt something of the English language and to read and write Arabic. The Copts generally are, however, the biggest rascals that rascally Egypt possesses. They act as secretaries in different parts of the kingdom, especially in Cairo; and their pilfering propensities are beyond all possible conception. Bribe *them*, and you may get almost anything you want, if you will only "bide your time;" withhold your hand, and, however much you may be in favor at the beginning, you are certain, sooner or later, to be hurled from your pinnacle.

I also, in 1852, learnt that the missionary schools for boys in Cairo had, also for "want of means," been discontinued, and yet the mission cost the Society last year no less a sum than £1,032, £750 of which was expended on the spot, being fully equal at that time to £1,500 in England! A few girls are taught to sew, the missionary preaches once a week; the funds are regularly consumed, or *moth-eaten;* and the poor Egyptians are left to their fate.

It is not generally known that if a Mahometan should turn Christian, he would be instantly put to death; but such is the fact. Much good might, however, I think, in right hands, with the blessing of God, be effected amongst the Copts, whose religious sentiments are far more impure than those of the Mahometans.

The Wesleyans formerly had a missionary in Alexandria, but he has been for some time withdrawn. I grieve to say that I once saw a missionary agent sent by my favorite Free Church of Scotland, who never took either breakfast, lunch, or dinner, without pulling a brandy bottle out of his pocket. Such are not the men to send abroad if the work of the Lord is to prosper through their instrumentality. All religions are now tolerated in Egypt.

One evening while at Cairo, a gentleman came to tell me that there was a Copt Baptism going on in a house directly opposite to his. I immediately went with him. Having no

light in his room, and the street being only about two yards wide, we could see right into the house. The Copts are not so particular about having their lattices closed as the Mahometans are. Unfortunately I was too late to see the first part of the ceremony. The men and the boy, the latter being about 14 or 15 years of age, had been in another room, and were just returning as I got there. There were several priests present, one of them holding a cross, like a crutch, or the letter T, not a cross of the usual form. There were reading, chanting, praying, burning incense, ringing bells, &c., very similar to the Romanist Mass. The women every now and then warbled through their throats, which is called zuggareet, being shrill quivers of joy. The cross was occasionally held over the boy's head, and this appeared to be the signal for louder and yet more loud warblings. One of the boys present accidentally knocked down one of the tapers, of which there were 18 burning; whereupon an old white-bearded priest gave him a crack on the head, which reverberated from side to side of the quiet street like an echo. In about an hour, bottles were introduced, and they all began to be jovial enough. I then left. The next morning the gentleman came to tell me that the priests were still at the bottle, and had been "jollifying" all night. The Copts are sad drunkards, and are, on this account, held in double contempt by the primitive Mahometans. Most of them can, I believe, read and write; and as they are, almost to a man, ignorant of the way of salvation, what a field there is for the various Bible Societies, or for real honest, hale men, who are able and willing to work rather than gallop about on horseback or dash away in carriages! "Unfortunately, however," as an American writer says, when speaking of the Europeans in Egypt generally, "those who represent Christianity seem not to be impressed with a sense of their high responsibility."

I was asked to visit the maristan, or madhouse; but, from the accounts I had heard of it, I felt that I would sooner go to the slave market again, or again see the bastinado, of each of which I had had quite enough. Though all insane people who are harmless are, in Egypt, looked upon as saints, and are allowed a freedom but too revolting to think of, yet, when they are boisterous, they are chained up in cells only a few feet square, with iron collars round their necks, and their arms pinioned. I must reserve particulars for my Appendix, if there be room.

The population of Cairo is said to be about 300,000, Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Franks.

CHAPTER XXIV.—EGYPT.

THE PEOPLE; THEIR LANGUAGE AND DRESS.

The men in the east, Turks as well as Arabs, are for the most part well formed and well made. They are not often stout, but their average height is greater than that of either Frenchmen or Englishmen. The Bedouins especially are a noble-looking race.

Most men in the east allow their beards to grow, but not long, like the Jews, except when in deep mourning, and they then suffer them to grow, as it were, neglected. "And Mephibosheth the son of Saul came down to meet the king, and had neither dressed his feet, nor trimmed his beard, nor washed his clothes, from the day the king departed until the day he came again in peace." (2 Sam. xix. 24.) They all look upon their beards as sacred; so much so that to swear by them is considered a most solemn oath.* Women kiss the beards of their husbands, as a mark of respect, and children kiss the beards of their fathers, as a token of obedience. Sometimes the beard of an offender is ordered to be cut off by way of punishment; but a man would much sooner be bastinadoed, nay, almost suffer death, than lose his beard. This fact will at once explain the cause of David's wrath, when Hanun, king of Ammon, shaved off one half of the beards of David's servants: "Wherefore Hanun took David's servants, and shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their loins, and sent them away. When they told it unto David, he sent to meet them, because the men were greatly ashamed. And the king said, Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return. And the children of Ammon saw that they stank before David." (2 Sam. x. 4–6.) Ezekiel's being commanded to cut off his beard, so dear to him and to every Jew in the east, was intended to show how severely God would judge Jerusalem: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Because ye multiplied more than the nations that are round about you, and have not walked in my statutes, neither have kept my judgments, neither have done according to the judgments of the nations that are round about you; therefore

* There is, at the present time, (1854,) in Cairo, an Englishman who professes to have turned Mahometan. Of course the pasha has given him a good berth, and dubbed him a bey. Hence he is called Abdallah Bey, meaning, the slave of God. This man sometimes swears by his beard; but both Turks and Arabs secretly hold him in supreme contempt.

thus saith the Lord God, Behold I, even I, am against thee, and will execute judgments in the midst of thee in the sight of the nations." (Ezek. v. 1–11.) The Arabs cut off the "corners of their beards," that is, their whiskers; but this the Jews were commanded not to do. "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard, nor make any cuttings in their flesh." (Lev. xxi. 5.)

The Arabs, men and boys, always have their heads shaved, except a tuft at the crown, which is left for the *convenience* of carrying their heads in case they should be slain by an infidel; for they take it for granted that their heads *would be* piled up in heaps* (2 Kings x. 8) after a battle, and they cannot endure the thought that an infidel should carry them by their beards, or by putting their unclean hands into their mouths. It is also, some writers say, to enable the archangel Gabriel to pull them into paradise. It was always an amusing sight to me to see the barbers at work in the streets, as the shaving operation is performed in the open air, at the corners of the streets, some dozen. perhaps, being scraped at the same time. The "corners of the streets" are used for all purposes, from praying (Matt. vi. 5) to vermin hunting. When a boy's head is first shaved, his father kills a sheep, if he can afford it, and gives a feast; and this is supposed to avert many evils from the child.

The women are generally short, but exceedingly graceful and upright in their gait. This doubtless arises from their having from their girlhood to carry heavy pitchers of water on their heads, which they balance with the greatest ease and exactness, as shown in the engraving. It is the duty of the females to carry water now, as it was in the days of Rebekah and the woman of Samaria. "The times" that they generally fetch the water are early in the morning, before the heat of the day, and in the evening, just before the sun goes down. (Gen. xxiv. 11.) All the servile work is, in the east, done by women. I have often seen men riding comfortably on donkeys, while their wives have been running behind, spurring on the animal, and carrying a child and a basket besides. All women in the east are considered so much inferior to the men that they are not even allowed to enter a mosque during the times of prayer. Few pray at all, and those who do are necessitated to pray at home. Ignorance is called "a woman's jewel," and

* "They have brought the heads of the king's sons. And Jehu said, Lay ye them in two heaps, at the entering in of the gate."

there is, perhaps, scarcely a native woman in all Egypt who can even read. Some writers have asserted that Mahomet declared women had no souls; but this is a mistake. He did once, when angry, say to his favorite old wife that there would be no *old* women in paradise; but immediately afterwards, as it caused her to weep, he said, "They will all become *young* again."

This state of ignorance is by no means a new feature in the east. Like everything else there, it has existed for ages as it exists now. Even Job said to his wife, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women," which literally means, "Thou speakest as a woman," for all women in the east were, and still are, considered foolish.

It is not now so unusual a thing to see an Egyptian woman's face as it used to be; but, so far as my taste goes, if those which I have seen are a fair sample of the rest, I should beg of them all, should I ever again visit Egypt, to be closely veiled while I am there; for, hideous as many of them look when so veiled, their veils are beautiful flowers compared with their faces. Not only have some of them huge rings, nearly an inch and a half in diameter, hanging over the mouth from the right ala of the nose; not only are their skins the colour of dirty brown paper; not only are their faces, even when at the age of only 20 or 22, shrunk, and shrivelled, and wizened; but their cheeks, chins, lips, eyebrows, and foreheads are all either tattooed or dyed blue. The tattooing is done by means of needles, pricking in the flesh the figure they require, and then some smoke-black, mixed with milk from a woman's breast, is rubbed in, and, a few days afterwards, a paste of white beet is added. Some of the figures thus indelibly stamped in the flesh are religious symbols, just as the poor Maltese have representations of the Virgin Mary or their patron saints impressed on their arms, to keep them from danger, as they are led to suppose. Many of our jovial "Jack-tars," or British sailors, those invaluable defenders of their country on the "wooden walls of old England," have an anchor tattooed on the back of their hands; but this is merely to show that they are proud of their calling. Prior to the operation, the girls in Egypt are, for the most part, pleasing in their appearance; but there is no medium between this state and excessive ugliness. Owing to either the climate or hard fare, they seem wrinkled and old soon after they are out of their teens. They begin to look womanly when only nine or ten years of age, and when about fifteen or sixteen, they have arrived at perfection, every step afterwards being downward.

The higher and many of the lower classes stain their fingers and toes with a dye from a plant called henna, which grows plentifully in Egypt. This disfiguring is so much admired that it forms one of their *recommendations* for a husband.

The custom of tattooing is referred to in Exod. xiii. 9, 16; Isa. xlix. 16. It is not confined to the face, but is also applied to the hands, arms, bosoms, &c. In ancient times, the idolaters used to stamp on their foreheads the sign, or name, of the particular god they worshipped. Some had the sun, some the moon, (called in Judges ii. 13, Baal and Ashtaroth, and the latter in Jer. xliv. 17, the Queen of Heaven,) some the bull Apis, some the god of flies, (Baalzebub and Beelzebub,) and some one god and some another. But "their spot," says Moses, speaking of the idolatrous Israelites, and alluding to the custom, "is not the spot of God's children." And in Lev. xix. 28, the Israelites were strictly forbidden following the practice. The same custom is referred to in Ezek. ix., where the writer, with the inkhorn by his side, was directed to set a mark upon the forehead of those who sighed and cried on account of the idolatrous abominations of the people. Jezebel was tattooed, and her eyelids stained; (2 Kings ix. 30; Ezek. xxiii. 40; Jer. iv. 30;) and Solomon cautions the unwary against being taken with the *eyelids* of a lewd woman. (Prov. vi. 25.) The Jews were so attached to their city, Jerusalem, that they had a representation of it impressed, or tattooed, on the palms of their hands; so that its walls, or image, was ever before them. (See Isa. xlix. 16.) And many of the easterns, when from home, now say, "Ah! when shall I again visit you? Your walls are ever before me."

But to return to the people. My friends must excuse my frequent digressions.

In one of the engravings which I have given, a woman will be seen carrying a child on her shoulders. Some carry them on their sides, the child being astride, one leg on the back and the other on the fore part of its mother's body. These are referred to in Isa. xlix. 22; lxvi. 12. Children are often suckled while on their mother's backs, leaning their dirty heads over their mother's shoulders. I have seen women in the public streets, with their faces most religiously covered, openly exposing their entirely naked bosoms.

I one day saw a drunken woman on a donkey. As soon as the donkey boy discovered that she was intoxicated, he unceremoniously tumbled her off into the mud, and left her sprawling. The Mahometans are strictly forbidden to take intoxicating liquors; but I am sorry to say that their increas-

ing connexion with Europeans is fast causing them, in this respect, to disobey their prophet. Brandy, brandy, is the order of the day, and when that cannot be had, a noxious spirit, called arakee, distilled from dates, is substituted. The governor of a district, or the sheikh of a village, may do you a service, and you may wish to make him a present, which is always expected. Gunpowder, or a good knife, will be acceptable; but brandy more so than either. My donkey boy, whom I have already named as having been demoralised by some of my countrymen, once asked me and my companion to give him some "haff and haff." "What," I said, "do you mean half brandy and half Nile?" "No, no, no, Mr. Coptin," he emphatically replied; "Haff and haff means haff brrandy and haff gin; no Nile; Nile would spoil it. Drrink your share and mine too. Or good bottell beer, or Mr. London Barclay Porter, (Barclay's London porter,) anyting you like; but no Nile, tank you." This address and the amusing way in which it was delivered, certainly disturbed my gravity, for it was impossible to retain it. But how lamentable the state of the boy, and what a weapon for the Mahometans against the Christians!

No man can sojourn in Egypt without being struck with the immense number of blind people. Ophthalmia is one of the scourges of the country; and then, in addition to this, many parents, in Mehemet Ali's time, put out one of the eyes of their sons, to prevent their being seized for soldiers; but the old pasha was not to be foiled, and so formed a *one-eyed* regiment! For the like purpose, many boys had the forefingers of their right hands cut off, that they could not pull a trigger; but the artful old ruler made a *left-handed* regiment. These are all fast dying off.

There are many conjectures as to the cause of ophthalmia, which often ends in blindness, some attributing it to the heat, some to the dust, some to the dews in the night in consequence of the people sleeping on the house-tops and in the streets; but none of these reasons satisfy my mind, as it is remarkable that the Bedouins, who all endure and do the like in the deserts, are free from the disease. The most probable cause that I know of is the strange infatuation of the women, who delight in seeing their children covered with dirt, to keep off the evil, or envious, eye. I have seen numbers of children with their eyes as raw all round as a piece of beef, which we term sore eyes, and every particle covered with flies, amounting to hundreds, and yet their mothers never attempting to drive them away nor even to wash off the dirt. When satiated, the flies depart, and immediately afterwards alight upon some other

person's eyes. That they thus convey disease from one to another seems to me to be beyond doubt; and that dust and checked perspiration aggravate the discase is, I think, equally certain. If taken in time, a cure may be generally effected; but so obstinately do these people resign themselves, as they call it, to the will of God, that they will not apply any remedy until it is too late. "They lay their backs open to the stings of mosquitoes," as the Armenians say of them, "and then assert that God has decreed they should be stung." They sometimes employ *charms* to effect a cure, but these are too ridiculous for me to mention.

I have already spoken of the character of the people as tradesmen, and how little their word is to be depended upon. They are never angry if you doubt their word, but will immediately say, "Wallah!" (O God!) But if you ask them to say "Wallahi!" (*By* God!) they will shrink from the test, as though there were a difference in reality between the two expressions. They wonder why we should be so tenacious about our word; but if an Englishman positively affirm a thing, they unhesitatingly believe him; and it is now a very common assertion for them to make, "On the word of an Englishman," which to them is equal to an oath. Mr. Lane and others, as well as myself, bear testimony to this fact.

There are various modes of taking an oath amongst the easterns, such as lifting up the hand, (that is, pointing to God, as in Gen. xiv. 22,) sometimes by placing the hand on the Koran, sometimes by the life of the ruler, (as in Gen. xlii. 16,) sometimes by joining hands, (as in Prov. xi. 21,) and sometimes by their beards, as I have already mentioned. And as the men swear by their beards, so the women swear by their sidelocks; but the oath of an Egyptian woman is not accounted as of much worth by the men.

The people are now, as they ever were, fond of "the marvellous,"—magicians, riddles, proverbs, taletellings, &c. We in England often say, "Two of a trade can never agree;" and the Arabs say, "One vinegar seller does not like another vinegar seller;" and I think this proverb is the *sharper* of the two. Again they say, "Rub a loaf against a loaf;" which answers to our, "Set a thief to catch a thief." Of fools they say, "He is a bad rider, yet he gallops among the date trees." "As she had no eyes, she bought a looking glass, to enable her to see." "The fool has his answer on the end of his tongue. His heart is in his mouth. If his tongue did not speak, some other part of his body would." "Silence is the best answer to the stupid." And so forth. If a poor man ape the gentleman,

they will say, "He has an empty stomach, yet he chews incense." "When God means to destroy a man he gives him a pair of wings." "The lamb came to teach its father how to feed." "A rose fell to the lot of a monkey." "A dog's tail never stands upright." "The wise with a wink, the fool with a kick is made to understand." When a man is going on a journey, his friends will often say, "Fear not, the beasts will be thy friends." (See Job v. 23.) Of an angry man they will exclaim, "Look how angry that man is. Lanterns, or lamps, are coming out of his mouth." (See Job xli. 19.) "His words are like a sharp sword."* (Isa. xlix. 2; Rev. i. 16; Heb. iv. 12.)

Some of the above sayings will be found to bear upon expressions in the Bible, especially in the book of Job. I might give many others, but must pass them by for the present.

In almost every street, at different times of the day, you will see a variety of exhibitions. Men with learned dogs, or still more learned monkeys, or yet more learned boys; reciting tales, the same tales a thousand and one times over, and every time with the same marks of applause; wrestlers, conjurers, jugglers, buffoons, &c. One man had erected a tent in the Esbekiah Gardens, and had a figure at the entrance dressed up as a British Grenadier; and this attracted hundreds. It is surprising how light-hearted the people are, even under their heavy chains.

I have named magicians. There was one man who, by his arts, succeeded in deceiving many, both English and Americans. He would cause boys to look into some ink and then describe the persons of different well-known men in England, as though their images were reflected in the ink. Mr. Lane, however, succeeded in discovering the cheat. It seems that the "magician" was aided by a Scotchman who knew the general appearance of all who were called for, and who instructed the boys in their answers. I always felt sure that something of this kind would become manifest; as, though for wise ends God may suffer Satan sometimes to appear through his emissaries, as in the case of the witch of Endor, yet I cannot believe he would permit it in such trifling cases as these, and merely to gratify or amuse the curious. There is in Egypt a tradition that there used to be a cup, by means of which, with wine, the priests said they could *divine*, or dive into futurity. This is probably referred to in Ps. lxxv. 8; but the wicked of the earth, these idolatrous priests, must drink the dregs. Joseph had a cup

* This is an allusion to an ancient custom of warriors in the east putting their swords in their mouths when they were using some other weapon.

out of which he drank, as in Gen. xliv. 5, and the Egyptians thought he *divined;* but such was not the case, though Joseph could not, from his position, attempt to turn the people from their superstition. The ironical way in which Joseph addressed his brethren, as in verse 15, proves that he ridiculed the idea of *divining.*

In all entertainments it is customary, in some parts, for strangers to be allowed to enter the house and sit round the room, against the wall. This will explain how Mary could be in Simon's house unbidden. (Luke vii. 37.) In even making a bargain with a sheikh, the people will follow you, as they have me several times, just as though they were interested parties. The Egyptians, however, know how to behave themselves in the presence of their superiors. They are invariably respectful in the extreme, keeping silence until asked to speak, and covering their feet and hands with their garments. Young men never attempt to speak in presence of a sheikh or aged person. (Job xxix. 8, 9; xxi. 5.) In some parts, a criminal covers his mouth with his hand, not only as a mark of respect, but to prevent his breath reaching the judge. This is the place of stopping of mouths, (Rom. iii. 19,) that is, when a man stands before his judge. (Job xl. 4.) Even "kings shall shut their mouths." (Isa. lii. 15.)

As the lower class of Arabs know how to act becomingly before their rulers, so the sheikhs know how to maintain their dignity. "Him who makes chaff of himself," say they, "the cows will eat;" meaning, as we should express it, If he make himself too cheap, he will not be so highly respected.

Burckhardt, the eminent traveller in the east, who spoke the language almost as correctly as the people themselves, and who professed to have turned Mahometan that he might be the better able to become acquainted with all the mysteries of their religion, says that "sincerity in friendship does not anywhere occur in the east, and that friends will betray each other on the slightest prospect of gain or fear." And, indeed, one of their most approved maxims is, "If the water come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet;" meaning that self-preservation reigns paramount.

In all their transactions, except such as are connected with their religion, the Arabs are exceedingly economical. They know how to "*roast* the chickens without *burning* them," as they express it, "for to burn is to waste."

The Egyptians are not very fond of interfering in a quarrel in which they have no concern. They say, "He who introduces himself between the onion and the peel does not come

forth without its bad smell." And again, "Follow an owl, and he will lead you to a ruined place."

An Arab who had never before seen the sea, was asked what he thought of the waves. "Why," said he, "there seem to be more coming than going, and I cannot make that out;" not knowing that,

"With angry roar,
They dash and *die* upon the shore,"

and that they return not whence they came.

Spitting in the face is still practised as a mark of contempt. (Job xxx. 10.) An officer in Cairo had two Circassian concubines who died suddenly. He charged his wife with being the cause of their death, when she spit in his face. He drew his sabre and killed her. Her sister and a black woman then killed him, and they, I believe, were executed. Mehemet Ali once spit in the face of one of his officers, because he used his wife badly.

The Arabic language is said to be the most copious known in the world. Some writers say the people have no less than 65 names for a lion and 170 for a camel. One thing is certain, that there are more words *spoken* in Arabic than in any other tongue; for where an Englishman, or even a Frenchman, would make a dozen suffice, an Arab will use 200,—gabble, gabble, gabble. The language formerly differed considerably in the different states. An envoy was once sent to a conquering prince, when the prince bade him be seated, but the words in the envoy's language meant, "Precipitate yourself." He therefore immediately threw himself from the castle wall.

It has been recently established beyond doubt that the ancient Egyptian language was similar to the Coptic, and the discovery is expected to lead to great results in the deciphering of the hieroglyphics on the monuments.

In the Bible we often find the words, "children of Israel," "children of Judah," "children of Ashdod," &c., which, of course, means the descendants of such persons or the inhabitants of such cities. The same mode of expression continues to this day, both as regards persons, cities, and things. Thus arrows are called "sons of the quiver," tears, "daughters of the eye," and so forth. The "children of the bridegroom," means those who attend the bridegroom at his wedding. So, in 1 Sam. xxv. 3, "the house of Caleb" means the house, or children, of a dog. And of this mode of expressing themselves the Arabs are exceedingly fond: "Ya ebne kelb," (You son of a dog;) "Ya ebne khanzeer," (You son of a pig;) but

they never take much offence at this, if the expressions be confined to themselves or their fathers. Turn it, however, against the female sex, apply the term to their mothers, and their wrath will soon be kindled. This Saul well knew when he said to Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse and rebellious woman." He could not have touched a more tender part.

The people, especially the boys, are amazingly apt at learning the general phrases of other languages. My donkey boy, as well as some other boys, understood of English, French, and Italian, sufficient to enable them to speak on general subjects in all of them.

There are few Arabs who can either read or write, though there are schools for boys in every town in Egypt. In these schools, however, the children are taught little or nothing but their prayers, extracts from the Koran, and forms of curses upon the Jews and Christians. The following is one prayer which they are taught: "O God, destroy the infidels, make their children orphans, defile their abodes, cause their feet to slip, and give them, their families, their households, their women, their children, their relations by marriage, their brothers, their friends, their possessions, their race, their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems." It might have been drawn up at Rome, for some of the Romanist curses against the Protestants are quite as bad. I believe the prayer is used only in the schools. As I have elsewhere said, I think the adults have no real prayers of any kind.

The boys in the schools all sit cross-legged on the mud floor, and have generally no clothing upon them but a thin dirty cotton shirt. While learning the Koran, they all repeat their lessons aloud, and keep swinging their heads and bodies about like so many Chinese rocking images. They scarcely give themselves time to "draw their breath" or to "swallow down their spittle," as Job expressed it. The noise is as monotonous as loud, varied occasionally, indeed frequently, by the smack of the koorbaj on the backs of the boys and by its accompanying scream. The schoolmaster, in his way, is as arbitrary as the pasha, and there is no appeal from his lash. If he see an Englishman looking in at the door, or through the wood bars called windows, his koorbaj is sure to go smack, smack, crack, crack, over the backs of the boys, to amuse the looker-on. Those boys who learn to write use small painted boards with a smooth surface, from which the ink can be easily rubbed. It was probably such a board as these that is mentioned in Isa. xxx. 8; Hab. ii. 2; Luke i. 63.

That so few boys in Egypt can either read or write will ex-

cite no surprise when it is known that many of their teachers are in the same predicament. A woman once received a letter from her son, and took it to the schoolmaster to read. He looked earnestly at it, as though it contained bad news; and this the woman judged to be the case from his silence. 'Shall I scream?" she inquired. "Yes," said this Gamaliel. "Shall I rend my clothes?" "Yes," was again the reply. So the poor woman began to wail and to rend her clothes, and called in her friends and neighbors to wail also, supposing that her son was dead. A few days afterwards, however, he reached home, and then it was discovered what an enlightened schoolmaster they had, as he could not read a line.

The Egyptians all write from right to left, as the Jews do, and, of course, read the same way. When writing on paper, they use long strips, about three or four inches wide, which they place upon their forefinger instead of on a table. I have seen some write very quickly, moving the paper upward every line, so as to constantly bear upon their finger. Their pens are made of reeds, about the size of swan quills. Their letters seem to be like as many scratches, but every mark has its meaning. Some of them may be seen in the engraving of the door given in an earlier part of this work. Our figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., were taken from Arabic characters, and are hence called Arabic figures.

The dress worn by the people of Egypt is of so varied a character that any detailed description would be both tedious and useless.

The engravings which I have given of Mahometans at Prayer and of the Bastinado will show some kinds of dress worn in Cairo, and those which I now give will show other kinds. Of course the men of the higher classes are better dressed than those of the lower. Some wear full drawers, containing about 18 yards of muslin, enough for several pairs for an Englishman. These are tied round the body with a cord, the ends of which are embroidered. The drawers reach just below the knee, but are not tied there, but left loose, so that the legs are perfectly free. Over the body is worn a shirt, or tunic, with wide hanging sleeves; which, with the drawers, constitute the entire dress in warm weather. If the arm be held up, as though to strike a blow, the sleeve slips to the shoulder, and thus "reveals," or uncovers, the arm. (Isa. liii. 1.) And the arm is "made bare," that is, the sleeve is slipped up, when any work of importance is about to be done, (Isa. lii. 10,) that the arm may be free to act. "According to the greatness of thy *arm*," or power, says the Psalmist, for *arm* is meant, which, in the figure, implies

DRESS OF MEN.

power, when the arm is "made bare." (Ps. lxxix. 11.) I merely throw out the hints, and leave my readers to pursue the subject with their Bibles.

Over this shirt, a girdle is worn. Sometimes the girdles are of leather, as John the Baptist's was; but they are generally of cotton or silk. I have one, of silk, from Damascus, which is 15 ft. long, and 4 ft. wide, besides the fringes. The leathern girdles are principally worn by the santons, or dervishes, as a mark of humility. The silk or cotton girdles are gracefully

folded, and then wrapped round the body, with the fringes hanging down. As the dresses are all so large, a girdle, or a band of some sort, is indispensably necessary to hold them together. A tailor is never required to *fit* the dresses, for what will do for one will also do for all. Thus the garments which Samson took from the men of Ashkelon required no alteration to make them fit those who expounded his riddle.

The easterns think much of their girdles, and take more care of them than of any other part of their dress. To wilfully soil them is to insult the owners. Jeremiah (xiii. 1—10) was commanded to hide his girdle in the hole of a rock, and, behold, it was marred. "And after this manner, saith the Lord, will I mar the pride of Judah." If it had been any other part of the dress, it would not have been half so expressive, as would be well understood by the Jews.

The inkhorn, named by Ezekiel, was worn in the girdle; and the same custom still prevails. The schoolmaster and the tax-collector always have an inkhorn by their side, in their girdles. These inkhorns are mostly made of brass, and are long enough for pens, (or reeds rather,) while at one end is a small bowl for the ink. (See the Museum at Manchester, already named.)

The girdles are also used as pockets. Every man carefully wraps his jewels and his money in them; so that, before they can be stolen, the wearer must be completely subdued, and the girdle partially unwrapped.

When a man is going a journey, he tightens his girdle and tucks up his drawers and tunic, so as to leave every limb, as it were, at perfect liberty. This is called "girding up the loins." (See Exod. xii. 11; 2 Kings ix. 1; Luke xii. 35; 1 Pet. i. 13.) David said, "It is God that *girdeth* me with strength;" that is, God was to his soul what his girdle was to his body, which strengthened his loins, &c. In Ps. xciii. 1, the Lord is represented as having *girded* himself with strength, the same figure being used.

In the winter, a short vest of striped cotton or silk is worn over the shirt; and some also wear over the whole a loose gown, also of striped cotton or silk, with very long sleeves, left open from the wrist, as seen in one of the engravings. These are sometimes without a seam, as was the case with the garment of the Redeemer.

Some wear a kind of shawl over their heads, and some a burnoose, (a cloak with a hood,) in the hood of which they envelope their heads; while others have merely a cloak of camel's hair, as John the Baptist had. On the head usually is worn a white cotton cap, then a tarboosh, or red cloth cap,

DRESS OF LADIES.

and then a turban, (called "hat" in Dan. iii. 21,) which is of white muslin, about 10 feet long, or a Cashmere shawl, coiled round the head. The turbans are of various colors. Immediate descendants of the prophet wear green, the native Christians and Jews black or blue, and others white.

Mahomet did not allow the men to wear silk dresses; so many of the rich have a very small quantity of cotton mixed with the silk, and thus escape their prophet's denunciation.

The garments of the Babylonians were more splendid than even those of the Jews. Hence the temptation to steal them. (Josh. vii. 21.)

The legs are generally bare, though in winter socks are often worn; and red morocco leather slippers, turning up at the toes, are worn on the feet. The Bedouins and some others wear sandals instead of slippers. These are simply leather or skin soles, which are fastened to the feet with straps. Some, indeed, are merely made of palm leaves. I have one by me, found in one of the tombs, which is probably not less than 3,000 years old. The sandals are the most worthless part of the dress. So, when the Lord charges Israel with having sold the poor for a pair of sandals, (called in the Bible "shoes,") he means that they sold them for nothing. (Amos ii. 6. See also Ps. xliv. 12; Isa. lii. 3.) Slaves often carry their masters' sandals, and to do this is one of the meanest occupations in the east; but, mean as it is, John the Baptist did not think himself worthy to fulfil the office for his Divine Lord, nor yet to unloose the straps. (Matt. iii. 11; Mark i. 7.)

The poorer classes wear nothing whatever but a blue cotton shirt, and a common tarboosh, and many have not a rag besides to cover them; and some of these are so ragged and tattered, that I often wondered how the poor creatures could take them off, until I found that they never did take them off, night or day. The fellaheen, or agricultural laborers, all dress in the same way. I have often seen them shivering with cold.

All the shirts that I have mentioned are made wide, so that in the bosom a large quantity of anything can be inserted down to the girdle; and the people often in this way carry their goods. This is alluded to in Ps. cxxix. 7; Prov. xvii. 23; xxi. 14; Isa. xl. 11; Luke vi. 38.

The dress of the women is not so varied as that of the men. They are all, from the highest to the lowest, surpassingly fond of ornaments. An excellent description of both dress and ornaments is given in Isa. iii. 18—24.

The higher classes of women wear the dress which the Americans style a Bloomer, about which so much noise was

DRESS OF MIDDLE-CLASS WOMEN.

made a few months ago. It consists of very wide trousers, of printed calico or silk, which are tied just below the knee; but they are so long and full, that they nevertheless hang over the bands, down the legs to the feet. Over these they wear a shirt, also printed or colored; then a printed vest, which fits close to the body and arms, and buttons down the front; and then a loose shawl round the body, as a kind of girdle. Few, if any, wear either stockings or socks, but have two pairs of red or yellow slippers, turned up at the toes, one fitting inside

the other, but without heels. It has always puzzled English ladies who have tried to wear these slippers to know how the eastern ladies can shuffle along with them, as the Franks are sure to throw them off when they attempt to walk in them; but the easterns move about in them most gracefully.

When dressed for riding or walking, the ladies in the east wear, over the "Bloomer," a large wide gown with immense sleeves. This is always of silk, sometimes black, and at others pink or violet, and their heads are covered with a kind of scarf, of black silk, not very unlike the Maltese faldetta. All wear white or black veils, covering the whole of the face except the eyes. Those who cannot afford so expensive a gown substitute white cotton. These have also white veils, with strips down the nose, stitched to a band on the forehead; so that, from top to toe, they are one sheet of white, like a roll of calico, no part of their body being visible but their eyes, peeping through the calico. Each of the above ladies wears yellow leather boots, reaching to the calf of the leg, though we do not often see them, except, when walking, the wearer coquettishly kicks aside her long gown, which is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

The black silk dress and white veil are shown in the representation of the lady on a donkey, and a colored, or spotted dress, in those of the lady alongside and the one underneath.

Rebekah immediately veiled herself when she saw Isaac approaching; and so particular are even the men, in this respect, that, to this day, they turn their heads another way when they see a lady coming, though she be veiled. They all make "a covenant with their eyes," as Job did; (xxxi. 1;) but, in Egypt, it is too often vile hypocrisy. Sarah was unveiled, but Abimelech *reproved* her, and said Abraham was unto her "a covering of the eyes," or veil. (Gen. xx. 16.)

All ladies in the east, when riding, ride astride, as shown in the engraving, and are always attended by a slave or eunuch. Many of the women of the middle classes wear white trousers and a blue shirt. Over their heads they throw a kind of blue scarf, and have a long black veil, from the eyes to the feet, similar to the white one already described; and, suspended from a band on the forehead, there are generally a number of counterfeit coins or other ornaments dangling over the nose, called by Isaiah "ornaments of the face." These are shown in the figure alongside the lady on the donkey. The wives and daughters of the poor tillers of the soil, however, have to dispense with the trousers, the veil, and the ornaments, and to content themselves with the blue shirt and the blue scarf, which

they draw over their faces, so as to conceal all except one eye. This they are particularly careful to do, though their shirts are left open at the bosom and reach only to the knees. The custom of showing only one eye was probably referred to in Song iv. 9. Some are worse off than even this. (See the Arab girl in front of the shop, as shown in the engraving a few pages back.) I must say that the eyes of some of them are the most striking and beautiful I ever beheld.

Being only thus clad, they are, consequently, not only barefooted but barelegged. No dress more scanty can well be conceived. Most of the women feel it to be more their duty to cover the top and back of their heads than the face, and more the face than most other parts of their persons.

I have in my possession nose-rings, bracelets, amulets, ("tablets,") anklets, ("tinkling things about their feet,") and perhaps every other ornament mentioned by Isaiah, but which I must not attempt to particularise.

The nose-rings are called in Gen. xxiv. 47, "ear-ring on the face," and in Ezek. xvi. 12, "jewel on the forehead," (nose,) and they are referred to in Prov. xi. 22, as "a jewel in a swine's snout;" and really some of them do look quite as hideous. It was a nose-ring which Abraham's servant gave to Rebekah. The translators of the Bible appear not to have thought it possible for rings to have been worn in the nose, and hence they inserted face, or forehead, in preference to nose; but they made a mistake. Had they been personally acquainted with the customs of the east they would not have been so perplexed.

Mahomet forbade the men to wear gold rings. "Whosoever," said he, "wants a ring of hell fire, let him wear a gold one." Hence most of the men wear silver. Indeed there are few without them. They call them winding sheets. As they are for the most part wanderers, they consider that, die where they may, the rings will pay for their burial. Many of the rings were in old times worn as amulets, being dedicated to some god; and this was, perhaps, one reason why they were so emphatically denounced by Isaiah. So with garments. The idolatrous priests used to wear them made of mixed woollen and linen, that they might insure, as they supposed, from the heavenly bodies, some "lucky" benefits on their sheep and flax. Hence God forbade the superstitious custom. (Deut. xxii. 11.) Many of the ladies wear perfume boxes round their necks, both day and night. (Song i. 13, 14.)

All the easterns pride themselves on their great change of dress, as they did in days of old. (See Gen. xlv. 22; Judg. xiv. 12; Job xxvii. 16.) Some have no less than 30 changes.

Children are rarely dressed well, but generally left to run about naked in their rags and dirt. This is to keep persons from envying them, as the Mahometans believe that if any child be envied, some evil is sure to come upon it. I have, however, on one or two occasions, seen boys dressed in coats of "many colors," or rather *pieces*, for that is the literal meaning of Gen. xxxvii. 3, these coats being like a counterpane, made of patchwork. I have also seen them covered with counterfeit coins and dangling ornaments, that their *dress* may be envied rather than their *persons*.

CHAPTER XXV.—EGYPT.

HOSPITALITY, FOOD, SALUTATIONS, AND PRESENTS.

Though an Arab will sit wrangling a whole day for half a piastre, and though cupidity is stamped on every bargain that he makes, yet hospitality forms a prominent feature in his character. The same feelings which prompted Abraham to kill a calf for the three strangers still induce the easterns, of every class and grade, to divide their last piece of bread with those around them. It was not merely to enjoy the cool shade of the tree that Abraham sat at the door of his tent, but it was also to watch for wayfaring travellers, that they might not pass his tabernacle without partaking of his bounty. Hence it was that he *ran* to meet the strangers, and, in true oriental style, bowed himself toward the ground, and *entreated* them not to pass away. (See Gen. xviii.; Judges xix. 17; 2 Sam. xii. 4; Jer. xiv. 8.) What could be more refreshing to them than a little water to wash their feet, after a wearisome march, perhaps barefooted, over a burning wilderness? for it was in "the heat of the day," and that day an eastern one, of which, as I shall have occasion to show anon, my friends in England who have never left their own shores can form no just conception.

Persons in the country still frequently take their meals at the doors of their houses, and invite every passer-by to join them, with a real openhearted welcome, and not as a kind gentleman once said to me in the south of England, when I was a raw youth from the country, "We are just going to sit down to dinner, but shall be very glad to see you at 5 o'clock to *tea*."

The Bedouins in the desert still "make haste" to slaughter a lamb or a kid, while their wives prepare bread, milk, &c., to set before their guests; and, while being thus entertained, the host considers the lives of his visitors sacred, and would

sooner sacrifice even his own life than that any harm should befal them. Hence it was that Lot refused to give up his guests, and offered his daughters to the wicked men of Sodom. (Gen. xix. 8. See also Judges xix. 20–24.) Burckhardt says that "a violation of hospitality, by the betraying of a guest, has not occurred within the memory of man."

Job was particular in referring to the duty of hospitality, and in asserting that he had not neglected it. (See xxxi. 31, 32. Every passage in Job's speech is full of references to eastern customs.) Whereas, Nabal violated it, and would have felt the wrath of David, had not Abigail averted it. (1 Sam. xxv. 4–38.) That such kindness should often be imposed upon is not to be wondered at, for there will be "Toofeylees," as the Arabs call them, which means *spongers*, in every community, and gratitude, as Burckhardt says, is an ingredient not known in the Arab compound. However kind an act you may do to a man to-day, he would not hesitate to cut your throat to-morrow, if he could do so secretly and make anything by it, although, while under his roof, or in his tent, he holds your life sacred. Surely he may well be called "a wild-ass man." (Gen. xvi. 12.)* The Mahometans consider that their hospitality secures for them a higher place in heaven, and hides a multitude of sins.

One thing I have observed in Egypt, in Cairo especially, that, however many blind people there were, and their number is truly distressing; however many diseased, and the sight of these is sickening; however many impotent and lame, cripples of every sort, and they are still as numerous in the east as they were in Jerusalem in the days of the Redeemer; (John v. 3;) they all seemed well fed, except those who were in the forced service of the pasha, who are shut up, as it were, from the rest of the people, and, consequently, not within the reach of their bowels of compassion. And this is what has perplexed some travellers, that they should see so many begging who looked hearty, while others who were not begging were pitiable objects of squalid misery.

I remember once, in 1853, a strange donkey boy coming for me, as my own boy was ill. He was exceedingly awkward, and his awkwardness made the donkey awkward also, so that I had a very unpleasant trip. I several times turned round to scold him, but the moment my eye looked down upon him, it was met with such a deplorably desponding look that I was obliged instantly to take my eye away, or the fountains would

* Such, as I have elsewhere said, is the literal meaning of this passage. To catch a wild ass, there must be several relays of horses and riders. How applicable this to the Ishmaelite character!

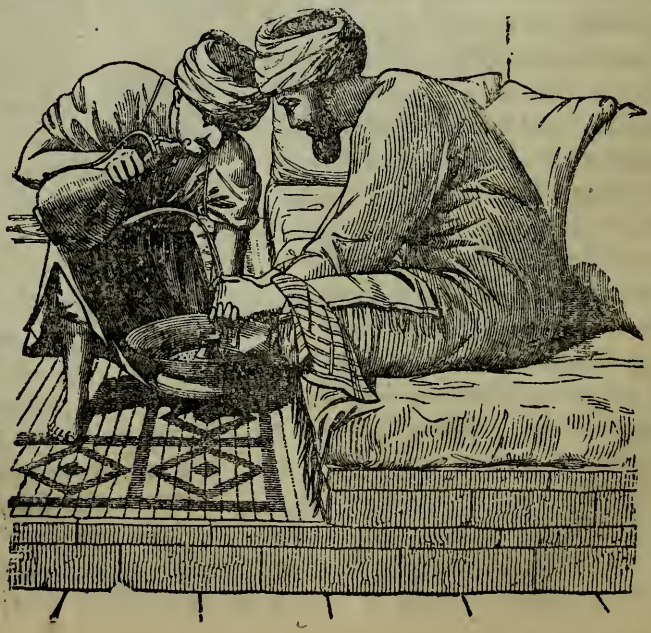
have become unsealed. We often talk of "living skeletons," but here was one in reality. He was nothing more, if I may be allowed the figurative expression, than a sickly deathlike brown paper parcel of bones. On arriving at my journey's end, he desired an interpreter to say he hoped the gentleman would not be angry with him; "for," said he, "I am only a poor factory boy; and as I had a holiday to-day, I thought if I took the sick boy's place I might get a khamsa a (little more than a farthing) for myself." "Angry, Sulieman!" I said to the interpreter, the water gushing into my eyes. "No indeed! Poor fellow! Tell him he shall have the best day's wages he ever had in his life." The effect of this upon this poor automaton was most galvanic. The poor boy was in the *forced service* of the pasha in the cotton factory at Boulac, not a slave, so far as the *name* is concerned, but ten times worse off than slaves in Egypt are,—*forced* to work, under dread of the lash, yet not receiving more than about a penny, or at most a penny farthing, a day.

But to return. An Arab would as soon think of committing sacrilege as of eating a piece of bread and not offering to share it with any one who needed it who might pass by. Bread is called "esh," which means life; and it is considered by the easterns to be so precious that a single crumb is never wasted, if it can be avoided. Should a piece drop in the mud, it would be carefully picked up and laid on one side for birds or animals. And if an eastern should have a call from visitors, that call would never interfere with his regular meals. There would be no wishing they were gone, no looking at the clock, no orders to the wife or servant to delay "dishing up" the dinner; but every person present would be as heartily, as *unfeignedly* welcome as if he were a member of the family. The master of the house exclaims, "Bismillah," (In the name of God,) and then adds, "Tafuddal," (Oblige me by partaking of this food, or, Do as I do,) and he means what he says.

Some of the higher classes have partially adopted European manners at the table, and have begun to use knives and forks, but these are mere exceptions. The general rule is, as it has been for ages, to use only fingers and thumbs. The dishes are mostly *prepared*, that is, hashed, or chopped and stewed. A low round table is placed in the middle of the floor or near the divan, and round this are seated the guests, some on the divan, some, it may be, on stools, and some on the floor. Before any of the dishes are brought in, however, a slave, or servant, (a *hired* servant, I mean, for the same distinction ought to be made here as is made in the Bible, where ***hired***

ARABS AT A MEAL.

servant means one paid by the day, while *servant* means a slave,) gives to each person a napkin, and another brings water, soap, and a bowl. You take the soap, and the servant *pours* the water upon your hands, which then falls from your hands into the bowl, so that you wash in *running* water, and you then dry your hands upon your napkin. That the Israelites washed their hands in a similar way, is clear from 2 Kings iii. 11, where we are told that Elisha poured water upon the hands of Elijah; and this *pouring* is referred to figuratively in Isa. xliv. 3; Lam. ii. 19; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 21; Job iii. 24; and many other parts of the Bible.



The Mahometans are as particular about washing their hands before eating as the pharisaical Jews were of old; and it is proper so to be when not connected with any superstitious dogma; but the Jews considered that an evil spirit had the *privilege* of resting on the food of those who ate without washing. This was one of their "traditions." (Mark vii. 3, 4.)

After washing, a dish is placed upon the table, or stool rather, as it is not more than 15 inches high, each person being furnished with a piece of bread. The master of the house having said, "Bismillah," and "Tafuddal," dips his finger and thumb into the dish, and takes out a piece of meat, and the guests immediately follow the example; or, if the meat, or whatever be in the dish, be chopped small, they merely dip in, or sop, their bread, as Ruth did, (ii. 14,) and as mentioned in John xiii. 26. Thus it was that the disciples ate with the Redeemer, as in Matt. xxvi. 23. When the host wishes to show favor to a guest, he takes a piece of meat out of the dish with his fingers, and puts it upon such person's bread; and this he does with great grace, and so quickly that you hardly perceive the movement. No dish remains on the table many seconds, but is caught away by one of the slaves in attendance, and its place supplied with another, and another, in rapid succession. Sometimes as many as 50 dishes follow each other. One slave stands behind you with a fan, to drive away the flies, and another with water for you to drink. For soup, or similar dishes, wooden spoons are used.

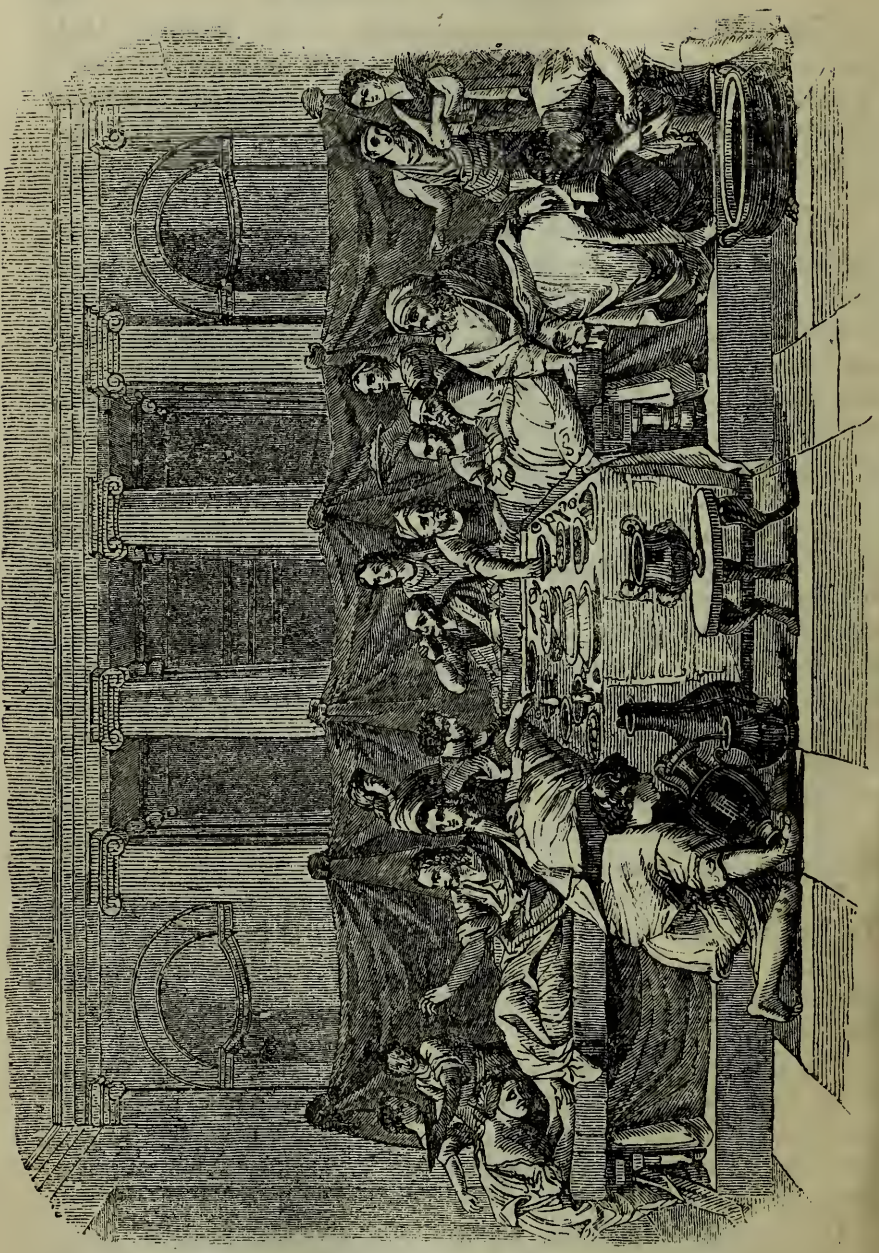
I have two or three times breakfasted or supped with the Turks, and each time felt greatly pleased and interested.

When a man takes too much at a time out of the dish, the people say, "He descends like the foot of a crow, but ascends like the hoof of a camel."

The meal being over, you again wash your hands in the same way, only this time you have *warm* water, to take the grease off your fingers, and you then return the napkin to the servant. The people rub their teeth and wash their mouths three times.

In Persia I believe the custom still exists of reclining on couches during meals, as shown in the engraving, which will explain how Mary could wash her Saviour's feet as he sat at meat. In the engraving a number of dishes will be seen on the table at one time, and this is still often the case, each person dipping into which dish he pleases; but the more regular way amongst the Arabs is to have only one dish at a time. The table also is very different to those used by the Arabs.

The food of the people is generally of the most simple kind,



PERSIANS AT DINNER.

Sometimes it consists only of stewed vegetables, such as onions, lettuces, cucumbers, &c., with parched corn; (Ruth ii. 14; &c.;) and sometimes of fish, fowl, and animal food. Onions are always plentiful, and are sold at about 25 lbs. for 2½d. These are not like our English onions, but exceedingly mild and delicious, said, indeed, to be superior to any others in the world

They are not coated with hard skins like ours, but every part of them is soft and easy of digestion.

Water melons, also, are much eaten by the people, especially during hot weather, and these grow plentifully by the banks of the river. They not only allay thirst, but also serve as food and medicine. Their cooling properties was probably what made the Israelites so long for them when in the burning desert.

Lentils are likewise much valued. These are a kind of pea, of a red colour. It was of these, boiled with fat, that the red pottage was made for which Esau sold his birthright. They are exceedingly nutritious. It is believed that a certain food advertised in England as suitable for invalids is merely the meal of lentils.

Nothing can be more savory than the "flesh pots" of Egypt for which the Israelites longed, consisting, as they probably did, of stewed mutton, onions, (*Egyptian* onions, of course,) garlic, lentils, rice, &c.

The Bedouin Arabs in the desert, those unmixed descendants of Ishmael, are much more abstemious in every way than the Arabs in Egypt. This may partially arise from the fact of their not having sufficient water to assist them in cultivation. They often have to go 10 or 15 days' journey to dispose of their cattle in exchange for corn. They boil their wheat, or Indian rice, in a particular way, and then dry it in the sun, when it will keep for a year. They rarely taste animal food, except when they are visited by a stranger of rank, and then they kill a lamb, or kid, as I have already mentioned, the fat being preserved, to be boiled with their dried wheat. When ready, they dip their whole hands into the bowl, squeeze a handful of its contents, including the fat, into balls about the size of pullet's eggs, and then gobble it down whole. "They rarely," says Burckhardt, "wash their hands after dinner, but are content to lick the grease off their fingers." And I may add, this I have several times myself seen.

It never takes the people long to prepare their food. Lambs or kids are often roasted whole, being stuffed with rice, almonds, nuts, and spices; and turkeys and fowls are cooked and stuffed in the same way. That the custom of cooking, or rather *half*-cooking, animals whole existed in patriarchal days, I think there can be no doubt. (See Gen. xviii. 7, 8.) To this day animals are often killed and cooked while the traveller waits. I have seen a sheep bought, killed, cooked, and eaten in less than two hours. What may be the prevailing practice in the higher circles I am unable to say, but the lower classes have

no idea of throwing away any part, but alike devour both carcase and entrails, the latter usually forming a separate dish.

The bread of the masses of the people in Egypt is made of coarse flour, or doura, which is a kind of Indian corn, called in Ezek. iv. 9, "millet." The wheat or doura is usually ground by the women in the morning, who sing cheerfully during the whole time; so that, in going into a village during grinding time, one would think the people were as happy as larks. When the noise of the grinding and the voice of singing are not heard in the morning, it is a sign that the village is deserted, or that some dire calamity has befallen it. This is effectively expressed in Ecc. xii. 3–7; Jer. xxv. 10. While the women are grinding, they sit on the ground, and are divested of their ornaments. (Isa. xlvii. 2.) It is a *low* and humiliating employment, and therefore it was that the Philistines condemned Samson to follow it. The "mills" are merely two round stones. The nether stone (Job xli. 24) is fixed on the ground, and the upper stone is placed upon it. The larger upper stones contain two upright handles, and the smaller ones one handle; and these the women pass round to each other with great dexterity. (See Matt. xxiv. 41.) As they push round the stone with one hand, they supply the "mill" with corn with the other, inserting it in the hole in the centre. Nothing can be more primitive, except it be pounding the wheat in a mortar, which exists amongst many tribes in the desert to the present day, and to which Solomon referred when he penned Prov. xxvii. 22. (See also Num. xi. 8.) When ground, the meal, or flour, is sifted through baskets made of the leaves of the palm tree; but these necessarily allow all the pollard and a great portion of the bran to pass through. These millstones are spoken of in Matt. xviii. 6, and elsewhere.

The Israelites were forbidden to take the millstone to pledge, as to do that would have prevented the people preparing their daily food, for the bread is made fresh every day; first because the people like it, and next because in that hot climate it will not keep. In the towns there are public bakehouses, but in the villages every woman bakes for her own house; and to be able to make bread good and quickly is considered, as indeed it really is, quite an accomplishment. The wives of the most wealthy prefer making their own bread, and even king's daughters do the same. (See 2 Sam. xiii. 5–10.) The people never bake more than is likely to be required during the day; and this fact will account for a rich man like Abraham having none ready, as mentioned in Gen. xviii.; but Sarah soon prepared it. In the villages, the flour is mixed with water and a little salt

then kneaded between two smooth stones, as I have often seen, then made into cakes like Yorkshire or Lancashire oatmeal cakes, only smaller and a little thicker, or like Scotch clap cakes, or small thick pancakes, and then put upon charcoal or wood fires, the whole operation requiring only a very few minutes. The bread is unleavened. (Exod. xii. 39.) In the towns, however, a better kind of bread is made, which is leavened, a small piece being left over from day to day to form the leaven.

There is no *black* bread in Egypt, like that which I saw in Constantinople, all being made from wheat or doura.

When we read of "loaves" in the Bible, we must not suppose that they were like the 6lb. loaves of Manchester or the quartern loaves of London, for they were merely flat cakes like those I have been describing. This will explain how Abigail could so quickly prepare 200 loaves for David and his men. They would weigh perhaps a quarter of a pound each. Possibly my reader may say that this cannot be, as they were so heavy that she laid them upon "asses;" but the Hebrew word which our translators rendered "asses" is said by some to mean *piles;* that is, she *piled* them on each other; and this custom still prevails; but my own opinion is that she put them on asses to make a display, just as I have mentioned, on page 257, is the case with presents.

In Cairo at the present time there is an English baker who makes bread and biscuits of German flour, equal to any in Europe.

Wine is rarely introduced in the east. When it is taken, it is taken privately. Their usual drink in the summer is sherbet, which is sometimes made of the juice of the grape, mixed with water. It must have been something of this kind which in various parts of the Bible is called "wine." In Gen. xl. 11, the operation of expressing the juice is referred to. "Strong drink" (Num. vi. 3) was probably fermented wine, or the juice mixed with some noxious spirit, as arakee, distilled from dates. Some sherbets are made from violets, rose leaves, &c.

The salutations of the people on meeting or parting are as touching now as they were in days of old. Whether masters or servants, brothers or friends, their first exclamation is, "Es salaam aleykoom," (Peace be unto you,) and the reply given is, "Aleykoom salaam," (To you be peace,) and it is sometimes added, "and the mercy and blessings of God." At parting they say, "Rahoona aleek," (God be with you. See 2 Tim. iv. 22.) But amongst the Mahometans these salutations are confined to persons of their own faith; just as was the case

with the Jews in the time of the Redeemer; but he chided them, and said, "If you salute your brethren only, what do you more than others?" (Matt. v. 47.) Several tribes of the Wahaby or *Protestant* Mahometans, however, address the Christians in the same way, "Peace be unto you."

I might refer my readers to many portions of the Old and New Testaments where the same words of salutation are used; as in the case of Boaz and his reapers; David and Nabal; Jesus appearing to his disciples; "Peace be to this house;" &c.; but my readers must search the Bible for themselves. When the angel appeared to Mary, (Luke i. 28, 29,) she was troubled in her mind to know what manner of salutation it was; was it merely one of the usual forms, was it mere flattery, or did it mean *really* more than usual? The angel soon dispelled her doubts, as we read in the next verse. And so the Redeemer, when he said to his disciples, "My peace I leave with you," to show them that it was not one of the usual forms merely, he adds, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you."

Some of the salutations in the east are exceedingly long and tedious. The people, who have no idea of the value of time, will sometimes stand by the hour, repeating the same words over and over again: "Is there peace with thee? Is there peace with thy house?" and so on. Wherever in the Bible it reads, "Is it *well?*" the literal meaning is, "Is there peace?" as in Gen. xxxvii. 14, xliii. 27, and many other parts. These long salutations caused Elisha to charge his servant Gehazi not to salute any man by the way, as he wished him to make all the haste possible, and he knew that the usual "salaam" would lead to endless repetitions and consequent loss of time. For the same reason did the Redeemer command his disciples to salute no man, but go quickly about their business.

To omit the usual "salaam" without good reasons, such as the above, is viewed as a mark of contempt, and this will explain Ps. cxxix. 8.

In Cairo, after the usual "salaam," a man will sometimes say, "May your day be white," to which the other is certain to reply, "May yours be like milk."

As to the *form* of salutation, some fall down and kiss the feet, or the garment, as in Luke v. 8, vii. 38, and viii. 41; Matt. ix. 20 and xxviii. 9; some join hands; some fall on each other's necks, and kiss each other, as in Gen. xxxiii. 4 and Luke xv. 20; some press their bosoms together; some kiss each other's cheeks, some their hands, and some their beards. All these forms of salutation I have seen. Many of them are

as hypocritical now as they were when David wrote Ps. lxii. 4, or when Joab took Amasa by the beard to kiss him, or rather, as I believe it means, took his beard to kiss *it*. (2 Sam. xx. 9.) And this was why Paul exhorted the eastern churches to salute one another with a *holy* kiss; not that he *enjoined* the churches invariably to kiss each other, as the Sandemanians suppose, but as though he had said, "Do not let your kiss of salutation be a *hypocritical* one, but if you *do* kiss each other when you meet, (or shake hands as we in England do,) let it be a *sincere* or *holy* kiss." The easterns never kiss each other's lips.

In some parts of the east, the people do not embrace or kiss when they meet, but *smell* each other. (See Song iv. 11; Ps. xlv. 8; Gen. xxvii. 27.)

"A man's gift maketh way for him," said Solomon; and true enough, to this day if you want to receive any favor you must take your gift in your hand, for this is considered as a mark of respect. However trifling, you must offer something, according to your means. Not to take a present with you would be to insult the person whom you visit. (See 1 Sam. x. 27.) And doubtless this custom is referred to in Isa. xliii. 24. The people took presents to others, but did not think the Lord worthy of one. These gifts are often put into the hands of the servants, as though intended for *them;* and sometimes the visitor will say to his host, "This is for your servants," as in 2 Sam. xvi. 2; but it is well known that it is for the master. It was usual for the people even to take gifts to the prophets, as Saul to Samuel, (1 Sam. ix. 7,) nor could the prophets have refused them without insulting the givers; but none but Balaams allowed such gifts to pervert their judgment. It is true that Elisha refused the present of Naaman, but he was a *foreigner*, and Elisha would not have it said that he made a gain of godliness. It was the custom also for the givers to make the most of their presents; that is, to display them to the greatest advantage, having separate servants to carry each article presented. Thus, in Judges iii. 18, when Ehud had "made an end" of offering the present to Eglon, he sent away the *people* that bare it. Thus also the present of Benhadad to Elisha, which was carried on 40 camels, might probably have been conveyed on two or three; and thus also Joseph's brethren "made ready" the present, *i. e.*, spread it out, by way of show.

This kind of gift, however, must not be confounded with another kind, which is really *a bribe*. I have already elsewhere said that if a man have only money and heart to bribe the officers of *justice*, he is sure to obtain judgment in his favor. By receiving gifts (bribes) "they overthrow the land."

(Prov. xxix. 4.) "Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts (bribes.)" Solomon well knew what he meant when he penned the above and similar passages, for it was as much the custom to bribe in his time as it is now; hence he calls those who take bribes wicked, and says that those who hate them shall live. (See Prov. xvii. 23; xv. 27; Ecc. vii. 7; also Isa. i. 23; Deut. xvi. 19; and many other parts.) If the present be accepted, all will be well; but if refused, there is no hope; perhaps the opposite party has bribed higher, which is, indeed, too often the case. Some even boast that they have received *false* gifts, that is, bribes for false judgment; but they are "like clouds without rain;" (Prov. xxv. 14;) which means, they end in vapor. Felix expected a bribe from Paul, but Paul would not give it. (Acts xxiv. 26.)

The Arabs know how, in a literal sense, to humble themselves that they may be exalted. "To be humble when we want is manliness," is a favorite maxim of theirs. "The cat that is always crying catches no mice." And yet they are well aware that without bribery nothing is to be expected from their Turkish rulers. "Dust alone can fill the eyes of man," and "A well is not to be filled with dew," say they. "To seek for wealth without wealth, is like carrying water in a sieve, and like wearing a turban of straw;" both proverbs meaning that the man who would do so must be a fool. The poor idiots in Egypt sometimes put turbans of straw upon their heads, and that is what is referred to in the above proverb. And they are also aware that the bribe must be in some measure becoming the dignity of the receiver, as it "is of no use laying pigeons' eggs and expecting young turkeys." "Feed the mouth, and the eye will be bashful;" that is, Give suitable presents to great people, and they *must* return kindness; and "Have patience with him rather than lose him."

Some of the Egyptian rulers turn themselves into horse-leeches, as it were, and suck the people's very life's blood. "Their eyes (of greediness) are never satisfied." (Pr. xxvii. 20.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—EGYPT.

MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS.

Marriages in the east are of the most loose and revolting kind. Such an ingredient as "love" or "affection," in the English sense of the word, does not exist between man and wife, with which assertion my readers will fully agree long before they have waded through this chapter.

Mahomet allowed his male followers each to have *four* wives, if he could maintain them. There are few, however, in Egypt who have so many; indeed, most have only one wife, though many travelling merchants and boatmen have a wife in Cairo or Alexandria, and another in some town or village up the country. This is, however, by no means considered disreputable. On the contrary, such a one would be more welcomed in the houses than others, as bachelors, or persons suspected of being bachelors, are looked upon with contempt or distrust.

That God, in the institution of marriage, intended man to have only one wife is clear from Gen. ii. 18: "I will make *a help meet* for him;" and Adam confirmed it, as in ver. 24.

Before the giving of the law to the Jews, marriage does not appear to have been so restricted as it was by the law. Hence we read that Abraham married his father's daughter; (Gen. xx. 12;) whereas, unions of that near relationship were strictly forbidden by God, through Moses.

When a man in Egypt wants a wife, he is not allowed to visit the hareems of his friends to select one, as Mahomet forbade the men seeing the face of any woman except such as they could not marry, to wit, their mothers and sisters; so he has to employ a woman, called a khatbeh, to find one for him. It is the business of these khatbehs to make wedding matches, for which, of course, they receive a due amount of "bucksheesh." A girl being found, whom the khatbeh praises up to the man as exceedingly beautiful and suitable for him, the father is waited upon, to ascertain the amount of dowry that he will require; for all wives must be paid for, as they were in patriarchal days. As Jacob had no money to pay for Rachel, he gave her father seven years' servitude; and even then he found he was duped, as he had to serve seven years more. (See Gen. xxix.) Fathers still often refuse to marry a younger daughter before an elder one. The Armenians (*i. e.*, the people of Armenia in Turkey, see page 118) will not allow either a younger daughter or a younger son to be married before an elder one, and the Hindoo law also strictly forbids it. The price varies from about 5s. to £300, though the latter is extravagantly high. The girl may not be more than five or six years old; but, be her age what it may, two-thirds of the dowry is, in the presence of witnesses, paid down to the father. This is the betrothal. (See Hos. ii. 19, 20.) The father, or his representative, says, "I betroth to thee my daughter;" and the intended husband replies, "I accept of such betrothal," &c.

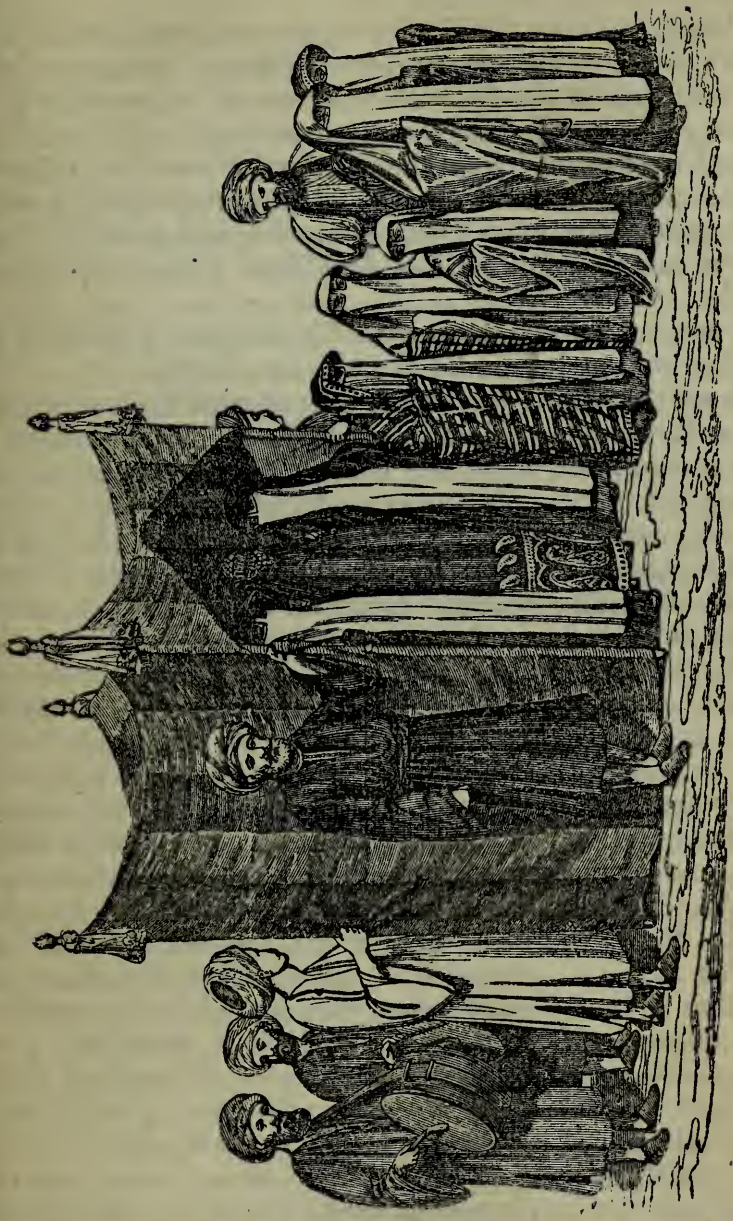
The dowry, except amongst the lower orders, when the father always keeps it, is expended in purchasing dress, orna-

ments, or furniture for the bride, which are her own, and never become her husband's. A young man rarely, if ever, marries a widow, a knowledge of which fact gives great force to Isa. lxii. 5. A father's will, as to his daughter, is law. He can betroth her to whom he pleases until she is grown up. Rulers often give their daughters to the most courageous men, as was the case with Saul, who gave Michal to David. (See 1 Sam. xviii. 25, 27.)

The Jews still are betrothed to each other for some time, often for years, before marriage. They do not suffer young men and women to walk together until betrothed, and even then their intercourse must be very restricted, though not so much so as the Arabs, who do not allow them even to see each other.

In the course of time, after the betrothal, regulated, of course, by the age of the girl, the man demands his wife. Thus it was with Samson. He "went down and talked with the woman," that is, espoused her; and "*after a time*, he returned to take her." (Judges xiv. 7, 8.) So also with David, as in 2 Sam. iii. 14. The wife, when so demanded, may not be more than 10 years of age, though she may be 12, or even 14, but rarely so much as 16, for, so old as that, few men would have them at all; and if they did, the price must be proportionably low. Girls in Egypt are often mothers at 13 and grandmothers at 26. In Persia they are said to be sometimes mothers and grandmothers at 11 and 22, and past child-bearing at 30.

However, upon the wife being demanded by the man who has betrothed her, a day is fixed for the consummation of the marriage. For several nights previously, the street in which the bride lives is illuminated, and the bride's father must give a feast to his friends. The bride is taken in procession to the bath, accompanied by her relations and friends, by music, jugglers, and anybody who chooses to join. Men have been known to attend these processions in a state of nudity; and one man, some years ago, by way of honoring the bride, ran a sword through his arm, and thus walked through the streets, streaming with blood; and another literally cut open his stomach, and carried part of his entrails on a silver plate before the procession. Mr. Lane assures us that this was related by an eye-witness. At the head of some marriage processions, a man walks covered with white cotton wool, to show the purity of the bride. Rev. iii. 4 may refer to this custom. In these processions the bride walks under a canopy, carried by four men, and is covered from head to foot. She displays her richest dress, and has an elegant Cashmere shawl



MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

over her head. In warm weather a woman walks backwards before her, fanning her the whole distance, which, smothered up as she is, must be very acceptable to her. She and her friends spend hours in the bath, and then return to the house of her father, and have supper. Each visitor is expected to make her a present of money. Her feet and hands are stained with henna, as I have elsewhere named, and her friends depart.

On the wedding day, the bride, having "adorned herself," "washed herself," &c., (Ezek. xxiii. 40,) and thus "made her-

self ready," (Rev. xix. 7; xxi. 2,) is conducted to the husband's house in the manner just described. Sometimes they are conveyed on camels, with other camels in procession, and a man runs about asking the spectators for "bucksheesh."

As I have myself seen these things, I need not refer my readers to any writers for proof. I was once watching one of these processions, when I felt my watch-guard jerked, and was just in time to stop a six-foot Arab from walking off with my watch.

It is usual for a man to give his daughter a slave on her wedding day, as Laban did to Leah and Rachel.

Meantime the bridegroom is not allowed to be idle. For two or three nights before the wedding day, he is expected to give a feast; but, singularly enough, those who are invited have to furnish it. Thus one sends coffee, another rice, another sugar, and so on. His principal feast takes place in the night preceding the consummation, the management of which is entrusted to his "friend." (John iii. 29.) The wife usually arrives at his house in the middle of the day, but she and her mother, or sisters, or female friends, always sit in the hareem alone, while the husband is below, not yet having seen his fair one. About the third or fourth hour of the night, that is, three or four hours after sunset, he must go to the mosque to pray, when he is always accompanied by persons with meshals, (torches,) lanterns, &c., (see Matt. xxv.,) as well as by music. On his return he is introduced to his bride, with whom, having given her attendant some "bucksheesh" to retire, he is left alone. He then throws off her veil, and for the first time sees her face. If satisfied with her, he tells the women outside that he is so satisfied, when they immediately scream out their quavers of joy, (zuggareet,) which is taken up by the other women in the house, and then by the women in the neighborhood. And this is what is referred to in Ps. xix. 4, 5. If not so satisfied, all that he has to do is to say, "I divorce thee," when she must go back to her father's house. As this would, however, be disgracing her for life, he does not usually divorce her for several days. And thus it was with Joseph. (Matt. i. 18, 19.) Mary was betrothed to him, but had not yet been removed to his house, when she "was found of child of the Holy Ghost," and Joseph thought to put her away, until the angel appeared unto him. In this, however, the man is entirely his own master, and can do as he pleases. And more than that, he can, if he choose, change his mind, and make her come back again; and this he may do a second time; but if he divorce her a third time, or if, whether in a

passion or not, then or at any other time, he should say, "I *trebly* divorce thee," he cannot take her again without her consent, nor even then until she has absolutely been married to some other man. Sometimes a man divorces his wife in this way when he is angry, and repents almost immediately afterwards; but it is too late. He cannot, as I have said, have her back until she has been married to and lived with another man. He therefore frequently gets her to marry the ugliest peasant he can find, and then pays him to divorce her; but the nuptials must have been first consummated. This is the very opposite of the law of the Jews, as given in Deut. xxiv. 1–4.

It was formerly the case that when a man expressed himself dissatisfied with his new wife, a jury of women was summoned to decide the matter. If their verdict were against the wife, the husband was entitled to the return of the dowry, and the unfortunate girl was tied up in a bag by her father, and thrown into the Nile; but if the jury decided against the husband, he might still divorce his wife, but he was not entitled to the return of the dowry. (See Deut. xxii. 13–21.)

Some men, taking advantage of the law, change their wives every two or three months; but this is not considered reputable, though there are many, of 25 or 30 years of age, who have had six or more wives.

The husbands in the east are just as arbitrary now as they were in the days of Ahasuerus. Though the orders given by that voluptuous king (being the Xerxes that I mentioned in an earlier part of this work) were exceedingly indecent, yet for Vashti to disobey them was unpardonable, and had he not put her away, the consequences would have been *serious*, as particularised in Esther i. 10–22.

Widows, or divorced women, are not considered so valuable, and, consequently, the dowry paid for or given to them is comparatively small; neither do the ceremonies which I have been describing take place when they are remarried.

Not only is a man allowed to have four wives, but he is also permitted to take as many slave concubines as he pleases; and these appear to me to be better off than the wives; because, if he have children by them, he cannot sell them to any other person, but is obliged to maintain them or find them a husband; while the wives are entirely at his mercy, as by divorcing them, he can, in most cases, reduce them to poverty, without assigning any reason whatever.

The following anecdote will show clearly how loose marriages in the east are. A caliph fell in love with his brother's concubine, but, according to the Mahometan law, he could not

have her until she had been married to some other man. He therefore married her to one of his slaves, not doubting that, in deference to his royal master, the slave would soon divorce her. But not so. The slave liked her so well that nothing could induce him to give her up. The caliph was then advised to make the woman a present of his slave, her husband; and this dissolved the knot, as by it the man became the woman's slave, and no woman can be the wife of her own slave!

In 1853, I stayed for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Maxton at Boulac. While there, they received an invitation to attend a marriage feast; and as all persons invited are permitted to take their friends, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. The invitation was given on the Tuesday, and the feast was to be on the Saturday, at the house of the bride's father. Women always go about to invite the guests. (Prov. ix. 3.) In this case, the bride's mother and friends, accompanied by the zuggareet women, or hired rejoicers, conveyed the invitation. As soon as they entered the house, they yelled out their quavers of joy, loud enough to alarm the neighborhood. At five o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, a messenger came to say that "all things were now ready," just as of old. (Luke xiv. 17.) Mrs. M., and a Mrs. S., (wife of another British engineer,) immediately went, and Mr. S. went with me about three hours afterwards. We soon reached the court of the house, which I have already described, and found it full of people, not less, I should say, than 400. The court was well lighted, and the people, all males, were merry enough. The court was covered with canvas, intended to keep out the sun during the day, and the dews during the night, while the feast lasted. This canvas covering is what is called "the roof," in Mark ii. 4. I saw in an instant how the sick man was let down. The people on the house round the court removed the canvas, and let him down by means of cords. As we were pushing our way amongst the people, to seat ourselves in this "lowest room," the "governor of the feast," (John ii. 8,) came up and begged of us to "go up higher;" (See Luke xiv. 8–10;) and he thereupon conducted us to an "upper chamber," from the window of which we could see all that was passing below. This, however, hardly satisfied me, as I wished to mix with the people, to ascertain what was really going on amongst them, and to learn how far their present habits agreed with those recorded in the New Testament; so, though I knew that by so doing I should retire more *lively* than I went, I begged permission to go down again. How vividly did every circumstance recorded in Mark ii.3,4, pass before my mind! I ex-

mined every part, to see which was the most likely spot on which the Saviour stood, and along which corner the bed was et down. In *my* way I decided everything, and really felt or a few minutes as if the scene were actually then transpiring. I then entered into conversation with several Arabs bout me, some of whom had been to England, and some to rance, to learn engineering. Sweetmeats, sherbet, and coffee, ere being sold by various vendors, as the court was open to all.

Formerly, when the easterns gave a marriage feast, they proided their guests with a dress in which to appear. This dress onsisted of a kind of loose flowing mantle, which was worn ver the other dress, so as to cover it. They always prided hemselves in the number they could produce. For a man to nter the house without this dress was an insult to the bridegroom, as it was saying to him, "My dress is quite as good as ours, and therefore I can do without yours." Hence it was hat, in the parable, (Matt. xxii.,) the man who had not on wedding garment is represented as being cast into outer arkness. Literally, such a one would be turned into the ark street, as there are no public lights in the streets in the ast; and this is the figure used in the parable; but in the outer darkness" spoken of by the Redeemer, into which hose will be cast who despise the robe of Christ's righteousess, there will be "wailing and gnashing of teeth." The rich mong the Persians to this day are said to furnish their guests ith these dresses.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

Presently the master of the feast summoned me to supper n the upper chamber. Here I was introduced to the bride's ather, who had been several years at Woolwich, to learn shipuilding. The usual preliminary of washing having been gone hrough, a turkey was placed upon the table. Our host, having said "Bismillah" and "Tafuddal," thrust his finger into he breast, and tore out a piece of meat, which he did me the nonor to place upon my bread, but which I at first felt some lifficulty and hesitation in conveying to my mouth, as I should ave greatly preferred the piece being cut. Other dishes followed, in the way I have already described. After supper I was old that a woman was going to sing an Arab song, and our ost volunteered to interpret it. A large chandelier, which vas suspended in the middle of the court, was now lighted, and his, I was told, was the signal for the song. The diction of ome parts of the song was similar to the Song of Solomon, ut each stanza was so corrupt that I cannot insert it here.

As I was writing the song in my note-book, a Turkish officer took it out of my hand, and seemed perfectly horrified when he found I was really writing. The song was not half over when I left; for not only was the song itself enough to drive me away, but the conversation of those about me was so indelicate that I no longer had any doubt of the true character of the Turks and Arabs. Both Burckhardt and Lane give the women of Cairo a sad character for immorality, and I must say there can be no wonder, educated as they are in such a school, that they should be so loose. They are made to listen to the most obscene language, and women of bad character are employed for the express purpose of instilling into their minds everything that is base. Micah says, "Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom;" and Solomon, "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found;" and I must say that if in their days the women were educated in the licentious way in which the women of the east are now educated, and, indeed, I believe they were, they might well give that advice and make that declaration. Solomon, with all his wisdom, and Samson with all his strength, were led astray by those heathen women. The women of my own country, with the lamentable exceptions which must be made, may rest assured they spake not of *them*.

Mrs. M. and Mrs. S. were with the bride and the other females in another part of the house. They could see us through the lattices, but we could not get the least glimpse of them. Even the woman who sang was invisible to all except those with the bride in the hareem; but her voice could be distinctly heard through the lattices. Mrs. M. gave me a full account of the bride, who was "adorned with jewels," (Isa. lxi. 10,) and highly perfumed. Some of the jewels were *hired*, and others belonged to the singing woman. The bride was paraded from chamber to chamber, each person, that is, "the virgins, her companions," (Ps. xlv. 14,) who followed her, bearing a candle, with as much ceremony as if she had been a queen holding a "drawing room."

The men and women never feast together in the same room, and this was the case in the days of Esther. (i. 5, 9.)

These rejoicings are sometimes continued for many days. The children of the bridechamber cannot mourn while the bridegroom is with them. How beautifully is this custom referred to in Matt. ix. 15; Mark ii. 19; Luke v. 34. It is said that a Jew's marriage often costs him a whole year's income, and the feasts always lasted seven days. Thus it was with Jacob. When Laban said, "Fulfil her week," what he

meant was, "Supply the week's feast," and then thou shalt serve me yet other seven years, &c. (Gen. xxix. 27.) Laban was evidently a covetous old man. (See also Judges xiv. 12.)

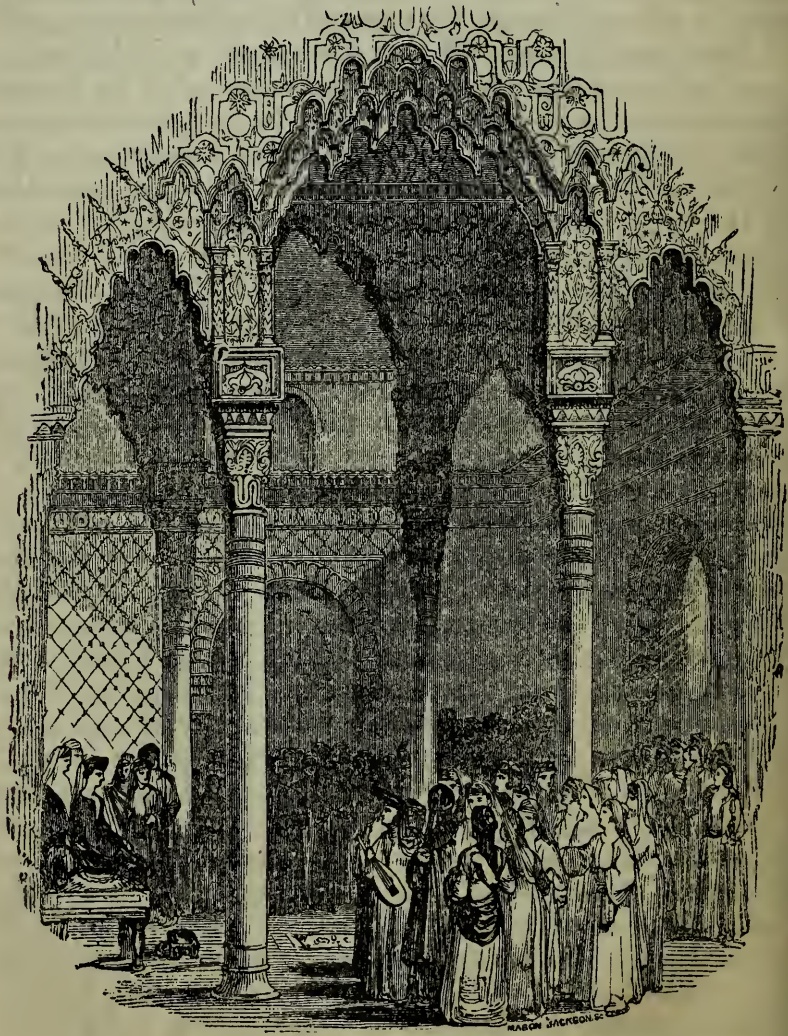
Abraham made his servant swear that he would not take a wife for Isaac except from amongst his own kindred; and so to this day many of the Arabs will not allow their children to marry out of their own tribes. They are exceedingly fond of marrying their cousins, and these marriages are generally the most lasting.

I will here remark, that though some of the marriage customs in Egypt do not literally and fully coincide with those represented in Matt. xxv. 1, and other parts of the New Testament, yet that in Syria, Persia, &c., every sentence is as descriptive now as it was in the days of the Redeemer upon earth.

I have already explained that the women and children always reside in a separate part of the house, called the hareem. Mahomet's advice to his followers was to keep their wives secluded, "for," said he, "if butter be exposed to the sun, it is sure to melt;" and again, "Everything in the world is valuable, but the most valuable of all is a virtuous woman." Indeed, he said he only knew four virtuous women, viz., Asiah the wife of Pharaoh, Mary the mother of Jesus, Kadijha his wife, and Fatima his daughter. The men, therefore, not only prohibit the women from seeing even their male cousins, but constantly set a watch over them. A man usually, when he can, has his own mother or sister to live with his wife, as he has more confidence in the former than he has in the latter; and though, in company with these, the wife may visit her friends, yet, to venture out without them, would, in most cases, be certain divorce; and so also would it be if she showed her face to a man, though it might be by accident; for, in the east, jealousy is indeed "cruel as the grave." The husband's mother, if he have one, is always the head of the hareem, and next to her is the first wife, if she have borne him children, but if not, then the wife who has. The wife's own mother is more to be dreaded than any other visitor, as she puts her daughter up to all sorts of tricks; therefore a girl whose mother is dead is more highly valued than one whose mother is living. "Is thy mother-in-law quarrelsome? Divorce her daughter," say the Arabs. "Should *one* woman scold, the earth will shake; should *two* begin, the stars will fall; should *three* unite, the sea would be driven back; but should *four* join in the brawl, what would become of the world?" No one can form any idea of the noise an Arab woman makes when she is angry. Solomon must have had some experience of it when he penned

Prov. xxi. 9. Once, when in Alexandria, I heard a real *sample* of it. "Whatever is the matter?" I inquired. "O," said my donkey boy, "Arab wife been bad, and Arab lick her." But I would defy an English woman to make half the noise, let her husband "lick her" as much as he would.

When a woman really likes her husband, she uses all her arts to secure his attachment, and to prevent a divorce. If her person be spare, she will often eat mashed beetles to make herself plump. Few women, however, care much about their husbands. How *can* they under such a system? But to their children, especially to their sons, they are devotedly attached. "I may lose my husband," say they, "and may get another; but who can give me back my child?"



THE HAREEM.

The hareems of the wealthy are fitted up with great splendor, some idea of which may be formed from Esther i. 6, as well as from the accompanying engraving.

It is a singular fact that though a man has so much power over his wife that she is little better than a slave, yet, if she leave her slippers outside, he is not allowed to enter the room, neither can he go into his wife's apartments, if she have any female visitors, without giving due notice. This law was doubtless intended to prevent the privacy of the wife from being too suddenly broken in upon by the husband; but it is often abused, especially in Cairo, to a lamentable extent. Even an officer of justice dare not intrude without being quite certain that a man is there contrary to law; and if he should go in, and not find a man, the women are at liberty to kill him. For any man, even the husband's own brother, to be allowed to go into the hareem would be called "giving the keys of the pigeon house to the cat." Sisera hid himself in the tent of Jael, but Jael dealt treacherously with him, (Judges iv. 17–21,) and the chambers into which Benhadad and Zedekiah fled were doubtless in the hareem. (1 Kings xx. 30; xxii. 25.)

In some part of the hareem a light is kept constantly burning; and this seems to be what Jeremiah had in view in xxv. 10, 11, for to extinguish the light shows that the place is deserted. (See also Job xviii. 5, 6; xxi. 17; xxix. 2–4; 1 Kings xi. 36.) One reason why a light is kept burning all night is to keep out serpents and other reptiles. When a person is ruined, it is often said, "His lamp is gone out," or "His lamp is despised." This will illustrate Job xii. 5.

The wives are seldom allowed to eat with their husbands, but are often obliged to wait upon them and their sons, as servants, and take their meals afterwards. They rarely have the chance of getting any animal food, except it be a foot or some other trifling part; but this is more the case amongst the Arabs than the Turks. So it was with Rebekah. She *prepared* the food, and sent it in to Isaac by Jacob. Neither is an eastern woman ever entrusted with the expenditure of her husband's money. There is no walking arm in arm here. The man leads, and the wife follows, as a mark of her inferiority. These "lords of the creation" in the east know their importance and duly show it. An English woman, as she superintends the kitchen department for her household, experiences the pleasure of knowing that she shall partake of the food with her husband; but no such anticipation can soften the labor of the women in the east. Like animals, they must do as they are bid, and wait the pleasure of their lords to be fed.

If a woman refuse to obey her husband, he may take her to the Kadee, when she will be denounced as "rebellious;" and this releases the husband from all claims to support her.

If a man accuse his wife of unfaithfulness, and cannot produce four eye witnesses, a thing next to impossible, he is to be beaten with 80 stripes. His only remedy, therefore, in cases of suspicion, is to divorce her; but a woman found guilty of adultery is invariably put to death, and the sentence is usually executed by her father or brother, or even by her own son, sometimes by stoning, and sometimes by throwing into the Nile. The present Pasha of Egypt had, it is said, a lovely Circassian or Georgian wife, named Fatima. It was reported to him that an English officer had been seen passing the window of her hareem. It is clear that the officer had no business on such *sacred* ground, and it was equally clear that Fatima knew nothing of his being there; but asseverations had no weight with the pasha. He had her sewn in a bag and thrown into the Nile! Warburton, in his "Crescent and Cross," says he saw a man running with a knife, covered with blood, in his hand, and he told him he had killed his wife, and was going to *denounce* her at the village,—*kill* first and *denounce* afterwards, *a là Arab!* He also saw another man who told him he had pushed his wife down a well.

A divorced woman cannot marry again in less than three months from the time of her divorce, during which time her late husband must support her; but a man may remarry immediately.

Some men who have two wives are obliged to separate them, and even sometimes to have separate houses. "A husband between two parrots," (*i. e.*, wives,) the people say, "is like a neck between two sticks;" by which they mean that he would be struck first on one side and then on the other. The term "neck" is often used in the east. For instance: "I struck him a blow on the *neck;*" "A blow that is profitable does not hurt the *neck.*" And so, in Jer. ii. 27, the words translated, "They have turned *their back* unto me," is really in the Hebrew, "They have turned the hinder part of *the neck* unto me." (See also Neh. ix. 29; Job xxxix. 19; Lam. v. 5, and many other passages.)

When European ladies are introduced, as they sometimes are, to the ladies of the Turkish rulers, they are always received with much kindness, and there is no lack of curiosity on either side. While the Frank wonders to see the eastern secluded, as it were, from the world, the latter wonders to see the former roaming at large, and will frankly avow that she

should be uncomfortable if her husband did not keep a strict watch over her, as it would be a sure sign that he did not care for her. Coffee, pipes, sherbets, and sweets are always brought in to visitors. All visitors agree in saying that the women of the hareem seem happy enough; just, I presume, as a linnet is happy in its cage, or a Dorking fowl in its coop, so long as each can get plenty to eat. A lady with whom and her husband I had the pleasure of travelling some distance visited a hareem of high rank, when one of the wives threw her arm round her neck, and begged of her to stay for ever, telling her she should have any husband she liked, but particularly recommended *her own;* "for," said she, "he will soon wish for another wife, and I would much sooner he should have you than any one else." An intelligent lady who accompanied her, and who afterwards published an account of her travels, says, "If we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists; and, as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell." She also says, "It is no uncommon thing for the eunuchs, acting as spies, to whip the ladies away from a window, or to call them opprobrious names." These ladies were, of course, *sprinkled* with rose water as they retired, for this is the invariable custom on visiting the rich in the east; and it is referred to in Isa. lii. 15 and Ezek. xxxvi. 25.

In old times the Arabs were allowed to make away with their infant daughters, and all deemed it a calamity to have a daughter, just as is still the case in China, where thousands of children are butchered every year; but Mahomet strictly forbade the brutal practice. The easterns all extravagantly desire children, as to have a numerous progeny is considered a great honor; therefore mothers often say to their daughters, "Be thou the mother of thousands;" just as Rebekah's mother and brother said, "Thou art our sister; be thou the mother of thousands of millions." (Gen. xxiv. 60.) So, if a woman have no children, she is sure to be lightly esteemed. A confidential person is generally in attendance to carry the tidings to the father when a child is born; and this is what Jeremiah referred to in xx. 15: "Cursed be the man who brought tidings to my father," &c. Children cleave unto their mothers with surprising tenacity, while they merely look upon their fathers as their lord. This will not be wondered at when it is remembered that there are sometimes the children of several mothers in one house; and the father, Burckhardt says, sometimes turns a son out of doors for taking the part of his mother. Without some such severe government, his house would be a constant scene of turmoil and quarrelling. The

father is, therefore, in the fullest sense of the word, a despot. Joseph was attached especially to Benjamin, because he was his own brother: and this is what is meant in such passages as Judges viii. 19, "My brethren, the sons of my mother." (See also Ps. L. 20; lxix. 8.) It added greatly to David's affliction that he had become an alien to his mother's children. (Ps. lxix. 8.) The enmity of the other children of his father, the children of his father's other wives, gave him little or no concern, but he could not endure to be thought lightly of by his own brothers. The practice of a man's being compelled to marry his deceased brother's widow has long been discontinued by the Jews, and it is only optional amongst the Arabs. If the widow have property, the surviving brother usually offers her his hand, to keep the family property together; but either party may refuse.

I have written rather lengthily upon this subject, but trust my remarks will not be found tedious.

Marriages are not by any means the only things which call for processions. There are also *circumcision* processions, for the easterns practise that rite as well as the Jews; and there are *funeral* processions. Of these latter I am now to write.

All funeral processions, except those of the very poorest, are attended by wailing women. There are many women who let themselves out as wailers, at so much for the day, just as charwomen are hired in our own country. Of course those who can utter the most horrid shrieks are the most approved. Some women almost get a living by it. That there were professional wailers in olden times is clear from Jer. ix. 17–19, Amos v. 16, and Mark v. 38. As they pass along the streets, they not only wail, but beat their tambourines, and some are employed in singing. The same custom is mentioned in 2 Chron. xxxv. 25, and Matt. ix. 23. The body is mostly preceded by men and boys, the latter chanting sentences like the following: "I declare the absolute glory of Him who creates whatever has form, and lays low his servants by death. They shall all lie in their graves," &c. The women follow the corpse, which is always carried head foremost. The relations of the deceased have a piece of twisted blue calico tied over their foreheads, and they have also a piece of the like material which they hold with both hands and twirl about over their heads, while they are uttering the most piercing cries. As their dress is in the most disordered state, their long veils hanging down to their feet, and as their lamentations are so piercing, a stranger might well be excused if he supposed they had escaped from some lunatic asylum. It is, however, the

eastern custom, and is not, I think, a bit more absurd than our own practice of employing mutes, with their ridiculous mimicry of sorrow. Sometimes these wailers burst out as in a fit of frenzy, and greatly startle one, until we become used to it, just as the sudden firing of a cannon would startle a nervous lady. I can have no difficulty in believing that the Egyptians "mourned with a great and sore lamentation," when Jacob was buried. (Gen. L. 10. See also Acts viii. 2 and other passages.) Occasionally, the voice of *real* and deep lamentation may be heard, and this is easily distinguished from that of the more noisy *professional* wailers. I have more than once noticed it at the funeral of a child. It has been the cry of the mother, than which nothing, except that of an Arab enduring the bastinado, can be more heart-rending. (See Jer. xxxi. 15.)

The people often testify their grief by cutting themselves, but this was forbidden by the Lord: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead." (Lev. xix. 28; Deut. xiv. 1.)

Some of the funeral processions are on a much grander scale than others, but I mention only those belonging to the mass of the people.

Coffins are never used in Egypt. The body is merely wrapped in linen, laid on a bier, covered with a Cashmere shawl, the form of the body being painfully visible, and thus conveyed to the tomb. It is clear, from 2 Kings xiii. 21, that the body of Elisha was not in a coffin.

When in Alexandria in 1853, waiting for the arrival of a steamer for Malta, I witnessed many funeral processions; so many, indeed, that I thought there must be some fever raging. As several of the processions passed through the square in which the hotel was situated, I felt an unconquerable desire to accompany them to the cemetery, that I might witness the last rites. I therefore followed the next that came up, which was that of a woman. I entered the gates, and stood at a little distance, being afraid to venture too near, as I had some knowledge of the fanaticism of the people. At last the Cashmere shawl was taken off the bier, and I then beheld the body as it lay closely wrapped in the linen clothes. As these were tied tightly round the neck and ancles, the head and feet were necessarily prominent. The men round the grave continued chanting the whole time. One man now took hold of the head and another of the feet, and thus lifted, or rather dragged, the corpse from the bier, and handed it to two other men who were in the grave. Every limb seemed rigid, and the men went about their work as unconcernedly as if the body

had been a dead pig. Indeed, the way in which it was wrapped up and the way in which it was handled turned me quite sick, literally so, and I had to leave the ground. I, however, quickly returned, and ventured up to the grave; but those around immediately began to hiss, groan, and strike their hands, and I deemed it prudent to withdraw. This practice of hissing and striking of hands is referred to in Job xxvii. 23. I had not retired many yards before another procession entered the gates; and this was of a wealthy man. Though I felt so sick and feverish that I hardly knew how to contain myself, I seemed determined to follow this corpse also. But I had presumed too much. A man with a flowing silk gown left the procession, and came up to me, exclaiming, with voice and looks that were not to be misinterpreted, "Howajer! Ente ria fane? Mush tyeeb. Rooah! Yellah, yellah!" (Sir! Where are you going? It is not good. Go away! Quick, quick!) "Mush tyeeb?" said I. "Heighwa!" (Yes!) he replied, with much emphasis. "Rooah! Yellah!" I therefore retreated, and I was glad I did; for, though I had been so persevering, I had great difficulty to keep from fainting. On naming the subject to my old schoolfellow, whom I mentioned many pages back, he said it was well I knew sufficient of Arabic to understand what the man had said, and that he had acted as a real friend in sending me away; for, had I reached the grave, some infatuated man might have rushed upon me, and stabbed me. A Frenchman had been killed a short time before for doing the very same thing. It is true the murderer was put to death, but that did not bring the Frenchman to life again. Thus, had it not been for Divine interposition, I might have paid dearly for my curiosity.

The grave of the woman which I saw was several feet deep, unlike those at Constantinople and other parts of the east, which are never more than two or three feet deep; but this was a grave of the "common people." (Jer. xxvi. 23.) The higher classes have tombs, with arched roofs, built of bricks. The linen graveclothes are spoken of in John xi. 44, Matt. xxvii. 59, and in other passages. A number of stones are put close to the body. This is to keep the face toward Mecca, and also to keep the earth from pressing in the body, as the people believe that the earth painfully crushes the sides of all unbelievers and wicked persons.

One of the prayers, (for after all I find the Mahometans do sometimes use forms of prayer,) uttered at the grave is, "O God, he has gone to live with thee. He stands in need of thy mercy, and thou hast no need of his torture. If he has done

good works, over reckon his good deeds; and if he has done evil, forgive his bad doings. Make his grave wide, and do not let the earth press his sides;" and so on.

When a death occurs in the morning, the interment takes place in the evening, as bodies are never kept many hours in Egypt, partly on account of the climate, and partly from superstitious motives.

As soon as positive symptoms of dissolution appear, the man's face is turned towards Mecca, the Mahometan's sacred city; and when the spirit has departed, his family, with their clothes rent and beating their faces, commence the wailings, which are soon taken up by the neighbors. "O my father!" says one; "O my lion!" "O camel of the house!" &c. &c.; by which they mean, O thou who hast provided for us! O thou who hast protected us! O thou who hast borne our burdens! While the public wailers exclaim, "Alas for our friend! (1 Kings xiii. 30.) What a handsome turban he wore! What a handsome man he was!" and so forth.

When women go into mourning, they dye all their clothes a deep blue, and stain their hands and arms the same colour; and sometimes let their nails grow to a great length. The men do not make any alteration in their dress, but shave off their beards or let them grow long and neglected.

In the afternoon of the Thursday next following the funeral, the women again begin to wail, and on the next morning they visit the tomb, which they strew with leaves of the palm-tree, and give bread and dates to the poor. This is done for three weeks, that is, on the Thursday and Friday in those weeks, and again after the fortieth day. Thus were "forty days fulfilled for Jacob." (See Gen. L. 3.) Women have been known to weep round the graves of their husbands for twenty years. On one Thursday saw the cemetery at Boulac covered with people, who were distributing alms to the poor. I was told it was a particular day, and that the people did this to release the souls of their friends who had committed offences in paradise! Yet, singularly enough, on the Saturday, and on special occasions, such as their prophet's birthday, they often hold a kind of fair in the cemeteries, and have flying boxes, roundabouts, and all sorts of fun over the graves.

Funeral feasts are sometimes given; and this is what Jeremiah refers to in xvi. 7, 8. In some parts, when a person dies, the relations and friends send bread to the house of mourning; and this is what Ezekiel calls "the bread of men." (xxiv. 17.)

The term, "gathered to his fathers," which often occurs in the Bible, refers to the custom of the people having family se-

pulchres, in which the direct descendants of such family are buried; as was the case with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The easterns earnestly desire that they should be "gathered to their fathers," and at least be buried in their native country, if they cannot be in the *sepulchre* of their fathers. Hence it is that many Jews at the present day hasten to Jerusalem when they are advanced in years. Even the Bedouins of the desert desire that their bodies may lie in the dreary waste rather than in a sepulchre near a town. (See p. 477.)

The easterns, when they wish to break off an engagement, or to excuse themselves from going to any particular place, often say, "Let me first go and bury my father." And thus it was with the young man in the gospel. (Matt. viii. 21.) But Jesus reproved him, and that reproof was conveyed in his answer, "Let the dead bury their dead;" meaning that his excuse would avail him nothing.

The tombs of saints in Egypt are held in great veneration. They are covered with a circular building, in the form of a cupola, and are regularly whitewashed, repaired, rebuilt, and decorated, as was the case with the Jews. (Luke xi. 47; Matt. xxiii. 29.) In the larger tombs, lamps are kept constantly burning, as amongst the Romanists, and no Christian is allowed to enter.

CHAPTER XXVII.—EGYPT.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

The easterns are proverbially the most superstitious people in existence. With almost every event that takes place, every movement they make, every dream that occupies their thoughts on their beds, they connect some supernatural agency. Should they hear an unusual noise in the night, and in the morning find a man's sandal on their balcony or in the court of the house, it would be to them a certain sign that an efreet (evil spirit) had been walking up and down,—a mark which, to an Englishman, would be a certain sign to the contrary; for even those in England who believe in the visitation of spirits, have no idea of their wearing shoes, or sandals. To such an extent do the Arabs carry their belief in spirits, that they often ask pardon of any spirit who may be near them before they venture to do certain things; and they believe that the spirits often appear in the form of cats, dogs, &c.

The *Christian* Arabs, as they are termed, that is, the Copts, are equally as superstitious as the Mahometans, and even the

Jews in the east cannot claim exemption. Mr. Lane says that both Jews and Christians often ask for the prayers of Moslem saints, and make them presents.

I have already alluded to the charms which are worn round the neck or in the bosom, to keep away evil spirits. These are mostly passages from the Koran, enclosed in leather cases. The schoolmasters in the villages, those at least who can write, often carry on a brisk trade in copying them. Sometimes the charms are merely written on slips of paper, and worn about the person without a case.

Charms are also used for the prevention or cure of diseases. An Englishman in Cairo once had a servant who was suffering excruciatingly from tooth-ache. He would not have the tooth extracted, but suspended a charm, a verse from the Koran, over his cheek. For two days he persevered, without receiving relief. On the third day, as he lay asleep, his master took the charm out of the case, and substituted a few lines of nonsense in English. Singularly enough, the man's tooth got better during the day, and he persisted in attributing the relief to the virtue of the charm, until his master showed him what was in the case.

Sometimes a passage from the Koran is written in ink on earthen vessels, and then washed off with water; after which the sick person drinks the water; but I need not say how inefficacious such a draught too often proves.

Dust from Mahomet's tomb is also considered as possessing peculiar charms for the cure of diseases, just as relics of reputed saints are by Romanists and Greeks. Some of the women suspend round their necks the finger of a Jew or a Christian, which they have obtained from a corpse, for the like purpose. Even horses and camels are made to wear charms, and children have them in cases dangling on their foreheads, to keep off the evil eye. I was once at Mrs. M.'s, at Boulac, when two Turkish ladies called to see her. One of them took Mrs. M.'s little boy into her arms, exclaiming, "Mashallah," (God's will;) when Mrs. M., mother like, said, "Look at his fat legs." "O!" both the ladies exclaimed; "Inshallah!" (If it be God's will!) and immediately spit on the floor. This was to prevent any ill effect from Mrs. M.'s remark. Many a woman in England may be flattered out of almost anything, if the visitor will only express her admiration of her offspring; but in Egypt the least favorable notice of a child would be viewed by its parents as a dire calamity. The evil (envious) eye would rest upon it, and some evil, they would say, would be sure to befal it.

I have in my possession a number of small shells, strung together, which are also worn as amulets or charms, both by women, children, and animals.

These charms are referred to in Ezek. xiii. 18, 21, and there called "kerchiefs." The Israelites had become devoted to idolatry and superstition, but their "charms," the Lord said, he would "tear off."

I have often seen broken plates over the doors of houses in the villages, to keep off evil spirits, just as an ass's head in some countries used to be put on a pole in a field as a defence against supernatural fascination, and to insure a good crop. The people often wall up one door and open another, to avert the evil eye.

Mr. Lane says a whole volume might be written on the subject of charms; and I have no doubt it might; but I must "dismiss the subject."

Instead of these "charms," the Lord commanded the Israelites to wear upon their hands and upon their foreheads all the words of his law. (Deut vi. 8; xi. 18.) These were divided into four parts, viz., Exod. xiii. 2–11; Exod. xiii. 11–17; Deut vi. 4–10; and Deut. xi. 13–22. Some were written for the head, and others for the hands. The Pharisees, in the days of the Redeemer, had them written on slips much wider than usual, that they might be thought to be particularly pious; but the Redeemer exposed their hypocrisy. They not only wore them on their foreheads, but also on the "borders of their garments," enlarging them for the purpose. (See Matt. xxiii. 5.) Many Jews still wear them, but they conceal them under their dress.

The Mahometans are, if possible, more particular than even the Jews about eating swine's flesh. The very sight of it will cause them to exclaim, "God is great!" and some of them, like the Jews, will not so much as mention the word "pig," but call it "the unmentionable thing." A gentleman, whom I well know, and who still resides in Egypt, went from Lancashire to Cairo, to instruct the Arabs in the art of spinning cotton. Do what he would, he could not keep them from drinking the oil instead of using it for the machinery. He even mixed dung with it, but to no purpose. At last it was suggested to him to put a pig's foot in every cask containing oil; and this answered admirably, for not one of the people would taste it afterwards. They will not, if they can help it, even use a brush made of hogs' bristles. How strange it is that though you cannot believe a word the people say unless they solemnly swear it, and though they would as soon kill a

Christian as a flea, their superstition should lead them to be so scrupulous in other things.

Some there are who contrive frequently to dream marvellous things, and excite the wonder of the people by the recital of them; but they generally take care to turn their "dreams" to good account for themselves. Against such the Israelites were cautioned, and told not to listen to them. (Deut. xiii. 1–5; Jer. xxvii. 9.) It is quite amusing to hear the Arabs talk of the discoveries they *intend* to make, in consequence of their dreams. The Mahometans, like the Romanists, pray for the intercession of their saints and of their prophet.

In an earlier part of this work, I gave some account of the Whirling Derwishes of Constantinople. When in Egypt, in 1853, I went to see another sect of derwishes, at Old Cairo. These were called Howling Derwishes. They had music, of a very wild description, to the tune of which, and by dint of groaning, grunting, and rolling about their heads and bodies, they worked themselves up into a state of great excitement. Some of them had long hair, as a mark of their peculiar sanctity. As they rolled their heads about, their hair flying in the most disordered state, they looked perfectly fiendish. Probably the reason why Paul said it was a shame to a man to have long hair was because of some superstitious rite connected with it. One youth threw himself on the floor, and continued to bump his head on the marble pavement, rolling round and groaning the whole time, until one of the people was compelled to restrain him. Looking through a small door overhead, I saw two or three women observing the performance, and rolling their heads about like the men. One of them, in the most *savage* manner, tore several handfuls of hair out of her head, the effect of extreme excitement.

There was formerly a sect of derwishes whose performances were more extraordinary than those of either the Dancers or the Howlers; but I was assured that Mehemet Ali, some years before my first visit to Egypt, had put a stop to their exhibitions. After they had worked themselves up into a state of frenzy, by dancing, howling, &c., two of them ran to a dish of red-hot charcoal, filled their mouths with the charcoal, and deliberately chewed it, opening their mouths occasionally to show that it was really there, and then swallowed it. Others would place the charcoal between their teeth, holding it there for about two minutes, and then swallow it. Sometimes, Mr. Lane says, these derwishes would eat glass as well as fire.

During the month of Ramadan, *i. e.*, the ninth month of the Mahometan year, the Moslems all fast. From sunrise to

sunset, they are not allowed to taste so much as a drop of water, nor yet to smoke their pipes, which is, perhaps, the greatest trial of all. When the month falls in summer, (for I have already explained that, as the Mahometan year contains only 353 days, their months are ever changing, being sometimes in summer, and sometimes in winter,) their sufferings, arising from thirst, are extreme; yet, though instant death should be the certain result of their refusal, on no account would they moisten their lips, until they heard the cannon at the citadel, announcing that the sun had set. With the most undeviating composure and fanatical obstinacy, which they miscall resignation, they endure the scorching heat of an eastern sun and become martyrs to the burning flame of fever sooner than raise a finger to avert it. Indeed, it is a martyrdom which they covet rather than labor to avoid, believing that thereby they insure for themselves a speedy entrance into paradise. With the same fatal mistake as to the workings of God in his providence, they often see their houses consumed by fire, and, unless by compulsion, will not lend a hand to extinguish it, but quietly sit down with their pipes, unmovedly watch the progress of the devouring element, and most religiously, as they suppose, exclaim, "God is great!" They appear to have no idea of the fact that effects must follow causes, that God works by means, and that if he has appointed certain means to bring about certain ends, those means must be used ere the end can be obtained. On the contrary, the use of those means would be called by the Mahometans "working against God."

During this month of Ramadan, then, whether it occur during a temperature of 160 degrees in the sun, or at only half that amount, although you may see the poor Moslems attending to their avocations as usual, their pipes are invisible. Indeed, until quite recently, they would not even allow the Christians to smoke, viewing it as an unpardonable insult to their prophet and their religion; but now this prohibition has been removed, though the people will run away from the fumes of the pipe or the cigar as they would from a tiger. As their shadows lengthen, that is, as the sun declines, their pipes are filled, and their tables are spread; and the instant that the cannon booms and the moueddins call to evening prayers, which, as I have stated in a previous chapter, is about four minutes after sunset, they drink off a glass of water or sherbet, next say their prayers, and then feast away to their heart's content. Those who can afford to do so, sleep during the day and feast during the night, until the month is over.

It is incumbent upon every Mahometan, once in his life, to go on pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca and to Mount Ararat, or pay a person to go for him. I have seen groups of persons from Tangiers and other parts, with packs of goods on their backs, which they barter on their way for food. It takes these a year to make the journey to Mecca. Their sufferings are often indescribable, especially while crossing the desert. Hundreds who can afford, now go by steamers from Gibraltar, having crossed the straits from Barbary; but this is an easy way of performing the pilgrimage, just as the Romanist who, by way of doing penance, was ordered to walk with peas in his shoes, wisely *boiled* them first. From this pilgrimage the people, sometimes numbering 70,000 or 80,000, return in a body, having first offered sacrifices of sheep, goats, and camels. This they call the ransom of Ishmael, as they believe that it was Ishmael, and not Isaac, who was about to be offered up by Abraham, and that it was on Mount Ararat, and not on Mount Moriah, where the offering was made. The return of the pilgrims is described by travellers who have witnessed it as the most imposing sight conceivable. Hundreds of women go to meet their husbands and sons; but vast numbers too soon learn that they are no more, having perished in the desert. The wailings of these poor women, and the rejoicings of others, rend the air. One year, no less than 7,000 of the pilgrims died of cholera. There is one continuous train of camels and people, hour after hour, and yet the end of the caravan seems far distant. On the second day, the chief emeer, or head of the caravan, enters the city with the Mahmil. This is a large wooden case, richly decorated, and containing two copies of the Koran, in imitation, no doubt, of the ark of the Israelites, which contained the law. The Mahmil is borne by a fine stately camel, which is exempted from labor for the remainder of his life. Some say he is killed, and his flesh given to the poor. The camel is not forbidden food for the Mahometan, though it was to the Jews.

It is said that one man conducted the procession every year for upwards of a quarter of a century, rolling his head about, as he sat on his camel, all the way there and back, each time.

Soon after the return of the pilgrims, the great festival of the prophet's birth and death, for both are said to have happened on the same day of the same month, is celebrated. This I have witnessed twice, viz., in March, 1847, and in December, 1852. For several nights prior to the closing scene, rejoicings are carried on to a great extent. A large open space on the south-west of the Esbekiah Gardens is covered with booths,

much after the manner in which booths are erected at a country fair in England. These are all illuminated, internally and externally, with variegated lamps, and are filled with derwishes and other religious performers. The lamps are in clusters, and each cluster is furnished by some zealous Mahometan, just as wax tapers are provided by the Romanists in Roman Catholic countries on festive occasions. The appearance of the streets is most picturesque. Hundreds of men parading about with lanterns; hundreds more crowding about the booths, and hundreds more squatted round the sweetmeat stalls and coffee shops, which abound in every direction. This fair has been not inaptly called the feast of lanterns.

I have already mentioned that no one is allowed to be in the streets after sunset without a light, and I may as well remind my readers of the fact, that they may be at no loss to account for there being so many lights, twinkling like stars, on these occasions, though the police are not so particular then as at other times. "Let your light so shine before men," said the Saviour, "that they may see your good works;" and again, "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' both of which expressions refer to the custom of the easterns always carrying lights after sunset, alleging that "men are not afraid to show a light unless their intentions are evil!" The watchmen, or police, are sure to take such into custody.* Several times did I visit this "fair," if it be lawful to call it a fair; but I cannot possibly convey any idea of the impression and sensations that the scene produced. The booths were all animation. In one were a number of derwishes, sitting in parallel lines, facing each other. These incessantly moved their heads and bodies towards each other, backwards and forwards, like wooden rocking horses, uttering, in a deep, sepulchral tone, at each movement, "Allah! Allah!" (God! God!) In another booth they were all standing up, making similar movements of the head and body, only rather more rapidly, and uttering the same word. In another, they were also standing up, but bending themselves first to the right

* It is a significant fact that the watchmen in the east, instead of crying the hour, continually use the name of God: "O Lord Almighty;" "O Living King!" "O Everlasting!" &c.; and this custom is referred to in Isa. lxii. 6, "Ye that make mention of the Lord," that is, "Ye whose *watchword* is the name of the Lord;" though, of course, it is used only as a figure, which the Jews would well understand. Besides this, the watchmen, at stated times of the night, used to call to and answer each other, just as we see it in Ps. cxxxiv. The first watchman there exclaims, "Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord;" to which the second replies, "The Lord bless thee out of Zion." (Read the psalm.)

side and then to the left, and also groaning out "Allah!" When they went to the right, they exclaimed, "Al-," and when to the left, "lah!" (Allah!) laying an unearthly accent on each syllable. In another booth, the performers appeared to have gone stark mad. With the most violent motions of the head and body, jerking every joint and straining every muscle, they too were incessantly bowing to each other, and, with voices that seemed to come from the nethermost tombs, were also groaning out, "Allah! Allah!" A leader, or priest, stood at one end of the long file, and kept them in time by singing. These poor men often continue their superhuman exertions until they sink down exhausted; and some are carried out in epileptic fits, when they are considered to have arrived at the acme of devotion. I have seen their turbans thrown off in the most frightful wildness, while, by their dress, as well as their voices and actions, their eyes rolling deliriously, and the perspiration pouring down their writhing cheeks, every feature being distorted, they seemed as though they had leaped over the wall of a bedlam. And this is called a zikr, or prayer. They all begin, as I described first, in a gentle way, and increase in wild gesticulations, until worked up to madness.

Throughout each of the nights, processions go about the streets with torches and wild music, and during the day with banners. Here are men dressed in women's clothes, amusing a crowd with indecent dances; there is a man telling some marvellous tale; and yonder is a crowd enjoying some funny tricks. A thousand voices, and sounds various and discordant, are heard at once. All these things, and many others, passed under my eye; and, however objectionable they may be, had I not *seen* them, I could not have satisfactorily written about them.

These scenes are renewed for ten or eleven nights; and at last comes the climax, which is the ceremony of the Doseh. This occurs on the twelfth day of the third month of the Mahometan year; and I shall now describe it as I personally witnessed it on two occasions.

In 1847, having a good dragoman, though a most uncompromising Mahometan, we went betimes to the spot where the ceremony was to take place. Thousands and thousands of people, all, except the comparatively few Franks who were present, being in eastern costume, as represented in the engraving, soon congregated together, until I was jammed as completely as if I had been in "the black hole" of Calcutta. The sun was unbearably hot, the dust insufferable, and the squeezing and pushing indescribable. Presently we heard music; the proces-

THE DOSEH.

sion was advancing. Now was the time to promise "buck-sheesh" to those about me, if they would only *lever* me up to the foreground, and there enable me to maintain my position. And, inconceiveable as was the confusion, painful as was the endurance, Herculean as was the task, and hopeless as was

its accomplishment, no sooner was the magic word "bucksheesh" uttered, than the attempt was made, and that attempt crowned with success.

Well, here comes the procession. It is headed by music and banners, and about 200 derwishes, rolling about in a most deplorably exhausted state, groaning out, "Allah! Allah!" and some of them foaming at the mouth, like an over-driven horse. The eyes of some of them were closed, while those of others were so inflated by excitement and exhaustion that they seemed ready to start out of their sockets. Like logs of wood they threw themselves down, and their friends immediately began to pack them in a row, side by side, as seen in the engraving, pulling them about as unconcernedly, I may say as unfeelingly, as if they had been dead sheep, the poor victims continuing to exclaim, "Allah! Allah!" With the help of my dragoman and my bucksheeshed Arabs, I stood close to the heads of those opposite to me, and had therefore a full and unobstructed view. Two or three men, bare-footed, ran over the bodies, as they lay on the ground, to see that all was right, and then came the Sheikh-el-Bekre, or priest, on horseback, the horse being led by two men, and walking over the human pavement with most admirable caution, as though he had been stepping on burning coals. As the animal passed over, those who were able immediately sprang up, and those who were not able were lifted up by their friends, and hurriedly carried away. The people believe that it is impossible for any true Mussulman to be hurt; but, notwithstanding all asseverations to the contrary, I as surely heard the bones of one poor man crack under the horse's foot as I ever heard the crack of a whip. He was lifted up and carried away, as were also several others. What was their fate it was impossible to learn, for the Mahometans take care to keep their own counsel in this respect.

In 1853, in company with a gentleman from Manchester, I again went to see the ceremony, being anxious to be satisfied whether there really were any deception or not. We told our dragoman that if he would get us inside the sheikh's house, we would liberally "bucksheesh" him. Having made some soldiers a present who were guarding a large door, the door was opened for us by some one inside, and our dragoman led us to the flat roof of an out-building, whence we could see all that was transpiring outside, and yet be free from the crowd. A host of Englishmen and other Franks were below us, and several were anxious to ascend to us; but, as they had not learnt how to use the "bucksheesh" key, the door was locked against

them. We could have instructed them, it is true; but, as the roof bent like ice under our tread, we deemed it best to keep them in happy ignorance, and ourselves in probable, though somewhat problematical, safety. While here, a juggler in front of the people, showed us some of his tricks; one of which was, throwing up a large iron ball, attached to a spike, and pretending to let the point penetrate into his cheek bone. There certainly was a large hole there; but, though his movements were of legerdemain expertness, I could distinctly see that he always caught the instrument just before it reached his cheek. The people; however, thought it really entered into his cheek, just as gaping crowds in a country fair in England fancy the conjurors swallow a sword, though it is well known that they do nothing of the kind. There was also a jet-black Nubian, amusing hundreds by apeing an English gentleman, bowing and scraping, holding a piece of glass to his eye, and so forth. Then he made a most polite speech or two, which caused a general laugh, and then he took a bundle of dirty papers out of his pocket, which he said were his "characters." Several persons came up selling lentils and bread; but the crowd helped themselves, and soon devoured all, while the sufferers joined in the laugh. There were also dancers and jesters of every kind almost. An Arab woman went up to the English below us, and, taking off her veil, showed them and us her face. Several people tried to persuade her to go away; but, as she determinedly refused, they at last "buck-sheeshed" her, when she retired; but she would not put on her veil.

No scene can possibly be more graphic than the one before us as we stood on this building. There was a sea of diadems, or turbans, (for the word rendered diadem in the Bible often means turban,) of various colors, but principally white, and clean as a lady's toilet cover, all having been apparently washed for the occasion, undulating in the most pleasing confusion and the most striking picturesqueness. I have stood before 10,000 people in England under one roof, and I then thought that *that* was the most magnificent spectacle I had ever beheld; but it is not worth the naming in comparison with the scene of which I am now speaking. At the meeting in England to which I have referred, I saw some thousands of bare heads, it is true, packed like lucifer matches in a box; and that was graphic enough; but then there were nothing but black coats or fustian jackets, or some such dress; while here, in Egypt, there was every variety of eastern costume, from the rich flowing silk gown of the merchant to the common blue shirt of the

poor fellah; from the silk dress of the lady to the white cotton covering of the slave; from the lily-white diadem wreathed round the head of the Turk, to the sugar-loaf hat which distinguished the fanatical derwish.

From this elevated position I again had a view of the Doseh,—the heavy sheikh riding over his dupes. I this time counted 300, and again saw several of them seriously, if not fatally, hurt. As soon as he had passed, we descended from the roof; and, being led along a dark covered way, entered the sheikh's house. Here, prostrate on the floor, we saw other derwishes awaiting the coming of their priest, and here again the horse passed over them. One man lay motionless. He was picked up and fanned; but no; he was too much hurt to be restored, and was quickly carried away. A man ran several times to and fro with a large serpent coiled round his arm. Formerly, it was the custom for several men to devour two or three living serpents as soon as the Doseh was over; but Mehemet Ali, or, as some say, the present sheikh, prohibited the disgusting practice.

In *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, I once read an article in which it was stated, on "very respectable authority," that a boy had been known, for a few piastres, to lie down three times in one day, to be trodden upon; but this I do not believe. I have seen boys throw themselves down, but never saw one allowed to remain. They were always pulled up by the bystanders, and sent away.

On passing through the court of the house on my way out, I saw the horse, the sheikh having dismounted. As I had heard divers opinions about its being shod, some saying it was shod with leather, and others that it was not shod at all, I determined to risk the wrath of any Mahometans who might see me, and satisfy myself on the subject. I therefore went up to it, and, taking up one of its *sacred* legs, to examine its foot, I found that it was shod in the way that all horses in the east are shod, as mentioned by me on page 122, namely, that an iron plate covered the whole foot, except a small hole in the centre to admit air. There was no deception here, let other travellers say what they may. Indeed, there was no hypocrisy in any part of the ceremony. There can be no real religion without sincerity; but, if sincerity were all that is indispensable, we might well award the palm to these poor derwishes. One writer, however, (Mr. Eliot Warburton, who was lost in the Amazon, when she was burnt at sea in 1852,) says of the Egyptian, "His loyalty is slavishness; his courage is ferocity; his religion superstition; his love sensual; his abstinence pha-

risaical; and his resignation a dastard fanaticism;" and he is quite right in his description.*

That this riding over men is peculiar to Mahometanism, I do not believe, for we find Isaiah referring to the practice, (li. 23,) and he lived nearly 1,400 years before Mahomet. Perhaps also David had it in view, as a figure, when he wrote Ps. lxvi. 12.

It is to me almost a mystery that people in every age and country should have allowed, and should still allow, themselves to be so duped by their priests. Whether we look at Moloch mentioned in the Old Testament, and the children passing through fire; whether we look at the far east, India, and there behold the people voluntarily throwing themselves under their ponderous idol Juggernaut, to be crushed to death, which was the case even in our own dominions there until within these few years;† whether we look at the Mahometans, as I have just been describing, or the infatuated Romanist and his deeds of mortification and penance; or, coming still nearer home, nay, even to our very doors, at the Puseyite clergyman, we find the same tyranny practised, the same sordid selfishness, the same dust thrown in the eyes of the people, and in them the same blind acquiescence, the same chains of a degrading slavery. Each forms a step in the same religious pyramid, of which working for life forms the base. We talk of the *military* despotism of Austria; but there can be no tyranny equal to *religious* tyranny; no oppression like that of the priests; no degradation like that of superstition.

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* And this is the religion, at least part of it, for which the Turks are now fighting. It must not be supposed, however, because the English and French are assisting them, that *they* too are sending out their fleets and armies to uphold such a religion. On the contrary, they have wrested from the Turkish Government, for professed Christians of every sort, privileges of which in the Ottoman empire they had for hundreds of years been debarred. The haratsh, or poll tax, which all Christians had to pay to be *allowed* to carry their heads on their shoulders, is to be taken off; the evidence of Christians is, for the first time, to be received in Mahometan courts; and they are to have other advantages, which I need not enumerate. *We* are going to war, not to uphold Mahometanism, but to stop the encroachments of one of the most barbarous, heartless, unfeeling, ambitious tyrants that ever lived; viz., the Emperor of Russia.

† In the *Times* newspaper of March 30, 1854, there is an account of this idol Juggernaut being destroyed by fire. The people were "merged in grief, attributing the accident to the fury of the god, for causes of which they were not cognizant." Whether or not our Government will allow them to construct another, I cannot say; but I believe they paid a yearly sum out of the public money to support the temple.

The Moslems always look with suspicion upon any European who professes to have embraced their "true faith." A European, who for interested reasons had turned Mahometan, was once seen drunk, when he was taken before Ibrahim Pasha, and ordered to be bastinadoed. A bystander whispered to the pasha that he was a Frank. "O no, no," said Ibrahim, "he is one of us, *lay it on well;*" and they gave him a respectable five hundred.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—EGYPT.

VICINITY OF CAIRO.

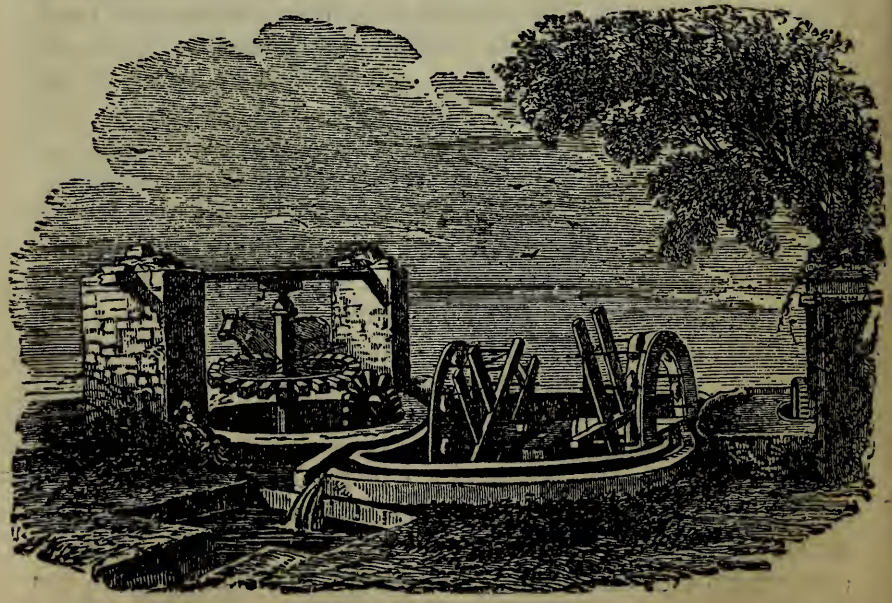
I have by no means exhausted the fund from which interesting accounts of the Egyptians might be drawn; but I must proceed with "my wanderings."

Soon after my arrival in Cairo, I visited the various places of note around the city. I shall first speak of the Land of Goshen, and of On, the City of the Sun.

Having made up a party, we took donkeys, and left the hotel early in the morning. Passing through the gate, our donkeys treading their way amidst hundreds of market people outside, we reached the barracks, a large building capable of containing some thousands of men. Here were sentries in their boxes, which were built entirely of dried mud; and immediately opposite was an Arab village. A village, did I say? No, pardon me; I mean a large number of mud hovels, some of them not more than five feet high, roofed with doura straw and mud, and with holes about two feet square for doorways. These are the abodes of the soldiers' wives and children; and surely the wide world cannot produce a more complete sample of filth and wretchedness. I once measured one of these cottages, or rather one like them, only that this was *detached,* like a gentleman's villa, while the others are huddled together. It was eight feet long, five feet wide, and five feet high; and in this sty I saw a woman and five children. It was near the river at Minieh, a large town about 160 miles south of Cairo. I saw it in 1851, and again in 1853. There are many similar ones all over Egypt. When Job speaks of houses of clay, (iv. 19,) he refers, as a figure, to these mud buildings, for there were thousands of them in his day, as there are now; and, moreover, their "foundation" is still "in the dust," that is, in the sand; for everywhere in Egypt and Arabia, where there is not constant irrigation, there is perpetual sand or dust. I have seen whole villages standing, as it were, in a sandy desert, the sand having covered nearly all the gardens and fields. How

beautifully does Job use the figure to set forth man's utter insignificance! And again he refers to these houses built of mud, when he speaks of wicked men "digging through" them "in the dark;" (xxiv. 16;) for any one with a pickaxe could level them with the ground in a very short time. When houses are broken into now, the burglars never think of trying the windows, but cut a hole through the wall, which can be done with little or no noise, so that the first intimation that the inmates have of the robbery is the morning's light peering through the hole. In England, the rains would soon wash such houses down; but in Egypt they will stand for many years, unless destroyed by man or shaken by hurricanes. I have seen the sides of many bulging out like a water cask, and have wondered how they could stand for a single day. These are the "bowing walls" referred to by David, in Ps. lxii. 3.

Before the houses are considered as finished, they are plastered over with mud, just as many of our houses are coated with cement; and this mud plaster is what Ezekiel calls "untempered mortar." (xiii. 10, 11, 14, 15; xxii. 28.) A single day's rain, like some which we have in England, would prove an "overwhelming shower," wash down scores of them, and thus add to the "mire in the streets" spoken of by Zech. (ix. 10.) On page 167 I have given another illustration of this untempered mortar and "overwhelming shower." I have described both as they really exist at the present day, and Ezekiel probably had both in view when he wrote.

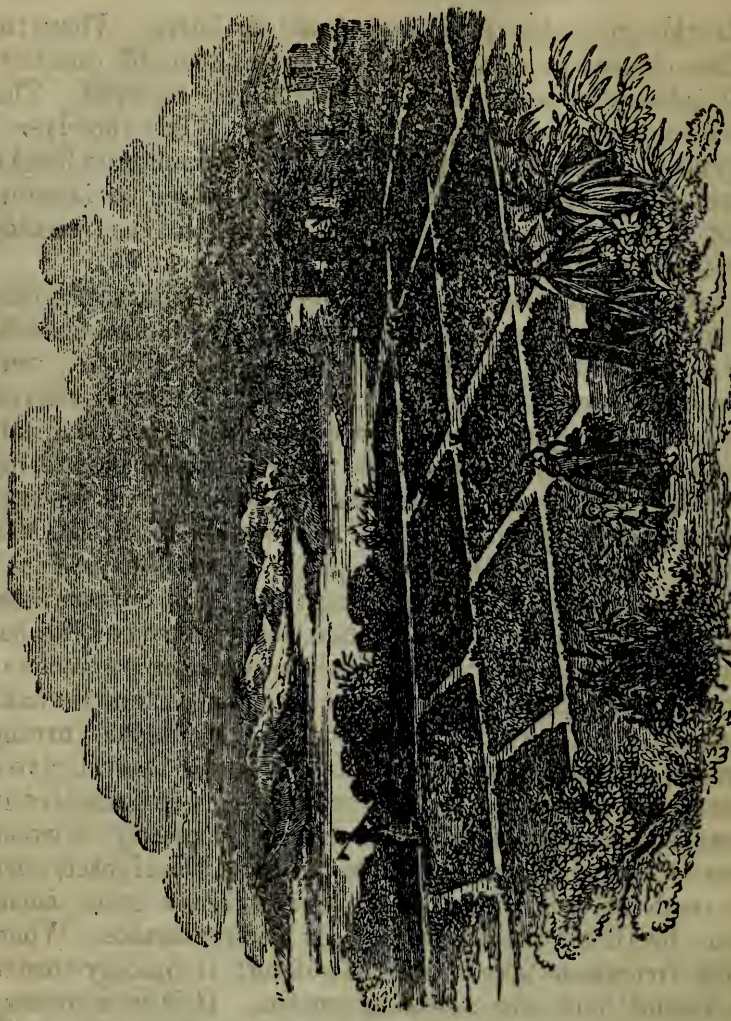


THE SHAKEYIAH.

Near the gate, too, is the new canal of Cairo. When the river has reached a certain height, this and the old canal are opened, when the waters rush in and fill all the wells. This event is accompanied by great rejoicings. While the river is rising, criers go about the city every day, announcing its height, and exclaiming at the same time, "I announce the absolute glory of God." "God is bountiful, and hath given running rivers to water the lands;" &c. &c.

For six or seven miles we passed over a well-cultivated plain, full of fruit trees, some of them, such as apricots and almonds, being in full bloom. Barley, wheat, beans, lentils, &c., were luxuriating in every direction. Streams of water, in narrow rivulets, not deep enough to drown a rat, yet sufficiently copious to keep the ground well watered, were meandering through the gardens and plantations. These streams are supplied from wells, which are filled with water when the Nile overflows. As the whole of this plain is then covered with water, and as the land is exceedingly light, the water filters through, and keeps the wells supplied, long after the Nile has receded, and is thus capable of affording sustenance to tens of thousands of people, if that number were only there to make good use of it. The water is worked up by bullocks, turning shakeyiahs, or Persian water-wheels. Of one of these I give a representation; but some of them are much more primitive in appearance, being made, in a rude manner, entirely of wood, the heavier parts being of the palm tree, and the lighter, such as the teeth of the wheels, of the gum tree, or gum acacia, called in the Bible "shittim wood." It is very durable. Wherever this irrigation takes place, the desert is quickly turned into a fruitful field and a smiling garden. It is in a country of this description that the force of such passages as Gen. xiii. 10; Num. xxiv. 6; Isa. i. 30, li. 3, lviii. 11; Jer. xxxi. 12; Ezek. xxxvi. 35; can be well understood and appreciated.

As the waters gently roll down the sluices, the husbandman can turn them which way soever he will, as fully expressed in Prov. xxi. 1, for the term "river" there, and in Ps. i. 3 and several other passages, refers to these artificial channels. The ground is formed into squares, as shown on page 292, and the water kept out by small banks or ridges until it is needed. The husbandman then breaks down a portion of the ridges with his foot, as I have seen in very many instances, when the water rushes through the opening and waters the enclosure. This is what is referred to in Ps. lxv. 10, and the latter part of Ezek. xvii. 7. Job also had it in his mind when he said, "If my land cry against me, or that the *furrows* thereof complain, let



A WELL-WATERED GARDEN, WITH FURROWS.

thistles grow instead of wheat." (xxxi. 38, 40.) And I have no doubt the custom is also referred to in Deut. xi. 10, 11; meaning that though the land of Egypt was a land which was "watered with the foot," sometimes in the way I have described, and sometimes by hard labor in working the water from the wells, "the land whither ye go to possess it drinketh water," or is watered, "by the rain of heaven," without any labor at all. 2 Kings xix. 24 has also reference to the husbandman turning, or drying up, the streams with his foot.

Sometimes on our way we passed along groves of acacias; sometimes through orchards of mulberries; sometimes under wide-spreading sycamores; sometimes amidst plantations of cotton and sugar-canes; and sometimes over fields of clover, melons, and tobacco. Peasants' huts, Bedouins' tents, and whitened tombs interspersed here and there, with the fearful

desert in the distance, all tended to make the scene interesting and picturesque, though the whole plain was almost as level as a railway.*

And what is this plain, so teeming with luxuriance, so pleasing to the eye, so profitable to the husbandman? The LAND OF GOSHEN! Yes; the land of Goshen! O how my heart throbbed when the fact was announced to me by my guide! I am aware that some writers contest the point, but, I think, very ineffectually. It is true that Rameses, from which city the main body of the Israelites took their departure, could not have been situated here, because, as the distance from the Red Sea is about 70 miles, it is quite clear that upwards of two millions of souls, with their flocks and herds, could not have travelled so great a distance in three days. But that the Land of Goshen extended over the plain, having one branch (the Pelusian) of the Nile on the west, and the Arabian desert toward the Red Sea, on the east, I do not see how any one who has examined the country, or even a map, can doubt; for two millions of people, mostly *shepherds*, could not live with their cattle in a very confined space. The whole of this district is still, as it was in the days of the Israelites, the best of the land, though there can be no doubt that many parts are now mere desert which in the time of the Israelites were richly cultivated. There could have been no figs, vines, and pomegranates, had there been no water; and there could have been no water had they not been near the river; for it must be borne in mind that in this part of Egypt there are never more than four or five showers of rain in all the year. The Israelites lived then as the people live now, on the fish caught in the river, where they abound, and on the fruit poured forth in rich profusion by the land. They must also have mixed greatly with the Egyptians in their business transactions, else how could they have borrowed, or rather, *asked for*, for that, I believe, is the correct rendering of the word, their jewels of gold and silver, when on the eve of departure? I believe they asked for these things in payment of their just wages for their labor, while they had been made to work as slaves.

It is quite clear that the great mass of the Israelites had assembled at Rameses, ready to start, for some days before they took their departure. Those whose habitations were nearer the Red Sea than Rameses was would probably head the march;

* What I here term clover is called by the Arabs berseem. It is the same which, in Num. xi. 5, is called leeks. The people are very fond of it, and it is sold in the streets in bunches. It is very different to the clover in England.

and by this means they would easily reach "the wilderness of the Red Sea" in three days, the time mentioned in the Bible, the head of the gulf not being more than 35 miles from Rameses.

A few miles to the north-east there is a village called San, which some writers believe stands on the site of Zoan, where Pharaoh's palace was situated when Moses and Aaron went to him at the command of the Lord, (Ps. lxxviii. 12, 43; Isa. xix. 11, 13; xxx. 4,) though others believe that the royal city was at Memphis, some miles farther north, and on the other side of the river; and I confess that I incline to this opinion. Either place will answer to the description given in the Bible, whether historically or prophetically. The fields are now barren wastes, and the country round full of ruins. "A fire *has been* set in Zoan." (See Ezek. xxx. 14.)

In Gen. xv. 13, we find that God told Abraham that his people should be afflicted in a strange land for 400 years. See how this was verified. It was just 405 years from the birth of Isaac to the Exodus.

Over part of the Land of Goshen, then, our course lay. I cannot even attempt to describe what were my sensations, and what my reflections,—how the whole life of Joseph passed through my mind, together with the subsequent history of the Israelites, their hard bondage, and their divine and miraculous deliverance; but I may possibly revert to the subject when I have conducted my reader as far as the Red Sea.

Proceeding onwards, for the donkeys *will* go, we reached the village of Matareeah. Here we were shown a sycamore tree, under which the Copts and Romanists tell us Mary and Joseph rested when they fled from Herod. (Matt. ii. 13–15.) The tree is regularly peeled, having been hacked by the superstitious votaries. It is also covered with names, crosses, &c., cut in by pilgrims. Near this tree is a spring of good water, which we are also told was made originally to spring to supply Joseph and Mary with water, and yet it is clearly an artificial well, like the others. A similar tradition exists amongst the Arabs with regard to Hagar and Ishmael, when sent away by Abraham, viz., that Hagar, having no longer any water for the child, placed him under a tree to die; when immediately water flowed near the spot. How annoying it is that, when you are enjoying the realities of indisputable *facts*, you should against your will be perpetually *crammed* with superstitious *fictions*. Some go so far as to say, that as Joseph and Mary were pursued by Herod, the sycamore tree opened itself for them to hide themselves in its *bowels*.

It is said that in this place cotton was first grown in Egypt; and it is also said that the balsam tree flourished here. Josephus says that Herod farmed from Cleopatra those parts in which the balsam tree grew; and it is believed by some that balm was, long before Herod's time, sent into Palestine from Egypt and Arabia. Probably Jeremiah refers to this when he asks, "Is there no balm in *Gilead?* Is there no physician there?" (viii. 22.) Why send to Egypt?

Again mounting our donkeys, in a few minutes we reached Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun. This was the "On," men-

"ON," OR HELIOPOLIS.

tioned in Gen. xli. 45, 50; and xlvi. 20. From this city Joseph took his wife. Here there formerly stood a magnificent temple, dedicated to the worship of the sun, and Joseph's wife's father was one of the priests. The city is called Aven by Ezekiel, Hosea, and Amos; and Bethshemesh by Jeremiah. Hosea (x. 8) calls "the high places of Aven the sin of Israel;" from which it is clear that the Israelites really and truly worshipped the sun; for the words On, Aven, and Bethshemesh, all mean, "City of the Sun." Josiah took away the groves and burnt the chariots which had been dedicated to the sun. (2 Kings xxiii. 11.)

Of the ancient city, all that is now left above ground is a solitary obelisk, as shown in the engraving. It is covered with hieroglyphics, is 66 ft. high and 6 ft. 3 in. at its base, all in one piece of granite, and is said to bear the name of Osirtasen, who reigned in the time of Joseph. There were anciently several of these obelisks here, and they are supposed to be the images (or *statues*, as the original reads) referred to by Jeremiah. (xliii. 13.) The ancient writer, Strabo, says that Heliopolis formerly stood on a little hill, but the whole country round has been raised by sand and Nile deposit, so that the base of the obelisk is now considerably below the level. That a large portion of the ancient temple, and of other parts of the city, lie buried in the sand, I entertain no doubt.

In 1853, the Church of England missionary, Mr. Lieder, told me that a brick wall had been discovered at Heliopolis, buried in the sand, which he had no doubt had been built by the Israelites; for every brick had the cartouche, or name, of the Pharaoh, Thothmes III., stamped upon it, and it is generally believed that this Pharaoh was the king who reigned in Egypt when the Israelites took their departure, as I have mentioned in a previous part of this work. Mr. L. showed me one or two of these bricks, which he had in his private museum; and, as I expressed a strong desire to procure one, he kindly offered to allow his servant, who knew the spot where the wall was, to accompany me. I need scarcely say how gladly I accepted of the offer.

Accordingly, accompanied by my companion, a Mr. G., from Manchester, I procured donkeys, and we started off.

On arriving at the spot, as the pasha had given orders that no one should be allowed to excavate, we had to go very cautiously to work; but a man was soon found who turned up the bricks for us. The sun was intensely hot, so hot that my companion retired to a shaded spot; but I was determined to weather it out, if possible. Brick after brick was brought up, but

it was some time ere I found two with the cartouche sufficiently distinct to please me. At last I was suited; when having liberally "bucksheeshed" the laborer, and carefully packed the bricks in a box which I had taken for the purpose, I placed them in front of me on the donkey, and we returned to Cairo. I could not have taken more care of them had they been the choicest gems. As each brick was about 15 in. long, 9 in. broad, and 5 in. thick, my reader may guess how my arms and back ached when I reached Cairo. But I had a *prize*, and I stuck to it with something of my usual tenacity; for with me, generally speaking, to undertake,—to *begin* a thing means to *finish* it, however much my poor body may suffer afterwards. This is one thing which I have to endure,—an energetic mind in a weakly frame, like a hare in a glass cage.

On reaching my apartments, my next business was to have a box made to such a nicety that the bricks could be sent to England without being injured; for when I tell my readers that they were made of nothing more than dried mud, though each bore the king's stamp, they will readily see that every precaution was necessary to prevent their crumbling. Well, the box being made, I gently put in the bricks, and packed them with cotton and flax, with as much care as if they had been French glass shades or Dresden china vases. I then wrote on a piece of paper what the bricks were, and entreated the customs officers not to disturb them, as, if they did, they would be sure to damage them; and this paper I put in the box. I then wrote to my friend B., of Liverpool, giving him every particular, requesting him to "clear" the box for me through the customs house, but by no means to allow the officers to take out the bricks, if he could help it, as they were for the British Museum. I then fastened up the box, and put it inside a larger one, with some other Egyptian curiosities, and sent it by steamer to Liverpool.

On their arrival, for two whole days Mr. B. had to dance attendance at the customs house before he could get the box attended to; and then, can it be believed? notwithstanding the paper I had written, notwithstanding the appearance of the bricks themselves, which, to a mind of the meanest capacity, would have shown that there could not possibly be anything contraband concealed in them, and notwithstanding the asseverations of my friend, the ignoramuses would turn the bricks out of the box; and the result was, they crumbled in their hands. And a large ostrich's egg, which I purchased in Nubia, shared the same fate. And this in England! this "great, glorious, and free" country, as it is often called. We talk of

France, and we talk of Italy, and wonder how the people can so quietly wear the chains which are put round their necks by their rulers; but I declare positively, I never met with half so much doggedness, half so much incivility, in either France or Italy, as I have in some of the Government offices in my own country. When I think of it, it makes me ashamed of my country *men*, though I must say, I am not ashamed of my country. I hope the day will yet come when such oppressive taxes as customs duties, and such Jacks-in-office as customs officers, will be done away with. I remember once landing at Hull from Germany, when one of these underlings asked me if I had "anything about me liable to duty;" to which I replied, "No." "But," he said, "I must search you." "Indeed!" I replied; "Have you reason to *suspect* that I have anything about my person liable to duty?" "O no," he answered. "Then," I retorted, "I shall not allow you to search me; for you have no right to do so unless you have good reason to suspect me." He thereupon made way for me, as he knew my version of the law was correct. I always feel humiliated, when, on my own shores, I have to endure the scrutiny of these rude public servants.

As my trip to Heliopolis has led me to introduce the subject of Egyptian bricks, this may not be an improper place in which to explain how those bricks were made, and also how bricks still are made in Egypt.

We read in Exodus i., that when the "new king" rose up in Egypt, who "knew not Joseph," he compelled the Israelites to serve with "hard bondage" in the making of bricks, &c.; and again, in chapter v., we read that Pharaoh "commanded the same day the task-masters of the people, and their officers, saying, Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves." From which it will be indisputably clear that straw was used by the Israelites in the making of bricks. (See page 138.)

Now, one of the first things to which I directed my attention on arriving in Egypt, was the bricks, and the way in which the houses were built. The cottages, as I have already shown, are nothing more than Nile mud, *plastered* up by the people with their hands, and then left for the sun to dry. The palaces are built of stone and the houses of the middle classes of brick; but none of these bricks, with here and there a straggling exception, are burnt hard like ours, but merely dried in the sun, Nile mud usually forming the mortar. When dry, which, under the influence of an Egyptian sun, is soon the case, the houses are generally white-washed; so that, at a distance, they look

like so many stone mansions; but as you approach, the illusion quickly vanishes, and you find them, after all, only so many dried mud buildings, which may be easily "dug through," (Job xxiv. 16,) or rased to the ground.

When straw is to be mixed with the bricks, it is done in this way. The mud is put in a heap, like mortar, and a quantity of straw, dried coarse grass, &c., being chopped small, is thrown upon it, and then trampled into it by the laborers. This custom is referred to by Nahum, (iii. 14,) where he speaks of treading the mortar and making strong the brick kiln, or rather the *bricks*. The bricks are then spread out to dry in the usual way, the mixing of the straw having the effect of compacting the mud, and preventing the crumbling of the bricks. I have seen many bricks of this kind in some of the villages of Cambridgeshire. I think they are called clay bats.

Now it is a remarkable fact that the bricks which are found at Heliopolis contain *very little* straw. That they were made in the time of Thothmes III. there can be no doubt, because, as I have already said, each brick contains his royal mark, or name; and if he really were, as Sir G. Wilkinson says, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, that is, the king who reigned when the Israelites took their departure, these bricks are, indeed, a wonderful proof of the truth of the Bible account, as they clearly show how difficult it was for the Israelites to procure straw.

At a place called Dashoor, twenty miles higher up the Nile than Cairo, there is a large pyramid built entirely of bricks; but these bricks are well mixed with straw, and are as firm and good now as they were more than three thousand years ago; for I must again remind my reader, though at the risk of being tedious, that nothing of this nature in Egypt ever decays, as there is very little rain or damp. Now when this brick pyramid was erected, is not positively known; but it is *certain* that it was before the reign of Thothmes III. Some persons think that it was built by the Israelites during the earlier years of their hard bondage; and if it really were so, what a striking contrast there is between the bricks that were made by them when the straw was *found for them* and those that were made when they had to *find the straw for themselves;* the one being well mixed, and consequently firm and compact; and the other crumbling into pieces on being handled roughly.

Whether the bricks at Dashoor were made by the Israelites or not, one thing is, I think, indisputable, and that is, that they were made by *captives* of some kind, because most of the bricks

have two finger holes in them, which denotes captivity, the captives, or slaves, having been made to thrust their fingers into the bricks as they made them, to denote their degraded state. One of these bricks I have now, whole and sound as on the day on which it was made, though nearly 3,500 years ago. This is so firm that it did not crumble under the barbarous hands of the Liverpool customs officers, as those from Heliopolis did, which contained but little straw. It weighs 30 lbs., and the holes made by the fingers are unmistakeable.

In a tomb at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, there is, or rather was, (for many of the ancient frescoes in the tombs have been destroyed by travellers,) a representation of the Israelites at work making bricks, their task-masters standing over them with sticks. This tomb belonged to an officer who had been overseer of the public buildings throughout the land of Egypt, and it was erected in the time of Thothmes IV., shortly after the Israelites had departed.

One more fact I must mention, viz., that more bricks have been found containing the cartouche of Thothmes III. than of any other Pharaoh,—another proof of the way in which he worked the Israelites.

I now turn again to my journal.

On leaving Heliopolis, in 1847, we bent our faces towards the west. Our guide led us over another part of the plain to the palace and gardens of Shoobra. These are, or at all events then were, the best gardens in Egypt; but since the old pasha's death they have been greatly neglected. Here was his favorite retreat, his "summer chamber." (Judg. iii. 24; Amos iii. 15.) These gardens called to my mind all the fanciful tales of Arabia which I had read in my boyish days. The beds are laid out in parallelograms, squares, triangles, &c. The walks are set in Mosaic, of colored pebbles, in all kinds of fanciful patterns; the groves, bowers, arbors, and trellis-covered paths are luxurious; and the fountains and streams are truly refreshing. All over the gardens there were hedges of box and myrtle, and flowers, cypresses, and odoriferous plants in immense variety. The fruit trees,—oranges, lemons, citrons, &c., were groaning, as it were, to be relieved of their burden of fruit. Turn which way I would, the scene was enrapturing, and the fragrance of the air delicious.

In the centre of these gardens there is a magnificent building called the Kiosk. It is of the richest style of architecture, entirely of marble and alabaster, and has an arcade supported by 120 marble pillars. In the court there is a marble reservoir, surrounded with marble balustrades. Two or three

gaudy gondolas, or pleasure boats, were upon the water, fastened to pillars with silk cords. At each angle, the balustrade opens upon a flight of steps, guarded by crocodiles and lions, admirably sculptured, and all of white marble. When I was there, fountains were playing in and around the reservoir. The Kiosk is fitted up with gas, being the only part of Egypt in which gas is known.

As the pasha was not at home, we were allowed to see the rooms, but there was nothing in them worthy of particular notice, except a portrait which the old pasha, contrary to the injunctions of the prophet and greatly to the grief of all good Mussulmans, had had taken of himself.

Here also were alabaster baths, with gold taps; but this building has been taken down.

On one side of the gardens there was a large aviary, but no great variety of birds; and outside was a gigantic elephant chained to a tree. In an enclosed yard, there was an ostrich, which, as Job said, (xxxix. 13, 18,) is swifter than a horse. It takes the Arab hunters two days to run one down. They keep doubling like a hare, and finally bury their heads in the sand; when the hunters kill them with clubs, to preserve their feathers. They run with their wings extended, as though flying. The Arabs never can get near them to shoot them, but watch their opportunity when they leave their nest, and then plant their fowling pieces a short distance off, pointing to the nest, fixing a long burning fusee to the touch hole. The ostrich soon returns to the nest, and is almost certain to be shot as soon as the fusee has burnt to the powder. The ostrich, however, often leaves its nest, and never returns, having no affection for her young. The word translated ravens in Job xxxviii. 41 and Ps. cxlvii. 9 is said to mean ostriches.

Our way to Cairo lay alongside the Nile, through an avenue of mulberry, sycamore, and acacia trees, extending for two or three miles. Nothing could well be more pleasing, were it not for the dust. In Greece the avenues are formed of olive trees, but the olive does not thrive in Egypt. Hence the oil (olive oil) was sent there from Palestine. Hosea refers to this, when he says, "Oil is carried into Egypt;" (xii. 1;) but in the case which he mentions it was sent by the Israelites as a *bribe*, to induce the Egyptians to assist them. Hence the act is censured and compared to feeding on wind; and Isaiah said it was debasing, and should not profit them. (xxx. 6, 7; lvii. 9.)

In about an hour we reached Boulac. Here there is a large cotton factory, containing 12,000 spindles and 240 power

looms. There is also one at Shoobra, with 8,000 spindles and 240 power looms. Old Mehemet Ali erected factories all over Egypt, but the present pasha closed them, and turned them into barracks, with the exception of the above two, as he said it was folly to carry them on at so ruinous a loss; for, though all the labor was *forced,* the yarn and calico manufactured cost 40 per cent. more than English goods, even when the duty and freight were added. The sand blows into the buildings and ruins the machinery.

In 1847, I went into one power-loom shed, which was at full work; but the only *power* used to turn the machinery was that of human bones and sinews! No slavery in the world can surpass this. The poor *living* machines seemed ready to sink into the earth; but, like the Israelites of old, near the very same spot, they had no alternative; their full tale of work must be produced. The mills at Boulac and Shoobra are turned by steam engines.

The prejudice of the people against machinery is unbounded. They will not even use a wheelbarrow if they can help it. One of the English engineers employed on the railway near Cairo told me that 3,000 of the laborers ran away in one week rather than wheel a barrow. When a small quantity of the rubbish was put into the barrow, they preferred carrying barrow and all on their heads. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I see no reason to doubt it, as I have witnessed many things equally strange.

Every person at work in the factories is branded in the hand or on the wrist. (See Rev. xiii. 16, 17, and also my remarks on page 217.) The carders are marked with the representation of a carding machine, the spinners a spinning frame, the weavers a loom, and so on. As the Arabs pass through the town gates, they often have to hold out their hands to the guard, to show that they are not runaways, that they are not *branded.*

An acquaintance of mine who went from Lancashire to Cairo, to manage one of the mills, took out with him a number of men and women, to instruct the Arabs. He told me that, with two or three exceptions, they all drank themselves to death, the women first and the men quickly following.

The calico manufactured in Egypt is coarse, not that fine linen spoken of in the Bible, and much of which is found in the mummy pits, as I may by and by have to mention.

At Boulac the pasha has also a foundry, a mechanical school, and a dockyard. The foundry is one of the largest in Europe, out of England. In the yard I saw a number of large guns

which had been recovered from the sea after the Battle of the Nile. They bear the French arms, and belonged to the ship L'Orient, which was sunk by Nelson. Many of them have now been broken up, and cast into wheels for windmills, &c. How much sweeter that sounds than did their old terrifying name,—twenty-four pounders!

The mechanical school and engine department were for several years superintended by Mr. Maxton. It was also his duty to instruct the Arabs in engineering. Being now in London, having left Egypt, I asked him a few days ago if he did not think it were possible to prevail upon the Arabs to do the necessary work, and to keep or make them honest, without so much of the bastinado; when he emphatically replied, it was *not* possible. Old Mehemet Ali, he said, often complained because he did not bastinado the men enough; but he said he never could do it until they had completely wearied him out. When a man was bastinadoed at the foundry for theft, or for refusing to work, a doctor always stood over him, to feel his pulse, and to tell the brutes who were hewing him to pieces when to leave off; for the officers always gave them to the very last lash that nature could endure.

The dock-yard does not to an Englishman seem to be on a very extensive scale; yet there really is a great deal of boat-building and repairing done there. Seeing a number of men at work in chains, I took them to be felons; but not so. They were merely debtors to the Government, and that, in Egypt, is a greater crime than felony.

Here I saw about 200 men hawling at ropes. They were hoisting a boiler out of a steampacket, which required repairing. Not having machinery for the purpose, this heavy work has always to be done by human strength, the laborers singing merrily the whole time. The sight was both interesting and amusing. The superintendent of the dockyard was an Arab, who had been educated in England.

I often visited each of the above places, and might give many interesting, and an equal number of harrowing, anecdotes; but I forbear.

I also on one occasion went through the pasha's printing office, which is also at Boulac. Everything was truly primitive. The men were doing their work well, considering the presses, &c., that they had at their command. About £1,000 judiciously laid out would furnish everything that is necessary. The Arabs were highly delighted when I showed them how we in England handled the types. As they *read* from right to left, so they place the type from right to left; whereas we, of course,

place them from left to right. I proved to them that they could not pick up the types their way half as quickly as I could my way. The rapid movements of my fingers astonished them. A newspaper is printed here in Turkish characters, which, of course, none of the Arabs can read.

As Boulac is the port of Cairo, the Government customs house is there. A duty of five per cent. only is levied on all foreign goods *imported*, without distinction, while 12 per cent. is levied on all *exported* goods, of Egyptian production. This is the very reverse of what other countries do; but Herodotus, 2,000 years ago, said the Egyptians reversed the order of everything; and they do the same still.

The pasha has also very extensive granaries here. When the people cannot pay their taxes in money they have to pay in kind, the pasha's officers *kindly* fixing the value. I have seen thousands of quarters of wheat, barley, beans, &c., piled up in the granaries, open to the sky, without any protection beyond a low wall; and I have seen hundreds of pigeons helping themselves, and nobody attempting to drive them away. Indeed, they would think it "unlucky" to do so. A very respectable Turk once told me that a man in his village had a bad (sore) eye, because he shot a pigeon, and he cautioned me against ever doing so.

The only locks that are used on the gates of these granaries are made entirely of wood, and have wooden keys. I cannot well describe them, but the keys slide into a kind of socket, and then the bolt is withdrawn. When the officers have locked the gate, they stick a piece of mud on the key-hole, and then stamp upon it the Government seal. This mud seal is what Job referred to when he spoke of being "turned as clay to the seal." (xxxviii. 14.) The only use of these seals is to satisfy the officers that the gate has not been opened.

On passing through the streets, I saw a Turk on horseback whipping a poor Arab, because he would not let him have his camel. I thought it sad enough; but I afterwards so many times saw a similar thing, and deeds so much worse, that this sank into nothing.

When returning to Cairo, a man was pointed out to me who was giving water to any one who asked for it. This man, report says, had a daughter who strayed away, or was stolen, and went into Syria. Some years afterwards, the father, having occasion to go into Syria, made up his mind that, while there, he would take another wife, and, accordingly, employed a khatbeh (See page 259) to find him one. This was soon accomplished, and he returned home with his new spouse. A

few months subsequently, circumstances revealed to him that he had married his own daughter. Being in an agony of mind, he went to the sheikh to know what he could do to atone for his sin; when the sheikh told him if he gave away water all the days of his life, perhaps God would forgive him. And there the poor man stood every day for years, with his water jars, refusing all presents, except a piece of bread or melon.

My next trip was to the Petrified Forest; that is, a large tract of desert covered with trees and fragments of trees, all turned into flint. On this occasion we passed out at the gate of Victory, and entered immediately upon a field of desolation,—hills of ruins all around us. These had been the accumulations of ages, not only of fallen buildings, but also of broken earthenware and rubbish, for the Egyptians never will remove their rubbish to any great distance from their gates, unless compelled, but keep perpetually piling and piling, until the mounds became quite formidable.

But what was this compared to the Petrified Forest, which we reached in about two hours? *There,* lying prostrate, and half buried in the sand, were trees of almost all sizes, and millions of fragments, like an immense timber merchant's yard, all turned into flint. To *believe* it, one must *see* it. At first sight, I seemed almost petrified myself. I measured one tree 60 ft. long, and another 40 ft.; and one 3 ft. 3 in. diameter. The trees were separated into divers lengths, yet each piece retained its own relative position, just as if the trees had contracted, and *snapped* during the process of such contraction. Some had hollow trunks; some were straight, being palm trees; some were crooked, and the roots of some were entire; just as if a forest of trees had been blown down at once. There they lay, all looking like rotten timber, yet all absolute flint. The grains and knots of some were as distinct as in any agate I ever saw. The sand around is full of particles, greatly resembling what we call Bristol or Isle of Wight diamonds.

This is to me the most inexplicable of all the wonders I ever beheld. How did these trees get there? For miles and miles there is nothing but a burning sandy desert, without even a blade of grass. Could the trees have *grown* there? We know that on the highest mountains, the Alps, the Pyrennees, Ararat, &c., shells, and skeletons of fish, and sea monsters have been found; while elephants and whales have been discovered in England, and crocodiles in the very heart of Germany. What but THE FLOOD could have carried them thither? And will any man be bold enough to say that these trees were not deposited here by the same awful deluge?

On our return, we visited the famous tombs of the Memlook kings. They should be visited by all who stay in Cairo; but I must not attempt any detailed description.

The island of Rhoda, and Old Cairo, formed another day's excursion.

At Old Cairo we were shown the first mosque that was ever built in Egypt, which was in 642, by Amer. The arcades are supported by 270 marble pillars. Many Mahometans believe that when this church falls their religion will fall; and they are, therefore, very solicitous about it.

We also went to see an old Christian church, said to have been built in the third century, on the site of the house in which Joseph and Mary dwelt when they fled into Egypt. The building is exceedingly primitive, and certainly bears marks of great antiquity. The pulpit is especially curious. It is of marble, and stands on fifteen marble pillars. On one pillar there is a white spot, which the priests said was caused by the Virgin Mary leaning against it! In the vault, there is a baptistery, as large as a bath, but very much deeper. Sprinkling could not have been practised in those days, nor is it now by the Copts. They immerse both infants and adults. The Copts, who are descendants of the ancient Egyptian Christians, have possession of this church, and the Romanists pay them a rent, to be allowed to say mass in it as often as they please.

I was next taken to see the Greek Patriarch of Alexandria, who resided in an old building near this church. This high church dignitary *exhibits* himself, and expects to receive buck-sheesh for the sight. He was quite satisfied with a couple of piastres (5d.) for our party. Only fancy our Archbishop of Canterbury showing himself for fivepence!

On the island of Rhoda, the Arabs and many others believe that the Pharaohs had a palace, and they even point to a spot on which they say Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. The situation answers the Bible description very well, but as there are many others which would answer also, I reserved to myself the right of expressing a doubt on the subject, which greatly astonished my dragoman, as he said all Christians, as well as Moslems, believed it. I must say, however, that I felt considerably interested in viewing the locality, for as the island is one of the most lovely spots in Middle Egypt, it is more than probable that the king would have a palace there. Hence I dare not say that Moses was not laid there amongst the papyrus reeds which grew on the banks. Over the spot is a very ancient tree, which appeared to me to be half petrified. It was so hard that I was not strong enough to break off a small branch,

and had to ask one of my companions to do it for me; and even he, though a strong man, experienced some difficulty in accomplishing it. I still possess the piece he broke off. The tree is full of nails and names, like the sycamore at Matareeah. The island is well laid out in gardens.

On returning, we found the sentries had closed the gate, and barricaded it with large stones, being determined that we should not pass unless we would give them more bucksheesh. An American, who was one of the party, however, began to use his battering ram, and the gate would soon have been down had not the sentries speedily opened it.

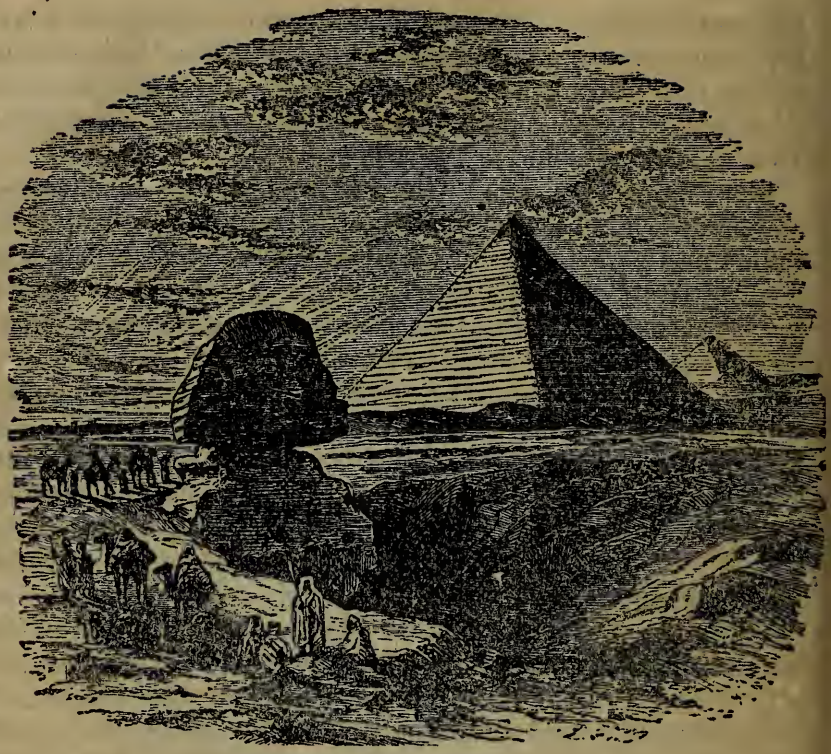
On the island is also the Nilometer, that is, a deep square well, with a gauge cut in the side, by which the people can tell how high the water is when the Nile is rising. They know that when it has reached a certain height, the lower lands must be covered; a little higher, and the higher lands are covered, and famine is, humanly speaking, impossible; again a little higher, and the whole country is watered, all the wells and canals are filled, and an abundant harvest is certain to follow. (See my remarks, page 166.) Formerly the taxes were levied according to the height of the Nile, sometimes more and sometimes less; but now the highest rate is always screwed out of the people, without reference to the overflowing of the river. The waters had sunk nearly 22 feet when I was there; yet they were not near the lowest point.

I next visited a sugar manufactory, which I found under the management of an Englishman; and I then returned to the hotel, having had a remarkably pleasant and healthful day.

CHAPTER XXIX.—EGYPT.

PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

On each of my visits to Egypt, I took a donkey trip to the Pyramids of Ghizeh. Most "objects of interest" which a traveller sees he has no desire to see more than once, at any rate not more than twice; but not so here. As I stood at the base of these pyramids in 1853, I seemed to be more lost in amazement, more filled with admiration, more unable to comprehend those gigantic structures, and more anxious to see them again than I was in either 1847 or 1851. But I must not attempt to describe my impressions, much less to impart them to others. If I *could* do so, I am persuaded that one half my readers, nay, *all* who have any love for the monuments of antiquity, any heart to appreciate the greatest wonders in the world, would go half wild to visit the Pyramids of Ghizeh.



THE SPHYNX AND GREAT PYRAMID.

Neither seas, nor storms, nor deserts, nor hard fare would deter them. There they stand, the oldest works of man existing in the known world, the most striking instance of the ambition of kings, the most heart-saddening shades of departed splendor, and the most melancholy proof of the vanity of human nature.

Many of my readers are no doubt well acquainted with the particulars of these indescribable remains of antiquity, and for their sakes I would fain pass over all detailed description of them; but to do so would be to leave many others, who have not been so privileged, in the dark.

The distance from Cairo to the pyramids is about eight miles. Passing through Old Cairo, we reached the Nile, nearly opposite Rhoda island. Here we hired a boat, into which our donkeys were lifted by the legs, and we followed. As soon as we were seated, several poor half-naked Arabs sprang in like goats, and doubled themselves up at the bows of the boat, like so many animals. This was to save their fare, as they wanted to cross the river. However, as there was plenty of room for us all, we made no objection.

In a few minutes we reached the Libyan side of the river,

from whence the people came called Lubims, in 2 Chron. xii. 3. Here there used to be a large egg-hatching establishment, in which some hundreds of chickens were hatched, by artificial means, every week; but it is now given up. Thousands of chickens are nevertheless said to be so produced, in numerous little places, all over Egypt. In this part, the channel of the Nile is about three quarters of a mile broad.

Again we were on our donkeys, the pyramids being about six miles farther on. The land in this district was not so well cultivated as that which I described on p. 291. Passing several lots of pigsties, miscalled villages, enriched, however, by groves of palm trees, we came to what appeared to be a lake. While wondering how we should cross it, two or three six-feet Arabs came up, and, taking us on their shoulders, quickly carried us over. Our donkeys made a regular bath of it. This lake was caused by the overflowing of the river, the water not having yet evaporated. At some seasons of the year, boats have to be used, while at others the waters are quite dried up.

At last I began to be unmistakeably conscious that I was approaching the objects of our visit. We had, indeed, seen them more or less all the way; but now they were in full and unobstructed view, so that I thought we were close upon them; and I felt greatly disappointed; for though they looked *large*, I could not see why so much should be said about them. But we were yet nearly three miles off. They can indeed be seen at a distance of 30 miles. Another hour, and we stood at their base, when, casting my eyes to the right, to the left, and above, I was struck dumb with wonder. It seemed impossible that works of such magnitude could ever have been accomplished by man, and especially by man 4,000 years ago.

I speak now of the largest, which is called the Pyramid of Cheops, having been, as is believed, built by a king of that name. My London readers may form some idea of its stupendous size, when I tell them that it covers an area as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields, including all the buildings round; and my agricultural friends may be equally well informed when they know that that area, or ground, is 13 acres, being about 550,000 square feet.

Now, only imagine a building of this extent, composed of stones of various sizes, some of them about 30 ft. long, 15 ft. wide, and 4 ft. 6 in. deep. Then look at the little engraving which I have given on p. 308, and *some* idea may be formed of the structure. My reader will also see from the engraving that,

step by step, the building becomes smaller and smaller, until it forms nearly a point at the top. This point is 480 ft. high, being 115 ft. higher than the highest point of St. Paul's, London. The steps vary in width, some being 3 ft. and some barely 2 ft., for I measured them. Of these tiers of steps there are upwards of 200.

It is estimated that this pyramid contains nearly seven millions of tons of stones, and that, if it were pulled down, it would form a wall, 10 ft. high and half a yard broad, which would go three times all round England, or once round France. It may, then, easily be believed that it took 100,000 men 10 years to form the roads for conveying the stones for it, and 20 years more to build it. Herodotus says that £200,000 were paid for garlic, radishes, and onions alone for the workmen. What, then, must their *bread* have cost?

Still my description falls far short of the reality. Indeed, *no* description can give any just idea of what the pyramids actually are.

My companions and I were soon surrounded by clamorous Arabs, anxious to conduct us to the top. Indeed, we were pestered by three or four dozen of them long before we reached the sphynx in front. My guide, Hajji Selim, (I speak now of my first visit,) called me on one side, and, pointing to some of these Arabs, said, "One, two, tree, four Arab, big blaggard;" from which I gathered that we must be on our guard. The behaviour of these men, is, indeed, a great drawback to the pleasure of the trip, as neither money nor threats will induce them to let you alone. They are determined to annoy you, and make you ascend the pyramid whether you will or not. For my part, I looked first at the irregular steps, then at the height of the pyramid, and then at my strength, and hesitated greatly; but at last, as I felt uncommonly well, and as I was breathing an atmosphere pure and transparent almost beyond belief, I resolved upon making the attempt. Indeed, in Egypt I generally felt almost equal to anything. No sooner had I made known my resolve than two Arabs seized hold of me as though I had been a felon. One grappled my right wrist, and another my left, holding me as firmly as if I had been in a vice. I cried out lustily for them to slacken their hold; but the only answer I could get was, "Now den, Sir, come along. One Englissman berry good; Arab berry good; pyramid berry good. Here we go." And go we did, without any mistake. The Arabs skipped up the steps like goats. All that I had to do was to put one foot on the edge of the next step above, which was sometimes about 4 feet 6 inches high,

and they had me up in an instant, one Arab being behind, to assist in raising me. My weight was not, however, then very great,—only just eight stone, or 112 lbs., though had I been heavier it would have been all the same. I once looked back, but I did not venture to do so a second time, for it made me dizzy. Even then the people below looked like dwarfs, or pigmies. I therefore kept my eyes upwards. In about ten minutes we reached a resting place, and glad enough I was, for the perspiration poured off me. Here the Arabs began to call out, "Haff way! Bucksheesh, bucksheesh;" for that *disease* of the country is sure to manifest itself; but as I had been particularly cautioned about this, that the more I gave the more they would demand, I positively refused to give them a single farthing, until again on terra firma. Finding that they could not overcome me, either by threats or entreaties, they called out, "Down, down!" meaning that they would go down and leave me. This is one of their tricks; and by it they have frightened many a traveller out of his dollars. I knew all about it, however, and was determined not to give way. I therefore replied, "Tyeeb, tyeeb! Sheikh, sheikh!" (Very good, I will tell the sheikh.) In an instant they again took hold of me, and, without another word, bounding like India rubber balls, conducted me to the top. They then put their hands on my bosom, and said, "Gentleman berry good; Arab berry good; no tell sheikh, no tell sheikh!" They knew that if I told the sheikh how they had annoyed me, they would every one have been bastinadoed. I therefore promised not to tell, when they skipped about the top of the pyramid like kids, and said no more about bucksheesh.*

Having drunk some water, carried up in an earthenware bottle by a boy, I began to look about me. One boy came up with an old brush, and some black mud, which he called paint, and another with a hammer and chisel, and asked me if I wanted my name *mortalising*. The stones at the top are nearly covered with the names and initials of travellers; but I was not ambitious that way, so declined both brush and chisel.

My guide-book said that the point of the pyramid measured 12 yards square, and consisted of only *four* stones; but I found *twelve* stones; so little are guide-books to be depended upon.

The view from the top of the pyramid may be imagined, but never fully described. Looking towards the west, the

* Mehemet Ali appointed a sheikh to keep these lawless Ishmaelites at the pyramids in some degree of order; for prior to that no man was safe. Travellers would do well to bear this in mind, and always threaten to tell the sheikh when the Arabs attempt to take advantage of them.

interminable Libyan Desert presents itself,—sand, sand, sand, —far away to the horizon there seems nothing but sand, a vast, glaring plain, with occasional hills, fast crumbling away, and adding their particles to the dreary waste. Towards the east, and in the distance, lies Cairo, with its towering minarets, its lofty citadel, and its beautiful gardens. From the south, and towards the north, runs the Nile, spreading luxuriance as it flows, imparting fertility to myriads of palms and acacias, and enriching its banks, far beyond the reach of the eye, with the most beautiful verdure. Below, and around, are the five other pyramids, the gigantic sphynx, a few solitary Arab tents, and tombs innumerable; the pyramids of Sahhara, Abouseer, and Dashoor being in the distance towards the south.

While we were gazing upon this scene, the Arabs suddenly took hold of us again, fixing us in their *vice*, and hurried us down, calling out, "Storm, storm!" And so it turned out, for before we reached the bottom, a fearful sandstorm commenced, which well-nigh blinded us.

The descent is, I think, ten times worse than the ascent; for, on going down, the Arabs cannot half carry you, as they do on going up. All that they can do is to steady you and keep you from falling.* I was dreadfully shaken,—jump, jump, jump, step after step, some of the steps being, as I have already said, 4 ft. 6 in. deep.

On my second visit to Egypt, I was induced to go inside; but I certainly should not have done so had I fully known its inconveniences and annoyances. From the reflection of our torches, the place looked gloomy enough, and the heat was truly oppressive. I entered through a square hole, full of dust, a little way up one side of the pyramid, and then descended down a steep decline, as smooth as glass. The Arabs had to put their bare feet against my shoes, to prevent my falling. The height was only about 4 ft.; so that I could not, of course, stand upright; and the passage was so narrow that I was obliged to go sideways, an Arab having hold of each hand. Near the bottom, the height of the passage is not more than 3ft. 3in., so that I was bent double, and had to glide down, like a boy down a steep hill. Having reached the bottom, I had to be pulled up to a platform about 6 ft. high, and then to ascend an incline, as steep and slippery as the one we had just descended. I then went along another passage, and crept through a hole; and this led to the prin-

* Some years ago, an Englishman would go up alone. On returning, he missed his footing, rolled to the bottom, and was dashed to pieces.

cipal chamber, which is about 34 ft. long, 18 ft. broad, and 19 ft. high. It is composed of blocks of granite, of an incredible size. At one end of the chamber is a granite sarcophagus, or coffin, 7 ft. 4 in. long, 3 ft. wide, and 3 ft. 1 in. deep. How such an immense stone could ever have been put there is a mystery, nor less so how the blocks of granite that form the chamber could have been conveyed to such a height. While inside, the Arabs shouted, and awful was the echo.

It has been computed that there is space enough inside the pyramid for 3,700 chambers of the same size as this. Several have been already discovered, and into some of them many travellers penetrate; but, as the air, or rather want of air, gave me a feeling as of suffocation, I refused to go any farther, and returned as quickly as I well could. No one ought to go inside who is at all nervous.

On reaching the outside, I had to button up my coat, as I felt quite cold, though the sun was shining brilliantly, and the thermometer exposed to the sun went to nearly 90.

Two of the other pyramids at Ghizeh are nearly as large as the great one; the other three are mere models. I saw an Arab ascend the second one in six minutes. He was just like a cat. He first said, "Arab run up in five minute five shilling;" then he came to "two shilling;" and then to "one shillings;" but ultimately he ran up for sixpence, a very fair deduction for an Arab.

The Egyptians of old believed that when men had been dead 3,000 years, they came to life again, provided their bodies were left undisturbed; and it is said these pyramids were built by the kings, and the entrances to them made secret, that their bodies might lie unmolested until the 3,000 years had expired. How lamentable the superstition, and how vain the hope!

Some writers think that Job referred to the pyramids when he spoke of kings of the earth building desolate places for themselves. (iii. 14.) Well might Isaiah say, "All the kings of the nations lie in glory, every one in his own house." (xiv. 18.)

The entrance to the great pyramid was first discovered by Sultan Mahmoon, about the year 820, and the body of Cheops, who caused the pyramid to be built, was, it is said, found in the sarcophagus I have mentioned, covered with gold and jewels. The Saracens no doubt made good use of the discovery, but destroying, as was their custom, all that they could not use.

Leaving the pyramids, and the wind having moderated, we went to see the renowned sphynx, now half buried in the sand, the ancient tombs, with their curious hieroglyphics, the sarcophagi, the statues, &c. &c. The height of the sphynx, when

free from the sand, is 143 ft., and the circumference of the head is 192 ft. It was all cut out of the natural rock. I refer my reader to the engraving. The head is that of a woman; and the lower part of the body of some animal. The claws are visible, but the nose is broken off. There was a boy in the group of Arabs around us who was without a nose; and my donkey boy said, "Coll dis boy Spinx. Spinx got no noz, and dis boy got no noz; so we coll him Spinx." To which the boy quickly replied, "Coll donkey boy Cyclops. Cyclops got no one eye, and donkey boy got no one eye;" which was the fact, as my boy had lost one eye from ophthalmia.

Of the sarcophagi, hieroglyphics, &c., I shall say nothing. Many similar ones are to be seen in the British Museum. One of the mummy pits, or graves, was at least 120 ft. deep, and 20 ft. square at the top.

On the walls in one of the tombs is the representation of a shepherd who is going to give an account of his flocks to his master's scribe. The hieroglyphics were deciphered by Sir G. Wilkinson, and it appears there were 834 oxen, 220 cows, 3,234 goats, 760 asses, and 974 sheep; and a man is seen carrying some lambs in a basket slung on a pole. This cannot fail reminding my reader of Job, who possessed a still larger number of cattle.

One of my companions bought a man's skull, perhaps as old as the pyramids; but happening to sit on it, he shattered it.

CHAPTER XXX.—CAIRO TO THEBES.

In February, 1851, two American gentlemen, a Mr. D. and a Mr. S., with whom I had met in Rome early in the preceding month, arrived in Cairo, having visited Naples and Malta on their way. Mr. D. was a gentleman of considerable property and the author of several works, and Mr. S. was a minister amongst the Independents. These gentlemen announced to me their intention of visiting Thebes, about 430 miles up the river, and expressed a wish that I should accompany them; to which, after some hesitation, and having made it a matter of prayer, I assented.

In December, 1852, accompanied by a Mr. G., from Manchester, I again went to Thebes, and on this occasion proceeded to Wady Halfa, or the Second Cataracts, in Ethiopia, being about 350 miles still farther south.

These two excursions I shall now endeavor to blend, and to give an account of them in such a way as to avoid, as far as

possible, all repetition and tediousness, though I confess I hardly know how I shall succeed in the attempt.

I have prepared for this part of my "wanderings" no less than 20 engravings. It will, therefore, be clear to my readers that, if I enter fully into details and descriptions, I shall require at least 100 pages; but such is not my intention. I shall almost leave the engravings to speak for themselves.

Our first care was to engage a good dragoman; that is, one who acts as guide and interpreter; and I unhesitatingly fixed upon the one I had in 1847, who was called Hajji Selim, a faithful servant, but not blessed with the best of tempers. Upon him devolved the care of providing everything necessary for the trip, such as mattresses, sheets, blankets, towels, chairs, a table, knives, forks, spoons, pans, kettles, earthenware, tea, sugar, bread, biscuits, flour, arrow-root, maccaroni, rice, candles, oil, soap,—in a word, stores for two months.

As the native bread contains a large proportion of bran, which, for a tender stomach, is too irritating, we took with us a large quantity of good white bread from the English baker's at Cairo. By baking the bread twice over, it will, in Egypt, keep for six or eight weeks.

The next thing to be fixed upon was a boat. There are two kinds of boats used by travellers for trips up the Nile. One is called a candjeeah, having two large latteen sails, as shown on page 317; and the other is called a dahabeeah, having only one latteen sail, which is at the fore part of the boat, and a smaller sail near the stern. These are about 60 ft. long. All the boats in Egypt are flat bottomed, or nearly so, to enable them to sail in shallow water; for, were they otherwise constructed, they could not pass over the numerous sand-banks which obstruct the free course of the river. Not requiring a large boat, we had a dahabeeah each time. There were two cabins raised above the deck of the boat, and these were our sitting rooms during the day and chambers in the night, our divans (see page 184) being on either side. The fore part of the boat was occupied by the crew, consisting of eight men, a reis, (captain,) and a boy. Our cook and dragoman were also stationed here. The *kitchen* was portable, and consisted of little fireplaces for charcoal, (everything in Egypt being cooked by charcoal,) and a small oven. The pilot's place was on the top of the cabin, at the helm, and the captain's at the bows of the boat, to look out for sand-banks, &c.

Having had the boat well cleaned, and everything necessary put on board, we embarked in the after part of the day, being accompanied to the wharf by several persons, American and

A PILOT ON THE NILE.

English. As it is usual to hoist a flag on the boat, to show to what country the travellers belong, my American companions and I agreed that we would display both the American Stars and the British Union Jack; and that, as representing the elder country, the British flag should be uppermost. One American gentleman, however, became quite furious at this, telling my companions they had deserted their colors, were sailing under the British flag, and ought to be ashamed of themselves; and *demanded* that they should put the British under the American; but as they had been too well taught to cherish that rancorous, anti-English feeling which is but too common on the other side of the Atlantic, my companions would not listen to his foolish prejudices. The signal was, therefore, given, our sail was spread, and, before a gentle north wind, we made our way toward the south.

On my second trip, our boat was very dirty. It swarmed with cockroaches, some an inch and a half long, fleas, bugs, ants, and *worse*. I dissolved some poison in water, and washed out our cabins, by which means we got rid of most of the smaller vermin; but the cockroaches troubled us throughout the journey, often finding their way into our beds.

The scenery on the banks of the river for some miles south of Cairo is strikingly oriental and charming. I can hardly keep my pen from giving a detailed description of it, notwithstanding what I have already said on the subject; but my reader must refer to pp. 192, 211, and 312, and peruse my remarks; and then, in his imagination, add a little, nay, as much as he possibly can, to the grandeur of the landscape; but even then he will fall greatly short of the reality. The villas, gardens, minarets, and pyramids, which appear in view under a cloudless sky, are beyond *all* description. In one part we can see no less than nine large pyramids at once, viz., those of

VIEWS ON THE NILE.

Abooseer, Sahhara, and Dashoor. All these, as well as those of Ghizeh, are on the west side of the river.

It is an undoubted fact, that the north wind prevails in Egypt for nine months, on an average, in every year. This is a kind provision of Divine Providence, for, were it otherwise, the navigation of the river would be almost impracticable, as boats cannot, unless aided by the wind, make head against the current, which runs from south to north at the rate of from two to five miles an hour. It is also a singular fact that the wind does not usually rise until about two or three

hours after the sun has risen, and that it generally drops soon after the sun has set. This is not *always* the case, though it is so nineteen days out of twenty; but sometimes the wind continues to blow all night, and then it generally blows strong. I have watched this very narrowly for three months at a time, and can vouch for the accuracy of the statement.

The wind is, indeed, exceedingly changeable. We may be going sweetly along, when it drops like a shot; and sometimes, particularly in the hilly part of the country, it rushes upon us so suddenly, and apparently from all quarters at once, as though it had lost its way, that boats are frequently upset before the crew can take in the sails. We met a party of Americans who had lost their boat and all they had on board in this way, and they had had to swim for their lives. A man always sits with the rope in his hand, so as to loosen the sail in an instant, for a single moment's delay might prove disastrous. These squalls are peculiar to regions within or near the tropics. On one occasion our dragoman asked us if we would allow a person, who was going to Manfaloot, to get on board, as otherwise he must walk. We, of course, assented, and he immediately squatted himself down alongside the pilot. The day was beautifully fine, and everything around us as tranquil as the morning's dawn. I was writing in the cabin, when suddenly I heard a strange voice roar out, "Harlass!" (Let go the rope!) I had scarcely time to lift up my eyes before one of those terrible gusts of wind came upon us; and though the man who held the rope of the sail had let go as quickly as possible, I thought we must have been capsized. The boat rocked like a cradle, and the sail was rent. The stranger turned out to be an experienced reis, who knew the district well. Had we not providentially had him on board, I believe nothing could have prevented our going over. How he knew that the squall was coming, I never could tell, as there was no visible sign of its approach. Our own reis immediately resigned the command of the boat to the stranger, who was evidently well up to his work. Seating himself at the bows of the boat, he anticipated everything,—squalls, sand-banks, sudden shiftings of the wind, and what not. He left us at Manfaloot, but we were sorry to part with him; and I am sure he was equally sorry to part with us.

We were one day at dinner, when, looking through the cabin window, I saw a thick yellow cloud over the sky. I said to my companions, "If I were now in England, I should say we were going to have a thunder storm." Almost at the same instant I remembered what I had read about the Si-

moom, that is, a hurricane, which rushes furiously over the desert and sweeps all before it. I called out to our dragoman, "Hajji, the Simoom!" In an instant every man was on his feet. The mainsail was taken in, and the small sail literally torn down, and thrown on the deck. In 10 or 12 seconds more the blast rushed upon us, and blew us violently on the opposite bank. The men quickly jumped on shore, and held the boat by ropes. The river became greatly agitated, and the waves rose to an incredible height. I could not have believed it had I not seen it. And then the sand—how terrific! It seemed as if the wind had brought with it half the desert. The wind howled, and the sand, in yellow clouds, battered against the boat. We were literally enveloped in it, notwithstanding that we shut ourselves up in the cabin. It got into our nostrils like snuff, and found its way into our pockets, and even into our watches. When the danger was over, we reprimanded the reis severely, for not keeping his eyes about him, as a quarter of a minute's longer delay would inevitably have proved fatal. As our watches stopped a day or two afterwards, I had to turn watch doctor, cleaning and oiling the works in the best way I could.

During storms of this description, the Arabs in the desert throw themselves on their faces, and even the camels put their noses to the ground, until the storm has passed over.

One day there was a strong south-east wind blowing, which prevented our proceeding; so we made fast to the banks, and there we had to remain for 24 hours. Not being near any village, we had no means of buying fowls, and having nothing on board for dinner, we were in a dilemma. One of the boatmen, however, came to tell me that there was a flight of pigeons in a field close by. I went on shore to look, but found the wind so unbearably hot and oppressive, and the sand so smothering, like hot ashes, that I was soon glad to turn back. Our dragoman, nevertheless, having the gun, went forward; but he was quite satisfied with one shot, and then returned as quickly as I had done, sending one of the crew for the pigeons. The thermometer was 92 in the shade. This wind was a Khamseen. When it blows in the summer, the air is described as being insufferable, as if it came from the mouth of a furnace. This I can easily believe from what I felt of it in the month of February, but I have no wish to try it in May. It is called Khamseen, because it is said to blow, in April and May, more or less for 50 days, khamseen being the Arabic word for fifty.

The Khamseen is the wind referred to in Gen. xli. 6, and

there called "the east wind," which blasted the ears of corn. The corn is often blasted by these winds now. We frequently read in the Bible of a north wind, a south wind, and an east wind, but never of a north-east or a south-east one. The cause of this is that the wind from any and all points between north and south was called an east wind; and it is still so called in Egypt and Palestine. During the continuance of this wind in the summer, every house is shut up and every door and window closed. If it continue long, it warps and cracks the wooden vessels, scorches the grass, sickens the people, and dries up everything.

I remember being in the desert of Sahhara, in 1853, when I saw the effects of a whirlwind, called Zobaah. The sand was raised up 700 or 800 feet high, like a huge pillar, and carried along the desert with fearful velocity, winding and winding as it proceeded. When these pillars fall, they are certain to envelope every thing and every body that lie in their way. It is said that Cambyses's army, of 300,000 men, perished in this way; but I am more inclined to agree with those who think that they died in the desert from want of water. Perhaps Job had these winds in his mind when he said, "Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to ride upon it; thou dissolvest my substance;" meaning that he was blown about as the sand and crumbled as the sand hills. The Arabs believe that an evil spirit rides in these pillars of sand.

On both my excursions up the Nile, we set out with a fair wind, but were compelled, on each occasion, to stop soon after sunset, as the wind dropped.

He was a wise man who said none but a fool would sleep on board a ship when he could sleep on land; but I must not be understood as saying this in relation to our Nile boat, for, with all its dangers, it is not like a storm at sea, when sometimes one end of the steamer points to the sky and then the other; when first this side plunges into the water and then that; when a sea breaks upon you and drenches you here and the spray dashes over you and souses you there; creaking, lurching, groaning, fizzing, pitching, banging, cracking, and quivering.

In the evening, when there is no wind, the boat is taken to the side, and fastened to stakes, which the men drive into the ground. They usually, however, contrive to get near some village, alongside other boats, as it is considered safer than being alone. They then generally light a fire, and are joined by others, when tale-telling and singing are kept up for

ARAB BOATMEN SINGING.

a considerable time. I once saw a party of this sort, which was the wildest I ever beheld. The only music they had was a kind of drum; but their noise and antics were thoroughly Indian-like. The songs of the boatmen are always full of enthusiasm and wildfire, but devoid of meaning. I several times heard one of my boatmen tell a tale about an Arab who dreamed that some one came to his house with a large sum of money; and just as he had dreamt it, he heard a knock at the door, when he made sure that it was the man with the money; but, on opening the door, he found it was *only the wind.* Simple as this tale is, every time the man told it he was greeted with loud grunts, which is the Arab way of applauding.

When moored to the side, two watchmen usually come from the village to take care of us; but, with them, one of two things is inevitable. Either they must go to sleep by the side of the fire which they light on the banks, or else they must continue to make so much noise, to keep each other awake, as will infallibly keep us awake also. I have many times seen watchmen and boatmen all asleep together, round their fire; but as I never felt much fear of being attacked, I allowed them to sleep on. Indeed, if we awoke them, they were almost sure to be asleep again before we were. The main danger is, when, having a fair wind, we are going on during the night, and the boatmen drop off to sleep. This is

really dangerous. I was once awoke by the boat running violently against the bank. I jumped up, and found every man asleep. Had a breeze sprung up, I know not what might have been the consequence. I therefore threatened to have every one of them before a sheikh if it occurred again. I heard of one traveller who took his crew before a sheikh, merely to *frighten* them, as he said. "How many lashes shall I give them?" asked the sheikh. "O none," replied the traveller. "I merely wish to frighten them." "None!" responded the sheikh. "You Christians complain of your men, and then will not let us punish them. But *I will*, though. Down with them!" (See pages 197–205.) And he forthwith administered the lash.

Soon after the sun has risen, the men, when there is no wind, commence tracking the boat; but this is slow work, as they cannot make more than 12 miles in any one day, and sometimes not more than six; but whether tracking or sailing, they invariably seem to be in good humor, and sing right merrily. Sometimes a breeze springs up, and the men quickly jump on board, and spread the sail; when, perhaps, down the wind drops as suddenly as it arose, just like a puff from a pair of bellows; and sometimes the wind continues in favor so long as to waft us 70 miles in the 24 hours; but this is very rare. Sometimes when the river is wide, so that the rope will not reach the banks, the men have to wade up to their loins in the water, and pull the boat along in that way; but their singing is the same. The channel of the river being in many places obstructed by mud or sand-banks, the boats are constantly running aground. The boatmen have then to throw themselves into the water and push them off. When this happens in the night, it is very awkward and unpleasant. On one occasion the poor fellows were up to the waist for two hours, and the night was cold and dark. It always afforded us pleasure, at such times, to give them some good bread and hot coffee, to both of which they are well-nigh strangers. A cup of coffee works wonders, especially if accompanied with good tobacco. The poor fellows, however, seemed able to live like crocodiles, hippopotami, or other amphibious animals, either in the water or out of it.

When there was no wind, we enjoyed ourselves by walking on shore, while the men were towing, and in inspecting the villages. Sometimes the children would run away from us, but we generally contrived to allay their fears by the distribution of a few coppers. Even the buffaloes and oxen would run away from us, which was laughable enough. We could not

bucksheesh *them*. It was our European dress that frightened them. Would not the children in our own agricultural districts run away from a man dressed as a Turk? Men, women, and children would often follow us for miles, and indiscriminately jump into the water up to their waists for a single farthing. In one village we bought all the bread and nearly all the tobacco that there was in the market, and then we were surrounded by 40 or 50 people of all sorts, vociferously exclaiming, "Bucksheesh, bucksheesh!" We parted with every fraction we had in our pockets, but still the cry was, "Give!" The bread was really good, and not quite a penny a pound; and the tobacco was only twopence halfpenny a pound. We did not wonder at its cheapness, however, as we passed through scores of acres of the plant; but the price of the bread *did* surprise us. The weights used by the people are stones, as they were in old times, for the word in Deut. xxv. 13, and Prov. xx. 10, translated weight, is rendered in the margin, "a stone." We were as much gratified as the people. This was in Upper Egypt. The bread is neither so good nor so cheap in Lower Egypt.

Before we started in the morning, the boy was sent into a village for milk, and he usually met us at some bend of the river. The milk which he procured was generally buffalo's milk. This is not like the London sky-blue milk, much of which is given by wooden cows with iron tails; but the buffalo's milk is rich and delicious; so rich indeed that it ought to be taken with extreme care, as it has a relaxing tendency. In most of the villages up the Nile, there was at least one person who was able to supply us.

Our breakfast hour was 8 o'clock; and for breakfast we had cold fowl or pigeon, eggs, omelets, and tea or coffee. Dinner about 2, consisting of fowls and pigeons, or pigeons and fowls, cooked in various ways, and some light pudding. Tea at 7. Supper I never took. Three meals a day are sufficient, I think, for any invalid, either at home or abroad. The fowls were not large, and cost us from 2½d. to 3¾d. each; turkeys about 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d. each; eggs from 6d. to 9d. per 100. As we did not like the look of the meat on the Arab stalls, we never tasted either beef or mutton, except when we occasionally bought a sheep, which our cook killed. A sheep cost us from 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. I could name some travellers from Manchester who were up the river at the same time as we were, who paid nearly double for everything; but I preferred making my own bargains in Arabic, to leaving it to our dragoman.

When the days were *hot*, the fowls were never *cool*, for they

were dispatched to the fire soon after they were killed,—a disagreeable neccssity.

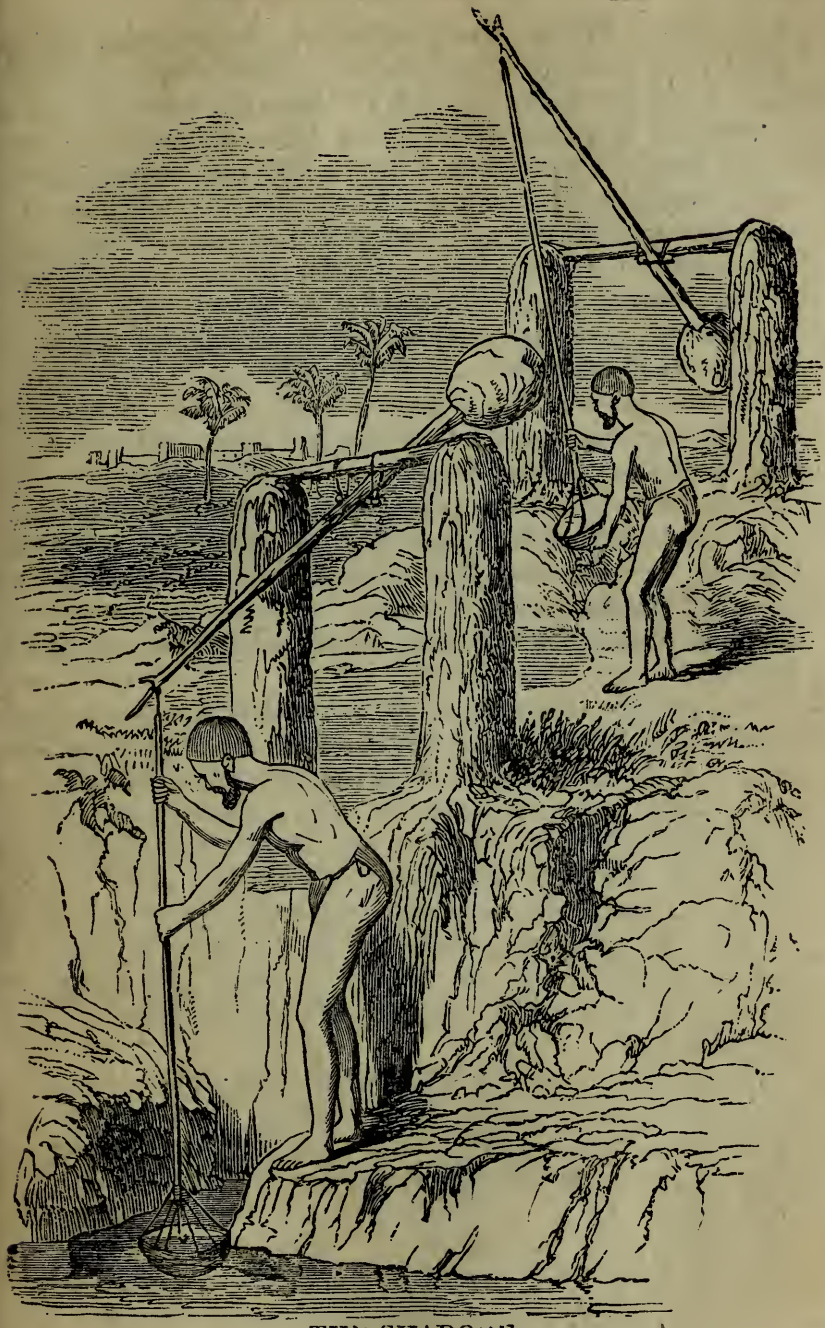
Pigeons cost us nothing but powder and shot, for all we had to do was to go on shore and shoot them for ourselves. In some parts, they fly in clouds, the rays of the sun being reflected from their beautiful plumage. Some idea of their number may be formed when I mention that eight or ten may often be killed at one shot. We were frequently able to supply the boatmen as well as ourselves; and, poor fellows, they always devoured them greedily. The inhabitants would generally show us where the pigeons were congregated. In an evening we constantly saw them flying as a cloud to their windows. (Isa. lx. 8.) Most of the houses near the river have towers upon them, full of pigeon holes; but instead of having boxes for the pigeons, as farmers in England have, they have earthenware jars, like small chimney pots; these answer very well. Sticks are left projecting from beneath these jars, for the pigeons to alight upon.

It is usual, when travellers meet a boat in the temporary occupation of some of their countrymen, to salute each other by a mutual discharge of fire-arms, and to make inquiries which may tend to interest all. The boatmen, on such occasions, are particularly noisy, as they are sure to recognise some friends in the other boat. The clearness of the air adds to the distinctness of their voices. Thus it was that David could speak to the people from a hill, afar off. (1 Sam. xxvi. 13, 14.) I have often heard the gambolings of children at play, though they must have been nearly a mile off.

I was much struck with the number of buffaloes, sheep, and goats that were brought to the river to drink, and was generally reminded of Rebecca watering her flocks. In England, sheep require but little water; but it is otherwise in the east, the climate being so much warmer.

The women come to the river in companies with their water pots to fetch water, and are always decorated, on such occasions, with all the ornaments they possess. It is not considered reputable for a woman to go for water, except in company with other women. I was once going up the bank, when I found it was as much as I could do to clamber up, even with the aid of my stick, though I had seen several women go up before me with their water pots on their heads. How they did it, I know not, but it seemed natural to them. They balance the pots beautifully and walk most gracefully. (*See p.* 244.)

On the banks of the river, in various parts, there are engine houses belonging to the pasha or to some of Ibrahim Pasha's



THE SHADOOF.

family. They are for pumping water from the river, to irrigate the sugar plantations. The people have to work up the water for their own lands either by the shakeyiah, which I have described pp. 290, 291, or by the shadoof, which is merely a bucket, made of goatskin, and two long poles, as shown in the

engraving. The engraving represents two men only at work; but I have seen four, one above another, which is indispensable when the banks are high; so that the labor of four men is required to raise about two or three gallons of water up to the land. The first man empties his bucket into a kind of well, from which it is worked by the second, and then, in like manner, by the third and fourth, when it runs down the channels prepared for it. This labor is severe, and may well be called, "watering with the feet." (See page 292.) When the laborers are at work in the fields, they are almost naked; and this is what is referred to in Matt. xxiv. 18.

In some parts of the river, the beach is covered with large stones, and in others it is nothing but sand. Sometimes the high banks are formed of sand and mud, in alternate layers; and there are many rocks consisting of sand and shells.

On the sand-banks, I have day after day seen hundreds of pelicans, far more than I could count; and multitudes of wild geese and ducks would fly over our heads in procession, in diamond shapes, and in circles, undulating like the waves of the sea.

Some of the cottages are constructed of doura straw, plastered over with mud; and the children are left to roll about naked on the dung-heaps. I was often puzzled to know how the boatmen could tell the names of the different villages; for to me they looked nearly all alike; the same dung-heaps, the same ruins, the same unconscious misery.

I have thus given the general characteristics of a Nile trip. To have given details would no doubt have delighted my more immediate circle of friends, but I feel that I must not study them alone, lest I should exhaust the patience of the general reader.

Though a trip up the Nile would, with God's blessing, be more conducive to health than anything else I could recommend for an invalid in the winter, yet it is, after all, exceedingly monotonous. We go round and round, as it were, like a windmill. As it was yesterday, so it is to-day, and so we may expect it to be to-morrow. The same yearnings after home, the same river, the same mud villages, the same palm groves, the same swarthy, half-naked people, the same desert in the distance, and the same dry weather. I have heard some travellers say they were glad of even a sand-storm, because it afforded variety, as otherwise all would be unmitigated sunshine. I will not second *that* proposition, but I declare I felt sometimes that I should really like a heavy shower or two of rain, by way of change. But how many hundreds

are there who would be glad of such a monotony.* I felt this; and a sense of the continued goodness of God toward me often put a peremptory stop to my murmurings. My health when on the Nile was generally uninterruptedly good; whereas, when at home, I can hardly pass a week without suffering in some way or other. For two or three *weeks* a man may find plenty to amuse him. He may have variety without risk, exercise without fatigue, excitement without temptation, gentle breezes instead of chilling blasts, a serene sky instead of a heavy fall of snow, and healthy occupation for both mind and body; but when it extends to as many *months*, the trip becomes wearisome.

If there be anything which can reconcile a man of an active turn of mind to a two months' exclusion on the Nile, it is the delightful stillness which prevails when his thoughts are directed, as mine sometimes were, to the things of eternity.

I well remember one Lord's Day, in 1847, I had been reading several psalms with Mr. S., and several chapters in Matthew, when I felt overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness of God toward me, and my heart was melted in a way which it is not often my lot to experience. Matt. xi. 28–30 was particularly sweet to me, and that hymn of Miss Steele's,

"My God, my Father, blissful name!"

was like honey in my mouth. To be enabled to call Him,—that glorious Being who had created all things by the word of his power,—and who, in *that very land*, had worked such marvellous wonders for his ancient people,—to be able to call Him *my Father*, caused me to lose sight of every affliction, of every earthly tie, and to cast myself entirely into his arms, while I wept tears of joy, and desired to live only to know and do his will. The Arabs on each side of the river were hard at work at the shadoofs, laboring for the bread that perishes, while I was enjoying a foretaste of that heavenly rest which remains for the people of God. The water was flowing down their artificial channels, but I was drinking of that water of life which flowed from the side of the dear Redeemer, and flowed

* On the 8th of January, 1852, it rained heavily for more than an hour and a half. We were then about 120 miles south of Cairo. This was a very rare occurrence, and is said never to happen more than once a year. In the Upper country, thunder is, I believe, never heard. Mr. M. once told me that, during a thunder storm at Boulac, a number of Nubians ran into his house for protection, thinking the world was at an end. It was the first thunder they had ever heard. These facts explain to us why the Egyptians should have so trembled at the "mighty thunderings" recorded in Exod. ix.

too for *me*, the vilest and unworthiest of all his creatures. Buffaloes were bathing in the river, but I was sweetly bathing in that fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness, in that river, the streams whereof made glad my heart. Bullocks, with yokes round their necks, were turning the shakeyiahs in the distance, but I felt that the yoke of Christ was put upon me, and it was not only "easy," but delightful. I could see the hand of God in everything, and every object was presented to me with its spiritual simile. There was the glorious unclouded sun; the rich fields, fresh and green; the mighty rolling river; the boats with their sails well spread and filled with delightful breezes; the dreary desert in the distance; the poor Arabs toiling in bondage and slavery; oxen treading out the corn; the tall palm trees flourishing in the villages; the ruins of temples, relics of Egyptian greatness; and a host of other things which I need not mention, but all of which are referred to in the Bible. I need not say it was a lovely morning, for nearly *all* the mornings are lovely. If balmy weather, or a fascinating climate, when everything in nature is hushed into peace, could influence a man's feelings in this respect, he would ever be enjoying heavenly meditations when travelling in Upper Egypt; but I too often found it otherwise.

I sometimes think I can hardly justify myself for looking back so often as I do upon this day; but I frequently feel that if I ever experienced one blessing on earth greater than another, it was to be so favored when so far from all that was dear to me in the world.

I one day saw 24 men threshing out corn, with sticks. They were not flails, but straight sticks. The corn was laid in a long heap, like a hedge bank, and the men struck it with their sticks, keeping time to a tune which the overseer was singing,—bawling I mean. It was an amusing scene. The corn is, however, usually threshed out by oxen, as I have just hinted. The oxen drag over the corn a large log of wood, and by this means rub out the corn from the straw, the corn being thickly spread on the ground in a circle. The oxen are *not* muzzled, but are allowed to eat what they please, as they pass round and round like a millhorse, dragging the log after them. What with this mode of threshing and the sand and mud, however, the Egyptian corn may well be dirty. I know of one miller near Manchester who makes profitable use of the dirt which he sifts from Egyptian corn.

In winnowing, I have often seen men throw up the corn, and the wind has carried away the chaff. This, in hot weather, is often done in the night. (See Ruth iii. 2.)

As we wended our way upwards, it was truly pleasing to see the abundance which was teeming forth on both sides of the river. Sugar canes, cotton, indigo, palms, gum trees, (gum acacia,) tobacco, flax, and corn of all kinds. Wherever there is irrigation, there is a power of production in Egypt unknown in any other part of the world. In no country in the world is abundance secured with less labor. The country at present produces sufficient food for 4,000,000 of people, but, if properly cultivated, it would yield sufficient for double that number. The cotton crop is worth nearly £1,000,000 sterling per year. That such a country should be laid waste by oppression and made into a dreary desert; a country teeming with luxuries, while the people drag on a miserable existence; a country blessed with the most wonderful bounties, while its inhabitants are borne down by slavery; can be referred only to the just judgments of God, as foretold by his prophets.

As the river recedes, the land is divided amongst the inhabitants of the villages adjoining, as I have several times seen, and then cropped; so that the crops on the land which is first left by the water are ready for reaping almost as soon as the other is sown. Barley is merely thrown on the surface, and then pressed into the ground by means of a log of wood, which is dragged over it. For wheat small furrows have to be made, either with a broad heavy hoe or a plough. The

AN EGYPTIAN PLOUGH.

ploughs are of the same make now as they were probably 3,000 years or more ago, being made entirely of wood, and still drawn by oxen. Wheat is never sown on wet land, and it does not require much irrigation. The man who drives the plough has in his hand a goad, something like an English farmer's spud, having a point at one end and a kind of hoe at the other. With the point he goads on the oxen, and with the spud cleans the plough. It was with one of these that Shamgar slew 600 men. (Judges iii. 31.) They are about 8 ft. long.

Barley has to be watered every 10 or 12 days. When barley is sown on dry ground, the seed is thrown about at random, and the laborers break the lumps of mould over it; after which furrows and sluices are formed, as mentioned on pp. 291, 292.

Sometimes the corn is sown amongst the stubble. Irrigation rots the stubble and the stubble then becomes manure. No other manure is used, except sometimes pigeons' dung.* When the soil is too stiff, sand is carried from the desert hard by, and mixed with it. The laborer throws the sand into the air, and the wind spreads it for him, as it is fine and dry, not like our wet river sand.

Doura is the most productive. One traveller says he counted 3,000 grains in one ear. Rice is usually scattered upon the water or when the land is very wet; and this is what is referred to in Ecc. xi. 1.

In India the people often sow two kinds of seed together, one requiring water and the other not. This is that they may insure a crop of either the one or the other, be the weather wet or dry. Hence probably it was that the Israelites were not allowed to do this, (Lev. xix. 19,) as it was trying to make themselves independent of the Lord's providence.

I once saw an ox and an ass ploughing together. God forbade this, probably because animals of a different nature cannot work well together; they cannot be true "yoke-fellows." (See Deut. xxii. 10; 2 Cor. vi. 14; Phil. iv. 3.)

In reaping, a sickle is never used, but the corn is plucked up by the roots. This will beautifully explain Ecc. iii. 2.

It is worthy of remark, that the soil is nearly free from weeds, a circumstance attributable to its extreme dryness, as nothing will grow there but what is sown and watered. Without water, the whole would become dry dust, or sand.

About 90 miles from Cairo, is the Copt monastery of Sitteh Mariam el Adra, (Our Lady Mary the Virgin.) Several of the

* The dove's dung mentioned 2 Kings vi. 25, does not refer to real dung, but to a kind of root or plant which bore that name. It grows in Egypt and other parts of the east.

monks swam after us nearly naked, to beg. As our men were towing the boat at the time, I told the dragoman to say they were idle fellows, but if they would help the men to tow the boat, I would pay them. This, however, they did not understand, as work with them is quite out of the question. The boatmen were delighted with my proposition, and laughed heartily.

We this day saw the people manufacturing indigo. The plant is put in pots and boiled, and then pounded. The process is very simple. Large quantities of the plant grow in Upper Egypt. I have some in my possession.

In about eight days, we reached Minieh, a town of some importance, 162 miles from Cairo. Here the pasha has a sugar refinery, a rum distillery, and a foundry. The Mahometan religion forbidding the use of blood, the sugar has to be refined by charcoal, eggs, and ground bones; but it is never as white as European sugar. The works were managed by Englishmen and Frenchmen. I was much interested in seeing the process. The canes were passed between large rollers, by means of which the juice was expressed. The liquid was then boiled by steam, purified, run into jars, the molasses (treacle) drained off, and the sugar loaf formed as we see it in a grocer's window. The canes, when the sugar has been expressed from them, are used for fuel for the engines, as there is no coal.

Near to Minieh we saw a caravan of 80 camels, and 80 donkeys, besides bullocks, all laden with sugar canes for the manufactory. Some sugar canes are about 12 ft. long. The Arabs are exceedingly fond of chewing them, but they are too rich for me.

At Minieh we had an opportunity of posting some letters for home, which is, I think, next in importance and satisfaction to receiving letters *from* home. There is a regular, though very *irregular*, postal communication kept up in Egypt between all the towns. The bags are carried by *runners*, men who run swiftly from their own village to the next, when the bags are transferred to others, who, without delay, run in like manner to the next village. Some of these men are able to run eight or ten miles in an hour. Job may have had these runners in view when he said, "My days are swifter than a post;" (Job ix. 25;) or he may have referred to the "swift dromedaries," or light camels, as the post is sometimes conveyed by them.

Soon after we left Minieh, crocodiles began to show themselves. The first that we saw was in a boat. It was not very large, only about 6 ft. long. The boatmen had contrived to slip a noose round his jaws while he was asleep, and he was

then in their power, so they had dragged him alive into their boat. This is the only way that they can secure the monsters. They cannot do it while they are awake; (see Job xli. 1;) for they will not take a bait. It is admitted by all naturalists that the crocodile is the leviathan mentioned in the book of Job, as the description answers in every particular. His jaws are called, in verse 14, "the doors of his face." The figure in verses 19–21 is one often used by the Arabs when speaking of an angry man or a savage beast, and Job uses it in reference to the crocodile; and in verse 25, "purify themselves," he alludes to the people worshipping it, as the Egyptians did, and as is still done in some parts of Africa. I saw many crocodiles on the sand-banks, but, as the boat approached, they always plunged into the water. I saw one upwards of 12 ft. long. In this district, when taking my morning's walk, for I was generally up with "the ascending of the morning," (as Song ii. 17 means,) with the early blush of the dawn, enjoying its balmy freshness, taking a walk alone before breakfast, I invariably, at every step, looked cautiously about me, as I had no notion of trying my prowess against the strength of a crocodile; but when the banks were high, there was really no danger, as crocodiles never go far from the water's edge.

There are many strange stories told of crocodiles, such as that when running after a person, they cannot turn round, except very slowly; so, if the pursued will run from side to side instead of in a direct course, he may easily escape; but, as to the former statement, I am sure it is not true, for I have seen them turn round with much adroitness, and rush into the water, when the boat has come near them suddenly; and as to the latter, I could not learn that they ever do run after any one. The only danger is when walking, or working, carelessly on the banks of the river. Crocodiles are then sometimes known to lay hold of persons, and drag them into the river. I once saw a man go to the water, dip in his water pot, and then quickly run away. Our dragoman asked him what was the matter, when he said a woman had been to fetch water a few days before, and "a wicked crocodile" had taken her in; so the women would not go for the water any more.

I was told that some men were at work at a shadoof on one side of the river, when they saw a crocodile lay hold of a man who was at work on the other side. By shouting and throwing stones, they frightened the beast, so that he let go his hold, but not until he had dragged the poor fellow into the river, and bitten off his leg. Mr. Fox, an English engineer who had charge of a sugar refinery at Erment, told me that

he knew of several instances in which boys had been "taken down" while bathing. I also read of a poor old woman who was pulled in by one of these monsters, and the brute dragged her through the water to the other side of the river, and there began to devour her. Her grandson witnessed the whole, and succeeded in killing the leviathan; and he afterwards boasted that he had sold it to an Englishman for six shillings,—sold the monster that had devoured his grandmother!

It is said by some writers, that a bird called siksak always attends a crocodile, to give him notice of danger; and others say that it leaps into his mouth, to rid him of the leeches which stick in his throat; but I was assured that there are no siksaks in Nubia, where the crocodiles most abound.

During my rambles along the banks and over the fields, I frequently saw the skins of serpents, which had been cast. Serpents abound in Egypt, and they were, at one time, worshipped by the Egyptians. They are not now, however, held by the people in any superstitious veneration. I have seen men playing with them, and causing the serpents to play all sorts of tricks, coiling themselves up, then darting at the performer, then crawling quickly away, and so on; and, though no doubt the poison is extracted from these reptiles, their teeth broken, as the Psalmist says on referring to it, yet that there are many in Egypt who have the power of "charming" them is, I think, unquestionable. Not only does Mr. Lane attest this fact, but Mr. Maxton, who has now left Egypt, assures me that he has himself witnessed it. He once had some serpents in his house, (one by the way in a room in which I afterwards slept,) and, as he thought, had had them cleared out. A serpent charmer, however, by means of his music, brought several out of their hiding places, and one out of a chest of drawers. It was impossible, he says, that they could have been put there by the serpent charmer as rats are sometimes turned into houses in England by rat-catchers, for he had his eye on him the whole time, and the charmer was seated some distance from the holes whence the serpents appeared. He also knew an instance where a man chopped off the tail of one, when it escaped; and yet a charmer brought him out of his hole.

Instances are not wanting where the serpents have been deaf to the voice and music of the charmers, and fastened upon them; when death has taken place in a few minutes. The passages in Ps. lviii. 4–6; Ecc. x. 11; and Jer. viii. 17, are not, therefore, idle words.

It is very common for serpents to get into empty rooms and crevices of walls. This fact will fully explain Amos v. 19.

One of the most venomous serpents in Egypt is said to be the naja, or viper, supposed to be the cockatrice mentioned in Jer. viii. 17 and elsewhere; yet the charmers, after they have broken its fangs, can make it dance by means of a stick. The men sing all the time, and move the stick briskly from side to side, until they find that it is becoming really irritated, when they cease; for, though they deprive it of its venom every day or two, they dare not presume too much on its forbearance. Unlike other serpents, no art can tame this, for its poison accumulates as fast almost as it is extracted. Thus did Jeremiah mention it as a type of the Assyrians under Nebuchadnezzar, who were so inured to blood that no art, no "charming," neither tears nor prayers, could soften their cast iron hearts. When the egg of this viper is crushed, the young one leaps out. This will fully explain Isa. lix. 5.

The "fiery serpents" mentioned in Numbers xxi. 6, 8, are called seraphs, and are natives of Egypt and the desert. They are called *fiery*, because of the burning sensation which their bite occasions, as well as because of their bright colour, which emits coruscations of light from the sunbeams. There is a serpent, which the Arabs call the Heie-thiare, which goes up trees, and springs from one to another. Heie-thiare means *flying* serpent. Its movements are exceedingly quick. (Isa. xxx. 6.)

Some writers say the sound of a flute will heal the bite of a serpent; but I should be sorry to trust to such a remedy.

In India, there are men who profess to charm wild animals, bears, tigers, elephants, &c.; but one writer gives an account of an elephant who unceremoniously lopped off the charmer's head, arms, and legs, and then crushed the lifeless body flat on the earth.

One of my companions one day shot a hawk. Our dragoman ran to pick it up, when it stuck its talons into his fingers and made him scream piteously. It held him so firmly that we had some difficulty in extracting the claws. What chance could a pigeon have had? I have often seen the hawks chasing the smaller birds.

On the tenth day we reached Ossioot, the chief town of Upper Egypt. The bazaars are well supplied, and the people seemed to be doing a brisk trade. The best large pipe bowls are manufactured here. Near the town I saw a boy blowing a fire with a pair of bellows formed of a goat skin. The neck was the pipe, and two of the legs were made to act as handles. He worked them very dexterously.

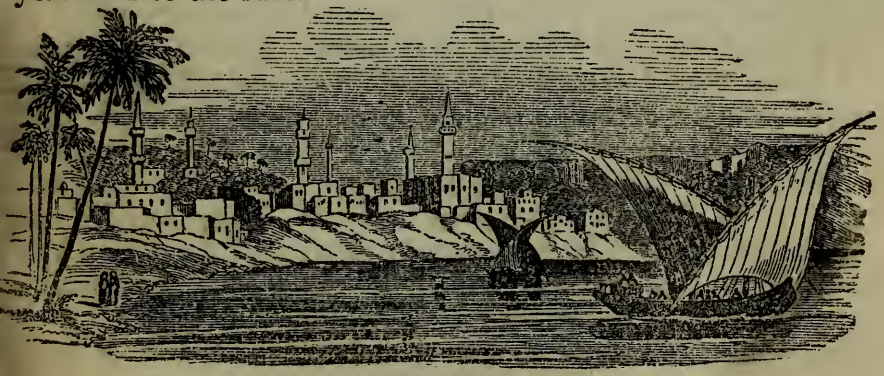
In the hills above the town are some curious caves, formerly burying places. The view from them is the most expansive

that is to be obtained in any part of Egypt, there being nothing to intercept the glance for nearly 100 miles. This vast plain is bounded on the one hand by the Arabian, and on the other by the Libyan hills.

The palace of the late Ibrahim Pasha, the great warrior, is at Ossioot. It is now occupied by one of his sons.

The next day we reached Ekhmim. This is a considerable town, containing many Copt Christians. The best wheat in Egypt is said to be grown here. This may arise from the fact that, on the whole, the Copts are more industrious than the Mahometans. I remember taking out my note-book, to make a few entries, when I soon had a crowd around me. They called me an effendi, which means, a learned man, and they seemed highly amused with the motions of my pencil. Ekhmim was a place of considerable importance in ancient times. It is said that the professed magicians, whom Pharaoh sent for to meet Moses and Aaron, resided here.

On the twelfth day from Cairo, we passed Girgeh, where there is a Latin convent, with several monks. This town was formerly half a mile from the stream, but now, the river having changed its course, it is fast washing the town away. Every year adds to the ruin.



GIRGEH.

One day, Mr. G. and I having wandered out of our road, we came to a canal which the pasha was having deepened. There must have been 1,000 men at work, all with their bare hands. They seemed greatly surprised to see us, but were remarkably civil, and earnestly responded to our "Sabahl kayr," or "Good morning." Indeed, everywhere we found the people pleasingly kind. Most of them overflow with obliging behaviour. I was once clambering up the bank of the river, when my foot slipped, and I had to hold on by the root of a tree. In an instant half a dozen Arabs, who were at work in the fields, ran to my assistance. The probability is that, in England, our laborers

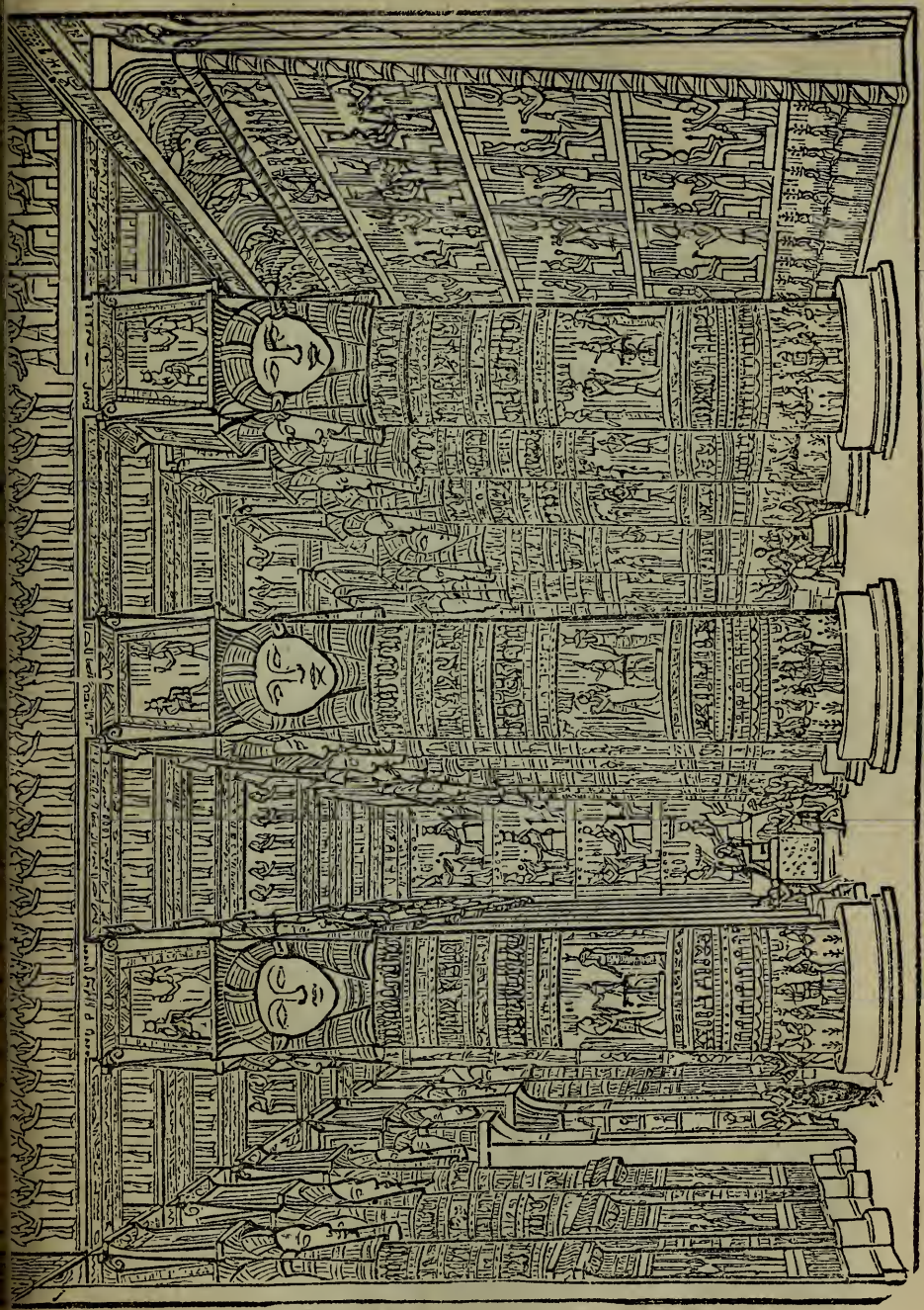
or mechanics would have stood still and grinned, until called to for assistance. So far as I can remember, I never but once met with a black look, and that was when my companions and I boldly entered the yard of a farm house. The proprietor did not rudely order us out, but both he and his wife withdrew, which was, I think, a much more severe reproof than if he had forcibly shown us the door. When we entered, the good woman was *churning*. There was a peg driven into the mud wall, and from this was suspended a goat skin, sewn up and half filled with milk or cream. This she was swinging backwards and forwards, and jerking and *bumping* it against the wall. The violence of the motion so agitated the cream as to well answer the purpose of a churn. In those warm parts, the "butter soon comes," as our dairy maids or farmers' wives would say. I gave the skin a swing or two, and pronounced that "the butter was coming." In the middle of the yard there was a heap of the most abominable filth that I ever beheld, and tens of thousands of flies were revelling in its luxuries. I was no longer at a loss to know whence all the flies came which so tormented us in our boat. In returning down the river in March, 1851, the season being advanced, we often had every inch of our cabin covered with them, and they were so troublesome that we could neither read nor write without first putting our heads into a kind of balloon, made of fine netting. As we looked at each other when thus *bagged*, our appearance was truly ludicrous. But the *dragon fly* is the worst of all. This often alights on the legs, and stings right through the stockings; and these dung-heaps foster them like maggots.

From Girgeh we proceeded to Keneh, a large town of some importance, and having extensive potteries. As there was no wind, and as the men wanted to make some purchases, we decided upon remaining there all night.

I may here mention, that, in going up the river, travellers never stop many minutes at any place when there is a fair wind, but make all the way they can, reserving their explorations for their return; and this is a very judicious plan.

In the morning, being still without wind, we visited the temple of Dendera on the opposite side of the river. The remains of this temple are the most complete of any in Egypt. The engraving will give some idea of it. In the portico are 24 columns, each of eight yards circumference, and every foot of every part is covered with hieroglyphics and figures, as Ezekiel describes similar ones in viii. 10 and xxiii. 14.

Lighting our candles, we penetrated into the interior. First we had to squeeze through a hole about 2 ft. square; (See Ezek.



TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

viii. 7, 8;) then we went along a narrow passage, and then another, and another, each leading into some dark chamber. No doubt Ezekiel had such places as these in view when he spoke of the "chambers of imagery," and of what the "ancients," or elders, of the house of Israel did "in the dark," for the Israel-

ites imitated the Egyptians. No man can tell what dark deeds were committed in these chambers. In every recess some great and yet greater abominations were done; (See Ezek. viii. 12, 13; and Eph. v. 11, 12;) a true, yet sad and humiliating picture of the human heart. Doubtless Lev. xviii. 21; xix. 29; xx. 2–4; Ezek. xvi. 15–22; Rev. ii. 14; with other passages, refer to some of these abominations. And Milton, who was well-read in the practices of the ancient Egyptians and Israelites, distinctly alludes to these abominations:

> "Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
> Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
> His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
> Of alienated Judah."

And the Psalmist also refers to the same, when he says, "They joined themselves to Baal-peor, and ate the sacrifices of the dead." (cvi. 28.) Now Baal-peor was the god of the Moabites and Midianites, who led the Israelites astray in the wilderness, and caused them to eat of the sacrifices which were offered to the dead during the yearly festivals held in honor of their deity. (See Num. xxv. 1–9; Josh. xxii. 17; Hos. ix. 10.)*

In passing along these dark alleys, we were surrounded by scores, nay, hundreds, of bats. Our lights disturbed them, and they flew against our faces, alighted on our shoulders, and rushed past us in droves; and we could hardly put a foot down without treading on them.

When Isaiah speaks of a man casting his idols "to the moles and to the bats," the figure he employs is, that he shall cast them into caves, or dark recesses, like this temple, or other places which swarm with bats.

Probably Zephaniah had similar dark chambers before the eye of his mind when he spoke of Jerusalem being searched with candles. (i. 12.) See the engraving opposite.

Near to Keneh I saw a palm tree with 15 stems, all from one root. The palm tree is one of the most wonderful and useful trees known. When the Psalmist (xcii. 12) says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," he could not have used a more elegant or beautiful figure. The branches never bend downwards, but always spread themselves upwards towards heaven; nor can all the art of man make them grow towards the earth. It is also remarkable that, soon after the

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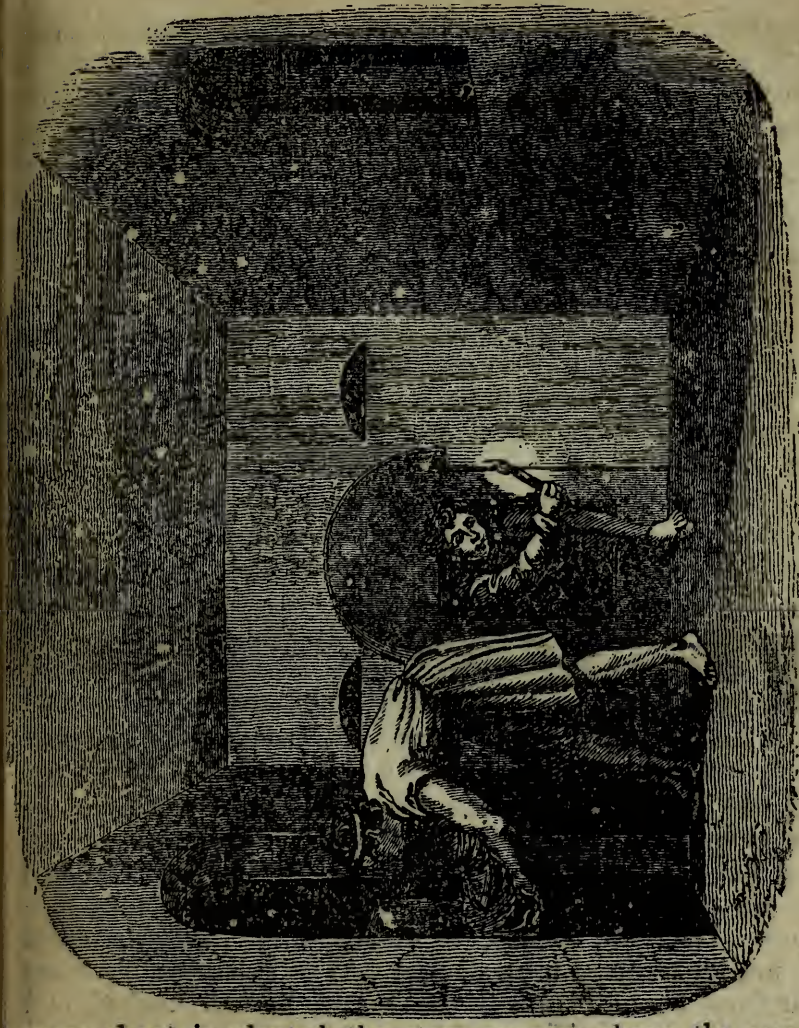
* It is true that this particular temple was not in existence at the time the prophets wrote, being not quite 1,900 years old; but I have chosen to introduce these observations here, as this was the first temple that I explored, and as the remarks will hold equally good for the other temples in Egypt, which *were* in existence at the time referred to.



SEARCHING WITH CANDLES.

young shoot is planted, the stem appears above the ground in its *full size*, and never gets any larger in diameter; so that the top of the tree is always as large as the bottom. The tree is said to be applied to nearly 400 uses. In Upper Egypt, each tree bears annually from 300 lbs. to 500 lbs. of the fruit called dates. This fruit, with corn, is well-nigh the only food of the agriculturists of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, and their camels feed upon the stones of the fruit. The leaves are very long, and are used for making baskets, mats, couches, brushes, beds, &c., and also for thatching houses. The branches are from 8 ft. to 20 ft. in length, and are used for making cages, boxes, seats, walking sticks, garden fences, implement handles, &c. The stem rises to a great height, from 60 ft. to 100 ft., and is very straight. Jeremiah, (x. 5,) speaking of the idols that were carried about, says they were upright as the

palm tree, by which he means *stately*. And Solomon, in Song vii. 7, compares his spouse to it: "Lo, thy stature is like a palm tree, and thy bosom like clusters of *dates*." The dates grow in clusters under the branches. The trunk is not solid, like our trees, but consists of fibres; and from these, ropes, ship rigging, and even thread are made. From the sap, a spirit called arakee, of which the Copts and Armenians are very fond, is made. From the inspissated sap of the tree, a kind of honey is also made, which is said to be little inferior to that of bees, and the same juice, when fermented, makes strong wine. This wine is said to be that referred to in Numb. xxviii. 7, Isa. v. 11, and xxix. 9. The branches were used as emblems of victory, and it was for this purpose that they were borne before the Redeemer on his way to Jerusalem, when the people cried, "Hosanna," &c. (John xii. 12, 13.) The trees live for nearly 200 years. There is not the slightest resemblance between the real palm and that which we call palm in England. I brought several branches with me, and they are as good now as when I first had them, the leaves not falling off as with other trees.

Shortly after we had left Keneh, Hajji came to tell us that one of the men had hurt his leg. On looking at it, I found it sadly bruised. The man had put a leaf over it, but I could not learn what leaf it was. Hajji said a fig would have cured it. How strongly did this remind me of Hezekiah, and the plaister of figs which Isaiah applied to his boil. (Isa. xxxviii. 21.) Figs are still considered in the east to possess healing properties. However, having a well-supplied medicine chest with me, for recourse to medicines may be indispensable when so far from home, I caused the leg to be well washed, and then applied some sticking plaister, which answered admirably. I have ever found that as these poor fellows never take any stimulating food or drinks, their flesh soon heals.

In 1851, one of our boatmen was dangerously ill. I found him in a burning fever. Partly by hydropathic, and partly by allopathic means, I succeeded in inducing sleep and profuse perspiration. When he awoke, he threw off all his covering, to cool himself. I was, of course, displeased at this, and had to put another of the crew to watch over him. On the third day, I was happy to find that the fever had left him, though he was excessively weak. On reaching Minieh, a day or two afterwards, I sent the reis with him to the Arab doctor there; but, on being told the facts of the case, the doctor sent them back again, saying he was in very good hands, and he must mind and do as I told him. I felt a little nervous at this, as

I had hoped to get him off my hands. However, I gave him bark, and then quinine, until he quite recovered. The medicines acted almost like magic upon him.

Having on several other occasions had to *doctor* some of the men, they broke out one day singing, "May the gentleman live for 200 years, and more if he wishes it, in good health; for he is very good. When we hurt our legs, he cures them for us, and gives us pigeons and sugar canes."

A poor woman once came to me, with her arm greatly lacerated, and I was the means of curing that also. I first applied spirit of wine, when she winced again, and said it was "hamee," (*hot,*)—not a bad idea. I then plaistered and bandaged it.

The people think that all English travellers are doctors, probably because most of them are supplied with medicine chests. Sometimes they will not take medicine, do or say what you will, as they consider it "opposing God's will." I met with a French doctor, who resided at Keneh, having been sent there by the pasha to vaccinate the people; but he said he was never able to do it except by force. The parents would sooner submit to anything, though sometimes the small pox sweeps away thousands. Even when the sheikhs compelled them to submit, they would not have the same arm vaccinated as the Christians had.

Instead of taking medicines, the Orientals are said to prefer external applications, such as "anointing with oil;" and this is what the Romanists have so much perverted by attaching a religious meaning to it. (See Mark vi. 13; Jas. v. 14.) However ill a man may be, and however beyond the reach of human means of cure, he will always be grateful for, and satisfied with, a piece of sticking plaister; but something you *must* give him, or he will think you are using him cruelly. The best cure for ophthalmia is, I believe, sulphate of zinc.

On the 17th day we reached Thebes, 433 miles from Cairo, which was considered a fair average trip, being about 26 miles a day,—70 miles one day and not more than six another.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THEBES.

Thebes is said to have once been one of the most magnificent cities in the world. Herodotus calls it "the City of One Hundred Gates;" and the ruins of its temples bear testimony to the fact that it certainly was a city of superlative grandeur. However hard a man may labor, he cannot properly explore the district in less than four or five days.

And this fully agrees with the account given of it in the Bible. Nahum calls it "populous No." (iii. 8.) Nor are the

prophecies concerning it less expressive: "I will punish the multitude of No;" (Jer. xlvi. 25;) "I will execute judgments in No;" "I will cut off the multitude of No;" "No shall be rent asunder." (Ezek. xxx. 14–16.) And has it not been "rent asunder?" Frightful are the desolations with which we are surrounded. No pen can describe them. I was tolerably well versed in accounts of these ruins ere I went to see them, but on the spot I found myself a mere child. All my reading, all engravings, amounted to almost nothing. However light-hearted a man may be, he must become serious on scrambling over these ruins, unless he be proof against all impression.

I shall not, as I have already said, give any detailed description of the temples. My readers must, however, bear with me while I mention a few things.

The great temples of Karnak and Luxor are on the eastern side of the river, and the Memnonium and other temples on the western. These temples were so constructed that the people on each side of the river could distinctly see those on the opposite side in their religious processions, and from one temple to the other, a distance of several miles, there were avenues of gigantic sphynxes, richly carved in granite, some

RUINS AT KARNAK.

of which remain to this day. As the priests, dressed in their robes, and accompanied by all the paraphernalia of idolatrous worship, passed along these avenues, the scene was so gorgeous and exciting as to cause the people to rend the air with their shouts, the mighty river, rolling its course along, tending to augment their enthusiasm and heighten their feelings of veneration.

The open court of the temple at Karnak is 275 ft. by 329 ft. In the grand hall there are about 150 columns, some of them 66 ft. high and 30 ft. in circumference. Some columns are lying prostrate on the ground and others are leaning against their neighbors. The columns, with the soaring obelisks and the colossal statues, present to the mind the idea of a forest of gigantic pillars and figures, and the array of mysterious hieroglyphics excites our highest wonder. We pass through labyrinths of open courts and chambers, while the shattered fragments so dazzle the eye that we feel like one that dreams. It seems as though some mighty earthquake had shaken the temple to its foundation, snapping many of its gigantic pillars like dry sticks.

In this temple there is a scene supposed to represent the defeat of Rehoboam by Shishak, 970 years before Christ, confirming the account in 1 Kings xiv.; 2 Chron. xii.

I visited these ruins half a dozen times; but, like the pyramids, they appeared, on each visit, to have grown in magnificence and impressiveness. Like most of the other ruins in Egypt, they are not merely grand, but sublime. I cannot, however, say that they are either beautiful or refined; and they are not, therefore, in this respect, to be compared to the ruins at Athens.

On the western, or Thebes, side of the river, the ruined temples are more numerous than on the eastern, and are appalling enough; but none of them can at all rival the temple of Karnak. Near the Memnonium, which was the principal temple on this side, lies a shattered statue, the most prodigious, in all probability, that the world ever saw. And not only is its size so gigantic, but its proportions are so equal and exact, and every part so well finished, as to excite the wonder of every beholder, however great a traveller he may have been. The toes are 3 ft. long, and the feet 5 ft. across the instep. The arm, from the top of the shoulder to the elbow only, is between 12 ft. and 13 ft., and the width of the breast is above 24 ft. Some say it is 26 ft., but I could not make it so much, on measuring it. It is estimated that it would weigh, when complete, upwards of 887 tons!

This statue is of Rameses II., and was sculptured nearly 3,200 years ago.

No one can tell with what tools these immense blocks of granite were worked. To attempt the labor in the present day would be ludicrous and ruinous, the hardness of the stone turning or breaking the edge of our best cutting tools, so that they can make no impression upon it.

On the ruins of all these temples are representations of battles and cruelty. I may, indeed, say that, from first to last, they exhibit neither more nor less than unmitigated ferocity, a sad tell-tale of the state of society in those days. Instead of those graceful figures which I saw at Athens, here are portrayed heaps of dead bodies and piles of hands, and men in the act of hewing their captives to pieces. Courage in those days appears to have meant brutal ferocity. Here are seen chariots and horses, gods and goddesses; swords, shields, spears, bows, and quivers, executioners and victims, dying and dead. Here (in the temple of Medinet Abou) sits a conqueror in his chariot, smiling at the sight of an immense pile of hands, heaped up before him; and there is the executioner with his chopper, ready to add two more to the pile; while a number of captives stand behind, with ropes round their necks, and their hands tied behind them, waiting their turn to be operated upon; and a scribe is noting down the sum total. The conqueror makes a speech, translated by M. Champollion: "Give yourselves to mirth. Let it rise to heaven. Strangers are dashed to the ground by my power. The terror of my name has gone forth; their hearts are full of it. I appear before them as a lion, and have annihilated their wicked souls. I am king on the throne for ever."* In addition to this, we find a priest just about to cut the throat of a boy, and to offer him up to his idol-god. Though everything is ferocious and brutal, we nevertheless see nothing that can be called either licentious or lewd, as is to be seen on many monuments of more modern date.

On these monuments, shepherds are everywhere represented as an ignominious race, fully proving the truth of Gen. xlvi. 34.

The blindest infidel may behold, on these monuments, decisive proofs of the historical veracity of the Old Testament; and, in the now deplorable and debased state of the country, the truth of its prophecy. Egypt is "the basest of kingdoms."

* In my 14th chapter, I made some remarks on the cruelties practised by the kings of the east, dragging their captives at their chariot wheels, &c. It was probably on this account that Saul disobeyed the Lord, and spared the life of Agag, that he might exhibit him as a trophy of victory. (See 1 Sam. xv.)

In several parts of the Bible we read of barbarities practised, equally cruel and revolting as these; but it must not be supposed, because they are there recorded, that they were approved of by God. On the contrary, they are as much condemned as were David's crimes. They are merely given as matters of *faithful* history, and they show unmistakeably something of what fallen nature is, when unrestrained.

Though representations of the above character greatly predominate on the monuments of Thebes, now and then we see figures of a more civilised kind, such as women dancing and playing on timbrels,* (tambourines,) relatives mourning over their dead, parties of mirth and parties of grief; everything, in truth, from the cradle to the tomb. In one instance a judge is weighing a man's good actions against a feather from an angel's wing; and in another a great serpent is being bound and cast into a pit; proving that the ancient Egyptians had some knowledge of a future judgment. In one tomb is a boat, being towed by several men; on seeing which, an Arab once exclaimed, "Ah, see! The poor Arabs are forced to track the boats even in the other world."

It was the second army of Cambyses which destroyed the temples, 525 years before Christ.

On our way to these ruins, we were beset with a host of antiquity dealers, offering us parts of human bodies, necklaces, images, &c. One poked in my face a human hand, another a foot, and another a leg; the very sight of which, coming upon me so suddenly, almost turned me sick; but, lest I should not have been sufficiently disgusted with these, and just as I fancied I had driven the dirty venders away, another stuck under my nose a horrible head, as black as a coal. All these had been taken from the ancient tombs, or mummy pits, and the flesh upon them was sickeningly perfect, though upwards of 3,000 years old. At one time I was literally surrounded by between 40 and 50 of these people,—clamorous, persevering, annoying; and they absolutely stopped my donkey; so, fearing for my pockets, I broke some of their antiquities with my stick; and then they made way for me. (1851.)

The antiquity dealers of Thebes are the greatest thieves in all Egypt. A man must look about him when in the bazaars of Cairo or Alexandria, or he may soon have his pockets picked; but at Thebes he must be still more on the alert. We had not been there many minutes before my donkey man was robbed of a hammer and chisel, which I had given him

* It was the custom, and still is, while singing and playing, for the people to clap their hands. (See Ps. xlvii. 1; xcviii. 8; Isa. lv. 12; &c.)

to carry. However, as they were worth their weight in gold to us on the boat, for carpentering purposes, and in looking for various geological specimens, I was determined I would have them back; so I ordered the guide to take me to the sheikh's, that I might lodge a complaint; but ere we reached his house, both hammer and chisel were restored. The rogues knew that the sheikh would have every one of them bastinadoed unless they produced the thief and goods. If every traveller would be equally firm, a reformation in these lawless Ishmaelites might in some degree be accomplished.

A man from whom I bought a coffin lid ran away without giving me the change out of a dollar. As the nazir of the district was then at Luxor, and as I had been introduced to him the evening before, I expressed my determination of making him acquainted with the robbery. Our consular agent, however, begged of me not to do so, as the man would be sent to Alexandria, to work in irons for life, and all his family be imprisoned. He paid me the money out of his own pocket, and said he would make the thief work for a month at the wheelbarrow,* besides refunding the cash.

On one occasion, a man brought his donkey, and sent his boy with me to Karnak. On my return, the father met us, and I paid him. In about half an hour he came again and asked for his money, declaring that I had not paid him. I at first endeavored by argument to convince him that he must have forgotten himself; but he shed tears almost as large as horsebeans, and protested I was cheating him. I thereupon suggested that we should go and state the case to the sheikh, and let him decide; but the mere suggestion was quite enough. Off the scoundrel ran, as though the koorbaj were already suspended over him. These fellows are up to all sorts of knavery, and they ought to be firmly met.

On crossing the plain, we passed two gigantic statues, still standing on their pedestals. It is said that one of these (Memnon) would formerly ring like a bell. I can only say that it will not do so now, though some writers, without having tried it, I am positive, state that it will. It is a singular fact, how-

* In 1852, I found that the pasha was causing the temple at Luxor to be excavated; but nothing of importance had yet been discovered. The work was superintended by M. Maunier, a Frenchman, with whom we exchanged civilities. The men were using barrows, but it was amusing to see them. They waddled like ducks, and did not have more than a small basketful of rubbish in the barrow at a time. The labor is *forced*. The men have to work 15 days without pay, and then their place is supplied by others in like manner. This was the punishment which the thief above mentioned was to endure for a month.

THE MEMNONIUM STATUES.

ever, that I have seen many large blocks of stone in Upper Egypt which, on being struck, really do ring like bells. It is also said that this statue used to sound like a harp-string at the rising of the sun; but I do not believe it.

I feel almost ashamed to notice these ruins in so cursory a manner; but I console myself with the reflection that, as even the best descriptions of them must fall infinitely short of the reality, I may well be excused if I do not fill my pages with details still more inadequate. I cannot say I was a superficial *observer*, but I must rest content as a superficial *describer*. Volumes have been written; but though a man may read all, he will still have only a faint idea of the ruins of Thebes.

On two occasions I visited the Tombs of the Kings. These are excavations in the hills, in a valley several miles from the river. Of these, 19 have been discovered; but it is said there are still 27 which have never been opened. I shall not attempt to describe these tombs any more than the ruins of the temples; but will just give a brief outline of one, called Belzoni's, it having been discovered by that eminent traveller.

Passing through a doorway, cut in the rock, we descend about 30 steps, then go down a decline for about 18 yards, then 25 steps more, then another decline for about 20 yards, and then we enter a spacious chamber about 30 ft. square, sup-

ported by four pillars. We next go down four steps, and then enter another hall, about the same size; then 17 steps; then an incline for 16 yards; then seven steps; then a passage 15 yards long, which leads us to another chamber; and then we reach the hall, in which the king was buried. The sarcophagus, which was of alabaster, was removed by Belzoni, and is now in the Soanean Museum, London. On both sides of the passages are other chambers, but they were too numerous for me to count them. The walls are all covered with frescoes, in beautiful preservation.

A Roman emperor once declined going under ground so long as he could keep above; and I confess that, though I could seldom resist the temptation of penetrating into these dark recesses throughout Egypt, my love of antiquities was never so much inflamed, so enthusiastic, as to keep me from being glad when I saw daylight again. They always left upon my mind a sort of inexplicable melancholy, a kind of shuddering sensation, and often made my heart sink. Still they possessed a degree of magnetic influence and irresistible power over my will, that, though I was always the worse for it, yet I persisted in exploring them, and was invariably, as it were, awe-stricken.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

In some of these tombs, bread, wheat, and fruits have been found, apparently as fresh as when deposited there, 3,000 years ago; and some of the wheat has been sown and produced crops. In other parts of the world, the whole would have rotted in a few years. I have heard of a gentleman who has two peas, taken from a mummy, growing in his garden this year (1854).

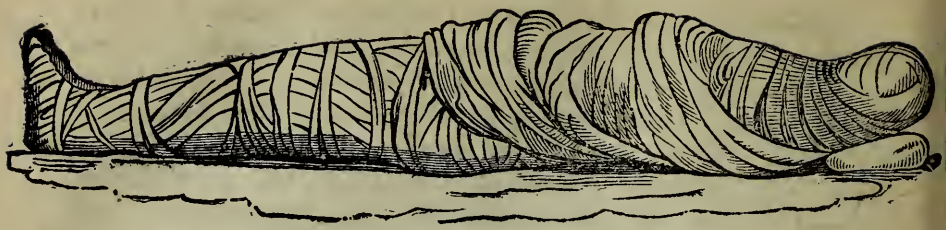
It is in one of these tombs that the representation was painted of the Israelites making bricks, which I mentioned on page 300; and in another is displayed what is supposed to be Jehoahaz, after he was taken to Egypt by Pharaoh-Necho. (See page 139.) But I am ashamed to say that all the best paintings and sculptures have been destroyed by travellers. Some travellers once remonstrated with Mehemet Ali, because he pulled down the temples to build cotton factories and barracks; but he desired them to look at the tombs, and at what *travellers* had done and still did there. What a rebuke! In 1852, Belzoni's tomb was literally strewed with fragments. I grieved to see it, and I felt that I could cheerfully have assisted in sending the depredators back, handcuffed, to their own country, whether on this side the Atlantic or the other.

Some of the chambers are in an unfinished state. Death, it would seem, who respects neither king nor beggar, had laid his icy hand on the monarch before he had sufficiently beautified his tomb. Though all is gloomy, yet all is grand; though all were constructed from mistaken notions of futurity, yet all is beautiful, and excites our wonder and admiration.

From the paintings on the walls of the tombs, we are able to learn some of the customs of the people 3,000 years ago. On some are representations of agricultural implements; on others boats; on others drapery, couches, vases, basins, ewers, and musical instruments. Here are men slaughtering oxen, here others cutting up the meat, and there others cooking, &c.

The Tombs of the Queens, as some extensive excavations in the rocks are called, curious as they would seem were there no others, are not worth naming after the Tombs of the Kings. When I visited them, we had to disturb whole families of men, women, children, and donkeys, who had taken up their *united* abode in them.

I have already had occasion to remark that the ancient Egyptians always embalmed their dead, just as Jacob and Joseph were embalmed. (See Gen. L. 2, 26.) This was done by various methods, which I cannot well explain here. When embalmed, the flesh did not decay, but remained perfect on the bones. Several of these bodies may be seen in the Egyptian department of the British Museum. They are called



MUMMY, OR EMBALMED BODY.

mummies. It is said that the pits in Thebes alone contain at least ten millions of bodies. The people enter the tombs, strip the bodies of their ornaments, and chop or break off the arms and legs, to sell to travellers. I bought several, as also a considerable quantity of beads and other articles, which had been thus taken from the tombs. I also bought a beautiful coffin lid, and several idol-gods. The dealers boldly asked six and even ten piastres for a hand; but I bought as many as I wanted at a quarter of a piastre (a little more than a halfpenny) each. In one place, the fragments of human limbs are so thickly strewn on the ground that we can barely keep from walking over them. The bones are, indeed, "scattered at the grave's mouth," having been chopped off from the bodies, "as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood." Nothing can be more expressive of Ps. cxli. 7, Jer. viii. 1, 2, and Ezek. xxxvii. 1–3.

The bodies of the rich were deposited in caves cut out of the rocks, while those of the poor were merely placed in pits dug to a great extent at the foot of the rocks and hills. Belzoni penetrated into several of these pits for upwards of 600 yards at a time. He had to crawl on his hands and knees, and at every step his face came in contact with that of a decayed Egyptian, and his weight crushed many to ashes; so that he was literally almost smothered with human dust; and he states that the *taste* of the mummies was not very agreeable. As the bodies of the poor were not embalmed in the most approved way, they crumbled; but those of the rich remain to this day as entire as they were 3,000 years ago. It was considered a great degradation for a rich man to be buried in a common grave. How much more, then, a king! (See Jer. xxvi. 23.)

In ancient times, when an Egyptian died, the priests, before burying him, inquired if any one had aught to say against him; and if not, or if charges made were proved to be false, then the funeral rites were proceeded with, and an image, signifying that he had passed the ordeal, in other words, that he had been "weighed in the balances of life, and found full weight," was

placed upon his bosom. These are the images which the people sell with the hands and legs of the mummies, as just mentioned. If, on the trial, the deceased were found to have been a bad man, the rites were denied him, and he was "buried like a dog," just as a Puseyite in England would bury a Dissenter.

I was at Luxor one market day, and was surprised to see such a market so far up the river. There were hundreds of people, with horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, &c. Vegetables, corn, and other food were plentiful and cheap. Here I purchased a small quantity of white wheat, much finer than any I ever saw in English barns. The price was 40 piastres per ardeb, equal to about 1s. 8d. per bushel. (1851.)

At Luxor there is a regular trade kept up of *manufacturing* antiquities. Unless a man be a good judge, he is sure to purchase a lot of these imitations. The *manufacturers* are all Copt *Christians*.

For the cry of "Bucksheesh," I think I must award the palm to Luxor. Little naked children, who could only just run alone, trotted after us by dozens, extending their puny hands, and calling out, "Aksees, aksees." They were neither old nor strong enough to pronounce the first letter of the word, "backsheesh;" for here it was pronounced *b*acksheesh.

When in Egypt in 1853, I had with me a magic lantern. The Arabs were highly delighted with it, never before having seen anything of the kind. One evening I had quite an *aristocratic* audience in the house of Mustapha Aga, our consular agent at Luxor; the nazir of the district, two or three sheikhs and schoolmasters, and several others being present. Mustapha so fell in love with it that he would make me leave it, and gave me in exchange for it a large sepulchral case, containing four wooden vases. These vases contained the heart and other vital parts of the man to whose memory the case had been dedicated more than 3,000 years ago. The case had been taken from the tombs, and is now in the British Museum, as I succeeded, though with much difficulty, in getting it to England.

In addition to the lantern, I gave Mustapha two pocket-knives, with which he seemed pleased. The next day he told me he had given the knives to the nazir and the sheikh, which meant that he wanted two more; and these, having a reserve, I gave to him. One of his servants, a Copt Christian, followed me, and said, "What for you give my master two more knives when me want one?"

In Mustapha's presence I once imprudently took out my purse,—a birthday present. He whispered in my ear that he had long wanted a purse to keep his money in. I told him

if I lived to see him again he should have one; but as for *that one*, no money could buy it, as it was given me by the dearest friend I had upon earth. This he took to mean my mother, and so said no more. Had he suspected that it was *only* my wife, he would not have been so easily cooled; for wives in Egypt, as I have shown in a previous chapter, are but "reckoned in the scale of servants."

After the exhibition, my companion and I held a *converzatione* with our audience. We talked of many things,—railroads, electric lights, and electric telegraphs, all of which excited their wonder. One of them had some years ago seen an electrifying machine at Alexandria, and this enabled him to form some idea of the electric telegraph.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THEBES TO ETHIOPIA.

In 1851, I did not advance farther south than Thebes; but in 1853, I proceeded onward to Nubia, or Ethiopia, accompanied by a Mr. G., from Manchester. We had with us a gentleman named Atkins, who was going to Kartoon, in Upper Ethiopia, for a hippopotamus, an antelope, and other rare animals, for the Liverpool Zoological Gardens. He was provided with a firman (that is, an authority) from the pasha, and had with him a guide, who knew the country and could speak "a littell" English. Being a good naturalist, he was able to tell us the names of most of the birds which we saw, which I often found interesting. He would sometimes get sight of a rare species, and would exclaim, "I would give £100 if I had that bird alive at Liverpool."

Our crew, on this occasion, was composed entirely of Nubians, and, with the exception of the reis, who was a useless and troublesome piece of mechanism, we had every reason to be satisfied with them. They were both good-natured and obliging, apparently striving to do their duty satisfactorily; and they certainly succeeded. They were exceedingly quick in their imitating powers, and would often afford us much amusement, watching our words and actions, and trying to follow us in everything. Sometimes, when there was no wind, they would go on shore, and entertain us by various antics, sham fights in the Nubian fashion, and so on. Instead of lances, which the Nubians always use in battle, they had long doura stalks, and it was remarkable with what precision they could throw them. The lances used by the Nubians are from 10 ft. to 14 ft. long, with iron points, some of them barbed.

Our dragoman, or interpreter, was named Haleel. He was brother to Hajji Selim, whom I had with me in 1851. He had some good points about him, but was not very clean, preferring his pipe to a scrubbing brush. He could not conceive why we should be so annoyed on account of the cockroaches. "Dey are noting," (nothing,) said he. "When dey coll (crawl) over my face, I do knock dem off." He once attended an English lady up the great pyramid, when one of the Arabs behaved somewhat rudely to her; whereupon Haleel shot him in the arm. Haleel was sent to prison, but our consul at Cairo caused him to be speedily liberated.* I once missed a card of knives which I had with me to give away, as knives and scissors are invaluable in this part of the world, and Haleel said he was sure it was Mr. Atkins's dragoman who had taken it before he left us. The card, was, however, afterwards found, when Haleel said he would give 150 piastres to the poor, and he hoped God would forgive him for suspecting an innocent man. He had had six wives, all of whom were living. Some he had divorced because they could not agree with his mother, and one because she went out of the house without permission. He said he could not trust the Arab women with a single piastre, but he could trust English women with anything.

Our cook was the same that I had in 1851, and an excellent one he was; but, having taken to drinking, I was disgusted with him. He also, like our dragoman, had had six wives, and had bought a seventh. He had "paid a deposit," but was 300 piastres (about £3) short of the purchase money. He hoped, however, to be able to "complete the purchase" when he returned to Cairo.

A few miles south of Thebes is Erment, where the Arabs say Moses was born. Here are the ruins of a temple, but not on a large scale.

A short distance from the temple is a large sugar refinery, belonging to the sons of Ibrahim Pasha, and having attached to it workshops and yards for mechanics and artisans. The engineer was an Englishman, a Mr. Fox; but he has now left, and the works are closed. Some differences arose between the owners and Abbas Pasha, the ruler of Egypt, and the result was, that the pasha withheld all protection from the village; whereupon the Arabs refused to work, and the works came to a stand. Upwards of 250 persons had been employed. The children were paid from threepence to fivepence

* I wish our consul at Cairo were always equally prompt and decided as in this instance.

RUINS AT ERMENT.

a week, laboring seven days a week, having no Sabbath's rest. The mills are capable of refining 128,000 lbs. of sugar a year.

We spent several hours with Mr. Fox. His house was truly comfortable, and his bread quite a treat. The price of bread in the village was 2½d. for 2¾ lbs., being a trifle less than a penny per lb.; and it was sweeter and better than any I ever bought in London. Flour was 1s. 8d. per English bushel.

On the 11th of January, 1853, we reached Esne. Here we found the pasha, with his suite and several steamers. They had indeed preceded us all the way from Cairo, and had devoured nearly all the fowls and bread in the respective towns, so that the prices were considerably enhanced. Several of the dancing women having taken up their abode here, the pasha had ordered them away, and we saw them departing, with looks sorrowful enough. In the market-place was a poor man, an idiot, said to be a santon, or saint, walking about perfectly naked, and helping himself to anything and everything he pleased. I saw him again on our return, and strongly suspected he was more knave than fool.

There are said to be between 200 and 300 Copts residing here. They are miserable-looking beings, and are enveloped in the most humiliating superstition. When the ignorant Mahometans speak of *Christians*, they judge them all to be like these degraded and idolatrous Copts, making the sign of the cross, and prostrating themselves before idols or pictures, as their brethren of Greece and Rome.

At Esne we were compelled to remain a whole day and night, for the crew to have sufficient bread baked to last them until our return, which might be a month. As I knew that the Arabs and Nubians stuff away while there is anything to eat, without caring for to-morrow, and as I also knew that bread could not be procured in Nubia at any price, as some of the people rarely even see it, I made my calculations as to the quantity the crew would be likely to consume in 30 days, and insisted upon their taking 400 lbs., besides 150 lbs. of flour as a reserve. The reis said 250 lbs. of bread would be enough; but I would not give way to him, as the men would certainly have deserted had they run short. All travellers proceeding into Nubia should pay particular attention to this, and keep a good reserve under lock and key, for, as I have just said, the Arabs and Nubians trouble not about the morrow. On one occasion, when I had bought some sugar canes for the crew, I told them they had better keep half of them until next day; but they replied they might be dead by that time, and then the canes would be of no use to them. And this is precisely their theory, and *practice* too, through life,—Don't leave until to-morrow what you can eat to-day. They stuff themselves like dogs, and then lie down and bask in the sun. One day a dead fish, much larger than a cod, was seen on the water. One of the crew was speedily splashing after it, and in an amazingly short time it was cut up, boiled, and devoured, though the greedy fellows had only just had their breakfast.

The food of our men, both Arabs and Nubians, was of the most simple kind. Occasionally, though rarely, they had small quantities of mutton, and sometimes we gave them a feast of pigeons; but, in a general way, they had nothing but brown bread and vegetables, or a stew consisting principally of lentils. Another dish, and of this they were very fond, was formed of onions, bread, eggs, and cheese. They boiled the eggs hard and then chopped them up with the cheese. The onions they ate raw, and often finished up with sugar canes! They always picked the bones which we had left, and even robbed the poor cat of her dinner, when they could. When I have seen them, without having clean hands, all dipping into the same dish, I felt that I should have to string myself up to 100 degrees of hunger before I could join them. When they had coffee, they invariably roasted it themselves, burning it quite black, and then pounding it to a fine powder. And this is the universal custom in Egypt, as coffee-mills are not used. By pounding the coffee, much of the flavor is preserved on boiling, which is lost if the coffee be merely ground. They

are not fond of tender meat, as they say it requires no chewing; and they generally supply themselves with tobacco and onions without any other trouble than that of jumping on shore and stealing them out of the fields. It is common enough for the men to get into squabbles with the villagers, and they often seem to be so fierce that a tremendous battle must be the result; but the best way is, to keep away from them till their disputes are settled, as their war is sure to end in words only.

The bakehouses at Esne being all employed for the pasha, we had to go to the governor and show him Mr. A.'s firman; whereupon he sent a messenger to command a miller to grind the wheat and a baker to bake the bread; otherwise we might have been detained an extra day or two. One of the officers on board the governor's boat asked us to give him a bottle of *brandy*, so much have the Turks, I am sorry to say, like the *Christians*, learnt not only to add drunkenness to thirst, (Deut. xxix. 19,) but, as a consequence, thirst to drunkenness.

Leaving Esne with a fair wind, we reached Assouan on the 14th of January. This was formerly the southern boundary of Egypt, and was called by Ezekiel (xxix. 10) Syene; but when Mehemet Ali conquered the Nubians, he annexed their kingdom to his; so that the whole country as far as Abyssinia now belongs to Egypt.

Near to Assouan are what are called the First Cataracts. Some writers have described these cataracts as terrific waterfalls, while others declare they are mere rapids; and Sir F. Henniker says they are nothing more than a rush of water, not worse than the Thames at the old London Bridge; but such a statement is simply ridiculous. I shall speak of them as I found them.

As no boat can ascend the cataracts without the assistance of a very important personage called the Reis of the Cataracts, we went, as soon as we arrived at Assouan, to the governor of the town, to induce him to order the said reis's attendance early in the morning; but we found that some travellers had been giving him brandy, and he had gone to rest. We, however, went to him with the pasha's firman, and insisted upon his giving the necessary orders. He tried hard to detain us for a day, but we would not hear of it, and threatened to inform the pasha; whereupon he despatched a soldier for the Reis of the Cataracts, and assured us all should be ready.

Soon after sunrise next morning I was on shore purchasing spears, war clubs, Nubian baskets, and other curiosities. The clubs are deadly weapons, made of Abanoss wood, which grows at Sennaar. The quay was covered with merchandise from

Abyssinia, as this is the port at which goods from Abyssinia are shipped for Cairo and thence for Europe. Ivory and gum were plentiful, and there were also a lion and other animals.

At 10 o'clock, the Reis of the Cataracts, an old but athletic man, came on board, with about a dozen Nubians, and we set sail. In about half an hour, having a good wind, (it is said that the wind almost invariably blows from the north here,) we reached the first falls. They reminded me strongly of Matlock Baths, where the river dashes over rocks and stones; but, compared with the Cataracts at Assouan, it may be said to be calm. The Nile at this point is about three quarters of a mile broad. All around are huge granite rocks, piled up in striking wildness, and rocks of various sizes lie in every part of the river, forming so many little granite islands. Then there is a sudden fall of the river of several feet, which causes the waters to rush impetuously against these stone islands, and angrily dash, and splash, and foam, while counter-currents return with equal fierceness, until they unite again in the roaring stream. In some places, the channel is not more than 12 ft. wide, being contracted by projecting rocks; and as the force of the waters is temporarily checked by these projections, the water rolls into the channel with redoubled fury.

As we drew near, the men stripped, and prepared for action; and then the clamour began. Ropes were produced and examined, and then made fast to the boat. Between us and the falls were a number of men swimming across the river to join us. They had their clothes tied in a bundle, and fastened to their heads as they swam; and their sticks, or staves, were sticking through their clothes, like horns out of their heads. They looked graphic enough. The other men were soon in the water and then on the rocks, having carried one end of the ropes in their mouths. These ropes they made fast to the rocks, which are worn quite smooth by the action of the water. Then began the song, "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam-hammud;" (God help us, &c.;) and 20 men pulled away at the ropes, while six were on board the boat with poles, to keep it from knocking against the rocks. And thus we were dragged up the first fall. The sails were again spread, and we again proceeded, having now 30 men on board, which made the boat rock quite enough to be comfortable.

Now we reach another fall. Splash again go the men, and then they scramble up the rocks like cats. Their number was now increased to nearly 50. Some had their clothes on their heads, as already described, and some were bareheaded; some had long tufts of hair on the back of their heads, some

had their hair twisted, some curled, and some had it left on their crowns like skull caps; some wore turbans, and some brown and some white tarbooshes (caps); some had white calico shirts on but no drawers, some drawers but no shirts, and some neither the one nor the other; some were black, some brown, and some yellow. They looked to all the world like a set of savages, going to attack the boat.

What with perspiration and grease, (for the Nubians grease or oil themselves all over,) the men shone as if they had been well polished with Day and Martin's blacking, or dipped in a cask of oil and Stockholm or gas tar.

Well; the ropes were again made fast to the rocks, and the men began to pull and haul as before. I looked in every direction, but could see no channel, nothing but rocky islands everywhere, and the water from the rapids was dashing against us. The reflection of the sun's rays from the shining rocks was almost unbearable, and the excitement extreme. Though it was so hot, some of the men said it was cold, and seemed to shiver again, as though they had been brought up in an oven. We saw one man *warming*, or *cooling*, himself by burying his naked body in the sand. Our thermometer rose to 106, yet, despite the heat, we preferred the deck to the cabin, first because of the novelty of the scene, and next because we thought it was quite as *safe;* for, had the ropes broken, we might have been hurled back and made to swim for our lives, if swim we could, though I confess I cannot. However, we proceeded slowly but surely: "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam-ham-mud;" "Hay, hay el eesa; Eyam hammud;" every repetition of the song by the men signifying an inch or two farther on our way. I now again looked before me, when I saw a fall of water of upwards of three feet perpendicular measurement, rushing between two huge rocks, and roaring like the discharge of a cannon. "Why," I said to my companions, "they are surely never going to pull us up that fall? They are! Upon my word, this is no joke." My companions were silent, and so was I after this. We approached, inch by inch, masses of rock hanging over and being dispersed on every hand. What pulling, and hauling, and bumping against the rocks, and banging, and bawling! Now comes "the tug of war." The bows of the boat dip into the fall, while the water rushes writhingly down, mercilessly bidding defiance to all who dare to resist its course. No matter; it must be done. We had now nearly 70 men at work, some of them up to their breasts in water, others using poles, and the remainder hauling away at four ropes and two thick English-made cables. I at first

doubted the possibility of our succeeding; but at last I saw the head of the boat rise to the top of the fall, dividing, as it were, the cataract; and in a few minutes more we were up, being about five hours from the time of our leaving Assouan. And then, of all the yells for "bucksheesh"——

I have had some thoughts, if I ever visit Egypt again, of taking Mrs. G. with me; but if I do, as she is rather nervous, I think I must spare her this scene.

Being now able to think, and to breathe a little more freely, I found that my head ached dreadfully, the noise, heat, and excitement having been too much for me.

While the men were on one occasion resting, they exhibited to us some of their feats on the water, and were seemingly as much at home in the water as on the land. Some of them took their children, little things that had not long been able to run alone, and threw them into the river, leaving them to swim to the shore; and others got across logs of wood, and paddled round the boat like Indians in their canoes. Having seen them thus accustomed, from their infancy, to the water, I could easily understand how it is that the Arabs and Nubians are such excellent swimmers.

Having thus passed the Cataracts, we were now in Nubia, or Ethiopia.* We had a fair wind, and we proceeded satisfactorily for several hours. On looking back toward the Cataracts, the view was stupendous and romantic. There were scores, perhaps hundreds, of little granite islands, all reflecting the sun's rays in the most dazzling manner, while the water, rushing round and in the midst of them, gave the scene a sublime effect. I call it the Egyptian Archipelago. I quite expect some travellers will smile at this, but I should like them to find a more appropriate name.

As we approached the island of Philæ, the river had somewhat the appearance of the Rhone in France, winding succeeding winding, hills upon hills; only that *here* the hills are all barren rocks, while on the Rhone they are covered with vines and villages.

Nearly opposite to Philæ, I observed a considerable number of characters cut in the rocks with a chisel, and I also saw the same thing in other parts near. It was formerly the custom to cut tablets in the rock in this way, as permanent memorials; and sometimes stone tablets were fastened into the rocks

* This is *not* the Ethiopia mentioned in Gen. ii. 13, which was near the Euphrates; but in every other instance where Ethiopia is spoken of in the Bible, it refers to the country of which I am now writing, now called Nubia.

with lead. This is what is referred to in Job xix. 24.* As the direct opposite to this, Jeremiah says, "They who depart from the Lord shall be written in the earth," or sand; *i. e.*, no sooner written than lost, like the writing of a child with his finger in the dust.

Nubia was formerly called Ethiopia. Many of the Nubians boast that they are descended from the Queen of Sheba, and it is believed that her kingdom was in Abyssinia, farther south. It is also believed that Matthew preached the gospel here. Certain it is that the Ethiopians professed Christianity prior to the time of Mahomet.

Many of the Nubians partake strongly of Roman features, though most of them are the colour of ebony. They are not negroes, neither do their features in any way resemble those of the negro, but they are evidently a mixed race. The higher we ascend the river, the darker the people become. In Lower Egypt they are the colour of unburnt bricks; in Upper Egypt they are baked brown; and in Nubia they are scorched black. Some of them have three or four deep and long cuts, dyed blue, in their faces, as beauty lines *i. e.* tattooed.

The Nubian women wear their hair in small twists, of equal length, all round their heads, forehead and all. Their hair is clotted with oil, (castor oil, the tree of which grows in Nubia and Upper Egypt, and is said to be the gourd mentioned in Jonah iv. 6,) and they have an ornament on their foreheads over their hair. Though many of them are black, I like the look of them much better than I do that of the Arab women. They are altogether better featured and handsomer. Sometimes, when taking our walks, we came suddenly upon a cotton plantation, with a number of Nubian women squatted down, picking cotton. They would always take a full view of us, and then either turn their backs or just half cover their faces, and hide themselves amongst the trees.

It is said that there are not now more than 100,000 inhabitants in all Nubia. Prior to the time of Mehemet Ali, the people enjoyed a state of independence, every man possessing his own little freehold, and living in comparative happiness. Now the country is nearly depopulated. The ravages of the Egyptian armies destroyed many thousands of people, and

* The ancient Hebrew books were rolls, like rolls of parchment, folded at both ends and meeting at the middle; so that, as the person read, he unrolled with his left hand and rolled up with his right. (See Ezra vi. 2; Isa. viii. 1; xxxiv. 4; Ezek. ii. 9; Rev. vi. 14.) In the British Museum, there is an ancient Egyptian papyrus roll, 100 ft. long, without a joining.

many thousands were sent into slavery. Some villages, which once contained 3,000 inhabitants, have not now 200. In 1838, Kordofan was made by the pasha to send 5,000 slaves to Cairo; and from 1835 to 1839, no less than 100,000 were captured by the pasha's troops, besides those who were seized by private adventurers. The Nubians defended themselves bravely, but, not being provided with firearms, they could not stand against the Egyptians. When in battle, the Nubians principally use their spears and shields, (2 Chron. xxvi. 14,) as in old times; and the women join in the battles.

When first conquered, the Nubians had to pay to the pasha 90 piastres per year for every shakeyiah which they possessed; but this was subsequently raised to 300; and, as a shakeyiah can only water about five English acres of land, it follows that the tax amounts to about 13s. 6d. per acre. Besides which, they have to pay one piastre for every palm tree, and it is calculated that 20,000 palm trees are taxed within 10 miles from Derr, the capital town.

Then again, though the desert is gaining upon them on every hand, no reduction is made on that account; so that, what with one thing and another, I calculate that the taxes amount to about 20s. per English acre of cultivable land.

Nor is this all. The next village, or some poor peasant, has not, perhaps, paid the taxes demanded; but government *must* have them, and so their neighbors must pay for them. Neither oxen, cows, nor camels are kept inviolate, all belonging to the pasha, and held by the people only on sufferance. The pasha does indeed eat the "fruit of the land without money;" (Job xxxi. 39;) that is, without paying for it; and he "pants for the dust of the earth on the head of the poor." (Amos ii. 7.) The system is not only tyrannical, but annihilating, and "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." And thus, as one writer says, "agriculture is neglected, the inhabitants oppressed, and the increase of population destroyed; and on every hand are poverty and desolation." The people are reduced to one, the lowest, level of wretchedness. Tell them that, by increased industry and perseverance, they may make more money and amass wealth, they will quickly reply that it would only be for their rulers. I firmly believe that 95 parts out of every 100 are taken by the pasha and his underlings.

The people are frugal and industrious, and deserve better rulers; but here, as in England in some respects, *might* means *right*. Almost every man whom we saw at work in the fields had a small dagger on his left arm, so as to be able to defend himself at a moment's notice. How instinctively does this

fact carry one back to the time when the Jews were rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, when every man worked with one hand while he held a weapon in the other. (See Nehem. iv. 17, 18.) In some villages we saw large granite pillars and other ruins, pointing to the fact that prosperity once reigned there.

Nubia is not much like the country we had just left. There was the same river, but it was narrower and more rapid, being more contracted between mountains; there was the same desert, but it was nearer to us; the same palm groves, but they were more numerous and flourishing.

Now and then we saw a solitary hovel, containing one family, who had to live entirely on green stuff. Where were their former neighbors and companions? Butchered, literally butchered, by the armies of the terrible Mehemet Ali.

As we advanced up the river, we found the country less rocky, and, consequently, better cultivated, though the desert is encroaching everywhere. Mr. Gliddon, an American writer, who was several years American minister, or consul, in Egypt, says the desert is not anywhere advancing; but this is sheer nonsense. I have seen whole villages and plantations deserted, the sand having advanced by strides, and swallowed up everything, even to the water's edge. In some parts, the sand was already upwards of four feet deep over the deserted villages. Under a free government, and with proper machinery, this might be prevented; but oppression drives the people mad, and the whole country is being left to the mercy of the desert.

In Nubia we found everything much dearer than in Egypt. Eggs were only six for a penny instead of fifteen, and fowls were more than doubled in price. Besides which, there were no pigeons; but how could there be, seeing there was but little for them to live upon? Occasionally we met with a few doves, which were much sweeter and more tender than the pigeons; but we could never kill more than two at a time. Birds of all kinds had disappeared, and the country altogether looked dreary enough. The river seems, in many parts, as though passing through a rocky desert.

Many of the villages look bare, and the cottages are built on the rocks in the rear of the cultivable tracts. Wherever the rocks recede a little, *there* is a village, often in a semi-circular form, so that, when the sun is up, the rocks form a kind of Dutch oven, to aid in roasting the inhabitants.

The people in the villages rarely, if ever, see any money except the copper coin called khamsa fudda, worth a little more than a farthing. Having experienced considerable inconvenience from this on my first visit to Upper Egypt, I took with

me, on my second visit, upwards of £10 worth of these farthings, and we did not find we had one too many. We procured them at the money changers in Cairo, who are principally Jews. They are made up in bags or baskets, of various amounts, as was the case in old time. (See 2 Kings xii. 10. Referred to also in Luke xii. 33.)*

The people in Upper Egypt keep their corn in large jars outside their cottages. And just so it was with the woman of Zarephath, (1 Kings xvii. 12,) for the word translated barrel signifies a jar. But the poor Nubians have no corn to keep.

Is it not remarkable that, amidst such poverty, the Nubians generally are unflinchingly honest? Pilfering is rarely known among them; and hence, while in Nubia, travellers repose in their boats with perfect security. It is also remarkable that the corn is rarely, if ever, stolen from the jars used in Egypt, as named above. Would it be equally safe in England?

In the evening of the day on which we left Assouan, we pulled up for a few minutes at a village in which our reis's mother and sisters lived. They met him on the bank, and kissed his hands. This seemed to me to be a mighty *cold* reception, though the thermometer outside was about 90°. It was the custom of the country, however, and was, therefore, as *warm* to them as a hug round the neck would be in England. All around was sandstone and desert, with the exception of patches of land about 20 yards in depth, close to the river. Wheat is never grown here. The people subsist almost entirely on green vegetables.

Soon afterwards we came up to an English boat, *i. e.*, a boat with English travellers; and then, the wind having left us, we all landed together. Our new companions had just picked up the dead body of a man, which was floating down the river. He was handcuffed, and had evidently thrown himself into the river sooner than be sent for a soldier, or had been drowned in endeavoring to escape.

In two or three hours our sails were again filled, and we were again proceeding southward.

During the night we had another hurricane. I was awoke in the middle of the night by the bawlings of the boatmen,

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* I remember once going with my American companions in Cairo, to have some gold changed for small silver coins, called piastres and half piastres, when Mr. S. put his bag into his jacket pocket. I cautioned him to be careful, when he looked very knowing, and said, "Don't fret. I guess if anybody gets my money, ——" "Well," I replied, "I've done." In a few minutes, however, though he was on a donkey, his money was gone.

when I found that we had been driven on a mud bank, and that the men were in the water, holding the boat, to prevent its being capsized. It was, as usual, soon over, for, as I have already hinted, these storms come and go like gun-shots. It took the men more than an hour to get the boat off the bank, during the whole of which time they were in the water. The thermometer then stood at only 43°, being 63 degrees colder than it had been in the morning. The poor fellows suffered dreadfully from the cold, but there was no help for it. A cup or two of coffee soon cheered them up.

On the 18th of January we reached Korosko. Here Mr. Atkins was to leave us. We went with him to the governor of the village, to assist him in engaging camels and in making other arrangements for his crossing the desert. He was, as I have already said, going to Kartoon for a hippopotamus,* and other animals. It would take him 12 days to cross the dreary desert, to cut off an angle of the Nile; when he would again reach the river, and take a boat for eight or ten days more. He would then arrive at Kartoon, where the Blue and White Nile, as the two southern branches of the river are termed, unite; and here he hoped the pasha's firman would secure for him every attention.

We found the governor of Korosko holding "an open court;" that is, he was sitting in an open shed, transacting the public business, at the entrance to, or gate of, the village. This was probably the custom in the time of Job; and Job was evidently a man in authority, as is fully explained in xxix. 7–10. He prepared his seat by the gate; and the young men hid themselves, or covered their mouths, and the aged stood up. In many villages in Egypt we may see the same thing now. (See also 2 Sam. xix. 8; Job xxxii. 6, 7.) Some writers suppose that Job was the second king of Edom, called in Gen. xxxvi. 33, Jobab.

I must say that I felt greatly for Mr. A., as he was not by any means what I should call a good traveller, lacking many essentials. I read in the "Manchester Examiner," in April, 1854, that he reached the White Nile on his return home last January, and there died, just, perhaps, as he had concluded that his difficulties were all surmounted.

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* The hippopotamus is probably the Behemoth of Job xl. 15. Some have supposed that Behemoth referred to the elephant; but it is now generally agreed that it is the hippopotamus, or sea horse. It is a gigantic animal, and, like the crocodile, is amphibious,—can live either in water or on the land. There is one in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, which was presented by the Pasha of Egypt.

On the quay at Korosko were bales of calicoes from England, which were going to Abyssinia, and packages of senna leaves, and other southern productions, which were going to England in exchange.

On leaving Korosko, the river for some miles takes a turn, and runs back again towards the south. This often causes a long delay, on account of the wind; but with us it was different, for the wind changed exactly when we required it; on seeing which, our dragoman came up to me, and said, "How good God is to us!" I felt rebuked. My mind had been running more upon poor Atkins than upon God's goodness and mercies. I had been thinking much upon his fate, and what would become of him, and had been forgetting that I had to that moment, though nearly 3,000 miles from home, been receiving innumerable mercies for myself.

In the afternoon of this day we saw a crocodile at least 12 ft. long; and we also saw a man and his wife crossing the river on a small raft made of doura straw. I also once saw a raft made of palm branches, supported by inflated bladders. The people have to form rafts of almost anything that will float, as there are scarcely any boats in Nubia. See V. II.

In the evening we went into a village, consisting of about 100 inhabitants, possessing several good cows and eight shakeyiahs. We here saw three children, not more than three years of age, grinding doura with small millstones. (See page 254.) *Of course* they ran away from us. We then went into a house, for, in this respect, the Nubians are not so particular as the Arabs are. The good woman of the house baked us some doura cakes. The Nubians do not object to their wives conversing with men, even unveiled. They are slow to suspect, but quick to execute when once they are satisfied they have good ground to suspect, the fidelity of their wives. Instead of merely divorcing them, they tie them up in a bag, and sink them in the Nile. But it is an undoubted fact that the Nubian women are the most virtuous of all in the east.

Nothing could exceed the loveliness of this evening. Indeed, nothing in the world can, I think, equal the sweetness of the mornings and evenings in Nubia. The very act of breathing is a luxury, as though the lungs were enjoying a holiday; and no sense of oppression ever distresses them. I could see to read by moonlight, when the moon was only in the first quarter. The air was calm, the leaves of the trees motionless, and the river rolling down its bed without a ripple. There was no need to call, "Silence!" for all nature seemed as in a trance. If the stillness were in any way interrupted, it

was only by some large fish leaping up and causing a splash, or some startled pelican, screaming and moving its position, and then all was again hushed into repose. The moon had an almost phosphoric effect, not only upon the water but also upon the lofty hills beyond, which again reflected an unspeakable, a thrilling, though dreary, grandeur over the vast sandy desert; while every span of the sky, the whole without a cloud or a mist, looked like purple velvet bespangled with diamonds. Thousands of stars were visible, more than we ever see in England, even during our clearest nights, and each star reflected its image in the unruffled waters; so that we seemed to have the sky both above and below.

The phantasia at such times is altogether so enrapturing that we doubt the reality of the scene, though gazing full upon it. It is more like a vision, or the effect upon the brain of some powerful opiate, than a living reality. To say it is charming would express but little. It is literally enchanting; it is inexpressible. If we lose the sun, sinking below yon fiery horison, it is only to find the more lovely moon and her attendant constellations. Gorgeous as the sunset may have been, we soon forget it when we are enveloped in the more placid reflections of the moon. So clear is the sky, that we can distinctly see the moon's form when only a few hours old, and both moon and stars appear to be much larger than when seen in England; and not only do both moon and stars appear unspeakably brilliant, but, together with every object around us, they also seem greatly enlarged, as though viewed through a powerful magnifying glass. The illusion is so complete that sandhills look like mountains, mud hovels like good-sized cottages, and the boats on the river like small ships.

Those of my readers who know how to appreciate scenes of this description may exclaim, "How lovely! How enrapturing!" But those only can fully enter into their beauty who have really beheld them.

It must not be imagined, because I refer to this night particularly, that no other night was equal to it; for if my reader do so imagine, he will be greatly in error. I have beheld many such nights, and can, therefore, well understand the meaning of Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8. Great indeed must have been the horror of darkness felt when the stars and moon were darkened after so gloriously shining.

In ancient times the moon was worshipped as well as the sun. The moon was worshipped, not merely on account of its clear and beautiful shining, but also because it was believed to be the mother of the dew drops; and it is probable that

Job xxxviii. 28 has reference to that belief. "The precious things put forth by the moon" may also refer to the refreshing dews which fall in the night. (Deut. xxxiii. 14.) Saul's armor was put by the Philistines in the temple of Ashtaroth, or the Moon, for this was the goddess referred to, and this goddess the Israelites served. (See Judges ii. 13; 1 Sam. xii. 10; xxxi. 10; 1 Kings xi. 33; and other passages.) Indeed, to such an extent did the Israelites carry their idolatrous and abominable practices, that Ezekiel says, "the daughters of the Philistines were ashamed of their lewd way." (xvi. 27, 57.) Jeremiah speaks of some who baked cakes and offered them to the queen of heaven, or the moon; and on some of the monuments in Egypt this very act is commemorated, and persons represented as offering cakes to the moon; thus confirming Jeremiah's statement. (See Jer. vii. 18.) These cakes are in form like the sacred cakes of the Copts, and they again are like the hot cross buns made in England for Good Friday, proving that the English, or rather un-English, superstition, is only one or two removes from the Pagan practice. So also, when Job says, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand," (xxxi. 26, 27,) he refers to the idolatrous worshipping of the sun and moon, and he emphatically declares that he had not been guilty of the act; he had not kissed his hand to the sun rather than to its Maker, nor had his heart been enticed to adore the moon because of its brilliant shining.

Solomon (Song vi. 10) compares his bride to the moon, "fair as the moon;" but it is not to such an obscured moon as we generally see in England, but to such as I have just described.*

Such, then, is the sweetness of a moonlight night in Upper Egypt and Nubia. Nor are the days less so, during the months of December, January, and February, except when

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* When Job was asked by the Lord if he could "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion," (Job xxxviii. 31,) what was meant was, Canst thou prevent the return of either spring or winter? for the term Pleiades referred to certain stars or constellations denoting spring, and Orion to certain others denoting winter, as was well understood by the people in the east. And when Deborah and Barak sang, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," (Judges v. 20,) they merely referred to a belief of the superstitious Canaanites that certain stars were "lucky" and certain others "unlucky." It is said that the moon has a pernicious effect upon those who, in the east, sleep in its beams; and that fish, having been exposed to them for only one night, becomes most injurious to those who eat it. How forcibly does this illustrate Ps. cxxi. 6.

interrupted by occasional sand storms. If a cloud pass over the sun, so rare is the circumstance that you involuntarily raise your head to see what is the matter; whereas, in England, it seldom happens that there is a purely cloudless sky for 24 successive hours throughout the year. Referring to my journal, I find I wrote to the following effect to my dear wife on Lord's Day, the 23rd of January, (her birthday,) while resting near a well-cultivated plain: "It would be the extreme of folly to attempt to portray to you the beauty, the loveliness, the paradisaical nature of this day and scene. But imagine that it is the latter end of June; that above you there is a sky without a cloud and around you an horison without a mist; that you are walking on the banks of the Thames, somewhere in Oxfordshire, where not a sound is to be heard but the rolling stream, the notes of the unmolestedly happy feathered tribe, or the rustling of the waving corn, just coming into full ear, on either hand of you, a gentle breeze blowing to soften the heat of the summer's sun; that beyond the cornfields are a desert of glass and numerous towering palm trees; and you may form a distant idea of what I would now describe to you. Men are to be seen smoking, women carrying water or washing their water pots or clothes in the river; children playing; bullocks, buffaloes, sheep, and goats grazing; donkeys trotting; camels stalking; scores of fowls running about; pigeons flying; wild ducks and geese floating, or darkening the air in clouds; pelicans on the sand-banks fishing; vultures and eagles looking after their prey; and myriads of smaller birds passing in flights. If you have had such weather and such a scene in England, which, however, is impossible, and if your mind has been enjoying a settled peace as mine has, I may well "wish you many happy returns of the day." *

It is true that Alpine peaks, Grecian hills, or Niagara falls are not here to be found; but the scene, though of another character, is so strangely wild and grand that it is equally

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* When the Psalmist says he "*prevented* the dawning of the morning," what he meant was that he preceded it, or *rose before* the morning dawned, that he might cry unto God; and so, throughout the night, his eyes *prevented*, or he was awake *before*, the night watches. (See Ps. cxix. 147; lxiii. 1, 6.) There is not much *dawning*, or *twilight*, in any part of the east. It is soon "broad daylight" after the sun has risen, and soon dark after he has set. David calls the twilight the "*outgoings* of the morning and evening;" (Ps. lxv. 8;) and Job calls it "the eyelids of the morning;" for so the original reads in Job iii. 9, *margin;* and I do not think there is a more beautiful expression in the whole Bible.

calculated to lead one's mind out of the ordinary world and to cause us to admire the varied and inimitable beauties of nature.

O how does the setting sun, after a day like this, remind one of the transient nature of every terrestrial happiness, as well as of the prosperity of the country once so highly favored, but whose glory has now passed away like a shadow!

I awoke one morning, and, hearing music, I breathlessly listened. At first I fancied it was a box-organ, and then it sounded like church bells in the distance. I started up, as though I had been suddenly transported to some village in England. I looked through my cabin window, and behold my disappointment! It was only the creakings of some shakeyiahs, at work hard by. As the Nubians use on their own persons all the oil and grease they can procure, they have none to spare for their rude machinery; so that the creaking of the wheels is incessant, and may well be mistaken for music by a man only half awake, and who had just been dreaming of home. These shakeyiahs are all by the river side, and the wells from which they work the water are cut out of the banks. Some of the wells are 20 ft. deep and several feet wide, yet every inch of the mud in forming them has to be taken out by the hand, such things as spades being unknown here.

On going into one village in our rambles, a number of boys all scampered off; but a man ran after them and fetched them back, and then made them sit in a line, with their faces towards a mud wall; after which he began to lay on their backs with a stick. He was the village schoolmaster, and the boys were his scholars. They were holding school in the open air. The village was strewed with graves, as, indeed, were many others which we saw in Nubia, it appearing to be the custom there to bury a man close to his own cottage.

Several of our men one day were wading on shore with a rope, to tow the boat, when they suddenly threw the rope down, and scampered off. They said they had seen a crocodile.

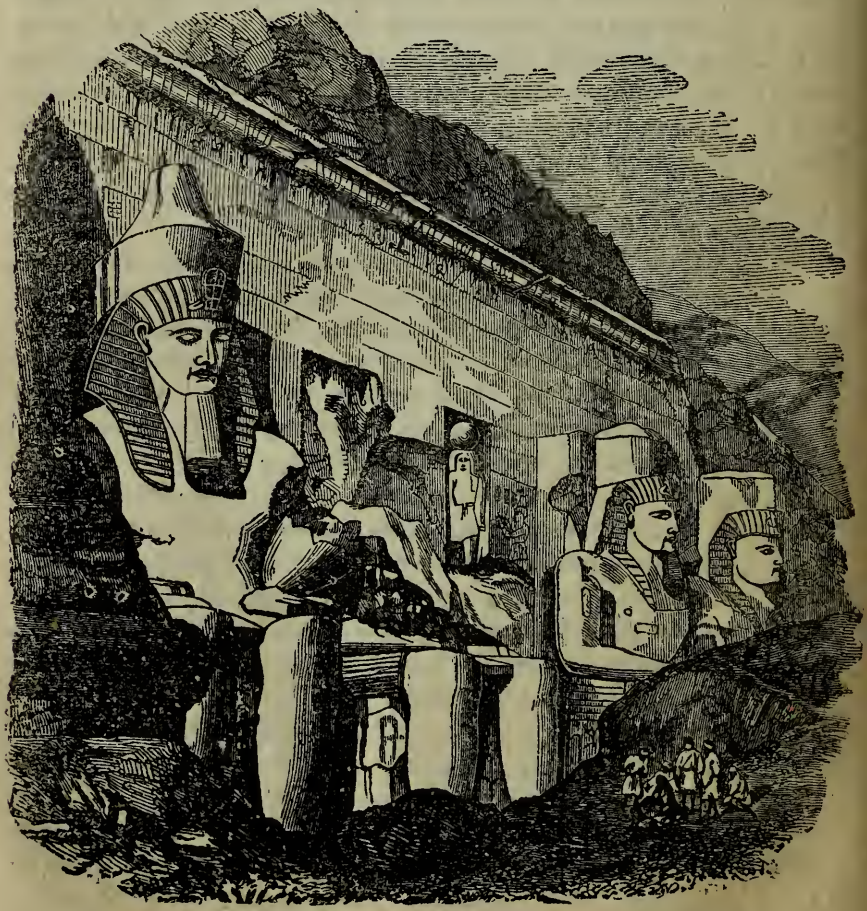
On the 22nd of January, we reached Wady Halfa; in other words, our journey's limit. I have gone hastily over the ground, not from choice but necessity, as I am quite determined not to exceed the promised space.

The Second Cataracts lay about six miles farther south, and the only means we had of reaching them was by walking over the Nubian desert. It was intensely hot, and the walk very trying. We, however, accomplished it. On arriving, we ascended the highest rock, which is about 200 ft. above the level of the river, and from which we had a most extensive prospect. The rapids appeared to extend for miles and are similar

to the First Cataracts, which I have already described, the water swelling, and dashing, and roaring amongst hundreds of little granite islands. Everything was dreary and desolate enough, yet the whole displayed a majesty which few scenes can equal.

We were now in the district of Dongola, in the heart of ancient Ethiopia.

Having feasted our eyes, we descended to the river, and there feasted on cold fowl and delicious water. Surely no man ever relished anything more, or partook of a meal more gratefully. We then returned to Wady Halfa, but found the wind so dead against us that we could not start; we therefore strolled into the village. The women came out, all unveiled, and "Bucksheesh" was the universal cry. How these people live, I cannot divine, for every habitation appeared to be the abode of wretchedness. There seemed to be very little growing except senna, and the poor things cannot well live on that.



ABOU SIMBEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—RETURN TO CAIRO.

On returning to the boat, we found the village carpenter trying to mend the oars, but as he had no useable tools, I lent him mine, and gave him nails and screws, for I had with me a respectable tool chest; and my companion rendered him no little help.

We reached Abou Simbel early the next morning. Here are two temples, cut out of the solid rock. The larger one extends about 200 ft. from front to back, and is between 90ft. and 100ft. high. There are several colossal statues, one of which is 60ft. high, and measures 15ft. from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. The ears are 3ft. 5in. long. These works were executed 1335 years before Christ, in the reign of Rameses II., the same as the Memnonium at Thebes. Indeed, most of the principal temples, both in Nubia and Egypt, were constructed during his reign. These temples were buried in the sand until 1817, when Belzoni employed a number of men to open them. As fast as the sand was cleared away, other sand rushed down like a torrent, so that, for some time, they almost despaired of succeeding in finding an entrance. The sand is again accumulating, and filling up the entrances.

We next reached Ibreem. Here are several chambers cut in the rock, about 30ft. from the ground. Small holes having been made in the side of the rock, just large enough for a man's fingers and toes, two of our men climbed up, which was more than our English sailors could do, and fastened a rope inside one of the chambers. My companion and I were then pulled up by the rope; but there was nothing to see to repay us for the risk. These chambers had been tombs. The bodies must have been either let down from the top of the rocks, or pulled up from below as we were. The mountains all along the river in Upper Egypt contain hundreds of similar caves.

About noon on the 25th, we arrived at Derr, the *metropolis* of Nubia. Like all other *towns* in Nubia, it is neither more nor less than a miserable village, without a shop of any kind, thanks to the Turks. We were followed by crowds of women and children, but no men. We saw one woman kneading her doura cakes, which she did between two smooth stones. The dough was quite black with flies, and there must have been many mixed with it, as the woman kneaded it. Here we purchased some Nubian mats, made of palm leaves. The burying ground was half covered with vultures. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles (or vultures) be gathered to-

gether."* In the centre of the village was a magnificent sycamore tree, the largest, I think, I ever saw. There were seats round it, and here the governor was transacting his business.

When we reached the boat, we found a wedding party on the shore. The women were dancing, and were all dressed in their *best;* that is, they were newly *oiled.* The oil and perspiration were running down their faces like dew drops, and they shone as if they had been dipped in a reservoir of varnish. Some of them had on five rows of necklaces, besides prodigious nose-rings. Some who had no rings had wooden pegs through their noses, to keep the holes open, I suppose, until they could afford to buy a ring.

In the evening we reached Korosko, where we landed to make our last inquiries about poor Atkins. We found he had been detained there some days, waiting for camels. It was some time before we could make any one hear us, as watchmen and people were alike fast asleep; but, having a railway whistle in my pocket, I stirred the people up.

I pass by, in my account here, Sabona and Maharraka, in both of which places are temples. The temple of Dakkeh we visited by moonlight, and the moon added grandeur to the scene of ruins. This temple was built in the reign of Ergamun, who was the first Ethiopian king who resisted the Pagan priests. Prior to his time, the priests used to send word to the king that the gods had ordered him to die, and he thereupon quietly allowed his life to be taken away. But Ergamun slew the host of them, and established a little *milder* sort of Paganism.

It is said there is still a people in the south of Ethiopia, whose king, when he feels death approaching, sends for the priests to strangle him, that he may not die like the common people,—in no such vulgar way; and near to his dominions is another king, whose body guard are all women.

I skip over the temples of Gerf Hassayn, Dendoor, and even Kalabsheh, though the latter is worth going a thousand miles to see, being Roman, and more like the ruins at Athens than any other ruins in Nubia or Egypt are. We saw it by moonlight as well as by daylight.

On Jan. 28th we were windbound, and had to make fast near a village. Almost every man, woman, and child came

* When the Redeemer (Matt. xxiv. 28) says, "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together," he not only refers to a literal fact, but also to the Roman armies, whose symbol was the eagle; and he means that wherever the ungodly Jews were, there would be the Romans to execute God's vengeance upon them.

out to see us, and to deal with us. We bought a host of necklaces, bracelets, &c. We also bought some calico, which a man had just woven; and I went to see him weave. His loom must have been invented soon after the flood; for nothing, I think, could be more primitive. I believe every part of it was made of the palm tree. A hole was dug in the ground for his legs and the treddles, (the treddles being merely two sticks,) with cords made of cotton. I found the weft (called "woof" in Lev. xiii. 49, &c.) very crooked, arising from his taking hold of the lathe too near one side; so every now and then he had to pass his shuttle only half way through the warp, (or shed,) to make the calico come even. I showed him that if he would take hold of the lathe in the middle, he would keep the

A PRIMITIVE LOOM.

weft straight. He seemed glad of the information. Poor fellow! How it was that he had never discovered so simple a matter, I cannot tell. Near to the loom sat his wife and sister, both of whom were spinning; not with a spinning-frame or wheel, but with a distaff and spindle. I have seen numbers of both men and women spinning in this way in various parts of the east. Indeed, they have no other means of producing their yarn. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." (Prov. xxxi. 19. See also Exod. xxxv. 25.)

One way of weaving is to wrap the threads round a stick, and then fix it between two trees. The ends of the threads are then tied to small stones, and suspended from the stick. This forms the warp. Another thread is then passed alternately between these with a kind of shuttle, and a coarse cloth made.

Our dragoman announced to us this day that the crew were eating the last of their bread. "Well," I said, "they must begin to mix their flour; they can use our oven." "But," replied he, "they have none, for the reis left it all with his mother." I was amazed, and immediately called the reis to me. It would really have been no more than he deserved had we taken him to the sheikh. There was no bread to be had thereabouts, and if the wind continued against us, I knew not what the men were to do, for we had but little food to spare. The next day we gave them some eggs, and in the evening we shared our bread with them; but we would not allow the reis to have either eggs or bread. Another time, I would take care to have the reserved flour locked up. (See page 355.)

In the night of the 29th we reached Philæ, and here we remained until Monday morning, sending two of the crew to Assouan for bread. I purchased a low stool,* cut in one piece out of the palm tree, and used by the natives as a pillow. I have often seen the people lie down in shaded spots, throw their outer garment over a stone, and then use the stone as a

* While tarrying at Philæ, several Nubians came to us with curiosities. But we gave to them our usual answer whenever the natives wished us to buy on a Sunday: "El Had; bookra bedree; shems teleat." (This is our Sabbath; come at sunrise to-morrow.) I have often remarked one thing, that there appeared to be more people come on a Sunday than on any other day. We could not keep even our dragoman right in this respect. As regularly as Sunday came, he would be sure to see a crocodile, or a flamingo, or an unusually large flight of pigeons, and want the gun, to have a shot; or he would ask for our dirty linen, that he might wash it; or wish to borrow some money, that he might make some purchases; and though we invariably lectured him, and he as regularly begged pardon, he was certain to repeat the offence the next Sunday.

ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

pillow. The first time I saw this, I was so overcome, reflecting on good old Jacob, (Gen. xxviii. 11,) that I called the man to me, and, after saluting him, "Es salaam aleykoom," (Peace be unto you,—See page 255,) I made him a present.

The island of Philæ is one granite rock, about 900 yards in circumference, just as Malta is one sandstone rock.

The view obtained from the propylon is not equalled by any other either in Egypt or Nubia. The lofty granite rocks extend in every direction as far as the eye can scan, while the river gently rolls round the island and the adjoining island of Biggeh, and the scattered villages with their stately palms and sweet-smelling gum trees, (shittim wood,) appear before us, and the ruins of the temples, heaps upon heaps, lie at our feet. Many of the pillars are still standing. Amongst the ruins I picked up part of an ancient Roman brick, almost as smooth as a school-boy's slate.

Having seen the ruins soon after sunrise on the Monday, we prepared for the descent of the Cataracts. A motley crew came on board, as on ascending, and off we went. We soon came to the first rapid, which hurled us on at certainly not less than 20 miles an hour, until we rushed down the fall, when we were within a hand-breadth of being dashed against the rock. A boat which had preceded us had, we were told, received considerable damage. Our own reis threw himself on his face, as he had not the courage to face it, and the rest of our crew were motionless as statues. The water splashed over us,

but we were carried safely down; and we passed the other falls in like manner.

Before 11 o'clock we reached Assouan, and immediately went to the governor to inquire for letters; but found none. What could be more depressing, not having heard from home for two months? And if we so felt it, after being only two months without hearing, what must those feel whose dearest relatives are in Australia, and who, through some irregularity, have not heard for a year?

At Assouan there were 2,000 soldiers, who were going to Kartoon, to murder and pillage the poor Nubians, because they had not paid their taxes. The bazaars were nearly all closed, as the people were afraid to expose their goods in presence of such a lawless horde. In most of the villages are two or more Albanian soldiers,* armed to the teeth, like locomotive batteries, to keep the people quiet.

We visited all the objects of interest both here and on the island of Elephantine opposite. From a quarry about a mile from the town, the granite was taken for the obelisks and monuments throughout Egypt. An incomplete obelisk lies in the quarry, partly buried in the sand. I measured it 31 yards in length, in addition to the part, said to be 10 yards, buried in the sand, making 41 yards. It is nearly 12 feet broad. No one can tell why it was left here, though some say it was broken; but such is not the fact. Probably an invading army put an end to the work.

Amongst the curiosities found in the ruins of Elephantine, are large numbers of small red tiles, from two to seven inches long. These have writing on them, and they are believed to have been tickets for the soldiers to receive their pay, or portions of corn. They are called "shreds of potsherd." It was probably something of this sort that Job took to scrape himself with; (ii. 8;) and it might also have been referred to in Ezek. iv. 1, where the prophet is commanded to take a tile, and to portray upon it (in ink) Jerusalem. Again, in Prov.

* The Albanian soldiers, to whom I have several times referred, are native Greeks; and a more ferocious set of brutes no where exists. The tales of horror which might be told of them would make the blood chill in the veins; but I have not room in my pages, and perhaps some of my readers will be glad that I have not. Mr. Eliot Warburton saw the body of a woman lying in the open street in Esneh, murdered by these wretches, because she refused to comply with their unhallowed desires; and the bodies of her two brothers were lying by her side, who had been murdered for daring to interfere. On being remonstrated with, the colonel coolly replied it was a time of war, and the men must be allowed to amuse themselves.

xxvi. 23, a wicked heart is compared to a potsherd covered with silver; that is, a lump of hardened, garnished clay; and when, in xlv. 9, Isaiah says, "Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth," the figure used was probably these "shreds of potsherd," and the soldiers who used them.

Here my companion purchased an ancient mirror, or looking glass. All mirrors were formerly made of mixed metals, principally brass. It was of such that the brazen laver was made. (Exod. xxxviii. 8.)

On Feb. 1st we left Assouan, and next day visited the temple of Kom Ombos and the sandstone quarries of Hagar Silsilis. The quarries are ten times more extensive than any I ever saw in England, though they have not been worked for 2,000 years. When I was there, they were more like a baker's oven than anything I ever before felt. Even on deck, the thermometer rose to 132°. Judge, then, what the heat must have been in these burning reflectors, facing the sun, and every breath of air being excluded by the cliffs. I remember that, in March, 1851, my thermometer once rose to 142° in the sun; but it was certainly much above that in these quarries, when I visited them.

We were told that this district was formerly infested with robbers, but that Ibrahim Pasha had surrounded the place with an army in the night, and destroyed every man, woman, and child. This was not *Lynch* law, but *Turkish* law. The same story is told of Beni Hassan. To this day the boatmen are somewhat uneasy when resting here. On leaving the boat, Haleel insisted upon our taking with us our firearms. We had no sooner reached the top of a hill than three fiend-like Bedouins came up to us, and asked us what we wanted. Haleel answered by taking his gun from his shoulder, in a prompt and determined manner. When the fellows saw that we were well armed, they galloped off. I had a six-barrel revolving pistol by my side, but it was not loaded. The mere *sight* of such a weapon is usually quite enough for the Arabs.*

* In 1851, a party of travellers from Manchester was stopping at Thebes, when a quarrel ensued between their crew and some of the people. During the night, the Arabs made an attack on the boat. The dragoman of another boat who saw them approaching, begged of them to go away; "for," said he, "they are Englishmen on board, and the English always carry firearms." Not listening to his advice, they rushed toward the boat. The Manchester travellers ordered them away, but they would not go; whereupon pistols were fired over their heads, to frighten them; but it only made them more furious, as they said the English were afraid to shoot them; and they began to jump on board the boat. The travellers now fired amongst them. There was a yell, and one man dropped; he was killed. The others decamped.

In a cave near Hagar Silsilis, M. Champollion says, is a representation of the king (Rameses II.) offering wine to the Nile, which is there called Hapi Môou, the Life-giving Father of all Existences,—the creature worshipped rather than the Creator.

On Feb. 3rd we reached Edfou. When going to see the temple, I was attacked by three dogs. I nearly felled two of them, but should have been worried, had not their owner run out to my assistance. The dogs in Upper Egypt are savage brutes, not like those of Cairo. (See page 222.) Though it is, I believe, a fact that the dogs never eat either the hands or feet of a corpse, (which fully explains 2 Kings ix. 35,) yet I had no desire that they should appease their appetites on even my legs. In India, where pilgrims die by thousands every year, neither the hyenas, jackals, nor dogs, ever touch either the hands or feet, though they greedily devour every other part of the body. My companion once, in self-defence, shot a dog in a village. The whole village was up, and we had to run for our lives.*

RUINS AT EL KAB.

* There is a law, that when a man kills a watch-dog, the dead dog is to be held up by the tail, at full length, with its mouth just touching the ground, and a stick is then to be stuck upright in the ground, the exact length of the dog, from the tip of the tail to the mouth. The man who killed the dog is then compelled to pour wheat over the stick until it is covered. Of course a large mound of wheat has to be formed all round the stick before the top can be covered, as the grain keeps slipping down and spreading on the ground. The wheat is the *fine*, which the man who killed the dog has to pay.

The temples at El Kab were on a small scale, but they are believed to have been more ancient than most of the others in Egypt. The ruins are not gorgeous, but are, nevertheless, well worth seeing, on account of their antiquity.

This day a wind sprang up in our favor, being the first we had had since we left Wady Halfa, and it carried us quickly to Esne. Here Haleel sent a boy, to whom we had given a free passage in our boat, into the town to buy some tobacco, and the little rascal cheated him out of a farthing. I could enumerate very many similar instances. These Ishmaelites begin to defraud as soon as they are able to think.

The temple at Esneh is almost buried in rubbish. It was partially cleared out by Mehemet Ali in 1842. The style of its architecture calls forth the admiration of every traveller who visits it. Many of the columns are remarkable for massive grandeur and magnificence.

On the 4th, we reached Mr. Fox's, and here I found letters from home. If any one wish to know with what eagerness I opened them, let him go and make the experiment under like circumstances. Mr. F. supplied us with green peas and other vegetables which grew in his garden. They were quite a treat to us.

The same evening we reached Thebes, and there remained until the 9th.

It will now be necessary for me to again incorporate my two trips from Thebes to Cairo, as I did those from Cairo to Thebes. Even Cairo sounded sweet to me, after so long an absence. "Sweet," like everything else, is a relative term. A man must go *from* home, and be pretty well knocked about into the bargain, to know fully the "sweets" *of* home. Then, though his path homeward lay through a quagmire, he would be glad to see the mire, knowing that it lay in the right direction. So Cairo sounded "sweet" to me, as I have said, because I knew it was on the highway to England. However much I had enjoyed some parts of my trip, however pleased I had been with the scenes I had beheld, the caves I had explored, the monuments I had gazed upon, the hieroglyphics I had tried to spell, and the ruins I had almost wept over; and however much my health had, with God's blessing, improved; still I could not forget my own dear home and friends. They would constantly rise before me like a ghost; and the more I tried to flee from the shadow, the more the figure seemed to grow, until it often became a giant, and marred my peace. (I speak now more particularly of my first journey up the Nile.) I could hardly see fowls running about but they

reminded me of my own little farm yard in Hertfordshire; I could scarcely see a woman with her children but they caused me to remember that I had a wife and children two or three thousand miles away; I could never refer to my almanack, but I involuntarily associated with the day some circumstance connected with either my family or my friends; I could not look at my thermometer without hazarding a speculation as to how much colder the weather was in England; I did not see a fire blazing but I was carried instinctively to my own fireside. And thus I might go on, and occupy a page, but I am sure my *feeling* readers will be in some measure able to fill up the gap. I remember, on one occasion, our cook, for the first time, burst out singing. I asked Hajji what he was singing about. "O," he said, "he wants to *cram* his eyes;" meaning that he wanted to feast his eyes with a sight of home. The very expression, "wants to cram his eyes," made *my* eyes overflow; and I said, "And so do I."

If any climate in the world can cure consumption, that climate is to be found in Nubia. To me my journey there was so blessed that I have had but few pulmonary symptoms since my return, not having once expectorated blood; and have certainly, for two years, had better health, on the whole, than for any other similar period since 1843. The air is so dry and pure in Nubia that the plague has never been known there, I believe; and as there are no marsh lands, there is no fever. Dew rarely falls, and rain still more rarely.

At Thebes we met with much attention both from our consular agent there and from M. Maunier, the French gentleman whom I named on page 346; and on leaving they showed us every mark of respect.

Our progress from Thebes was at first provokingly slow. Some parts of the journey down the Nile are, indeed, exceedingly wearisome. We were once stuck fast for eight days, for nearly three of which we could not stir a mile, the wind being dead ahead. Accustomed to a life of continual activity, I hardly knew how to accommodate myself to such a state of things. I emptied my boxes and then filled them again; I took down my bookshelves and then nailed them up crooked, that I might have the pleasure of again taking them down and putting them up straight; I turned over book after book until my eyes rebelled, the print seemed to dance before me, and the leaves felt as stiff as parchment; I wrote up my journal until I could not summon to my mind another sentence worth noting; I walked, I sat, I lay down, I sprawled, I threw up my legs, and put myself in all sorts of postures, short of stand-

ing on my head; and then I began to grumble, and I told the dragoman that having to stop so long was not in the agreement; which perfectly astonished him, until he saw my companions smile. Had I been very particular in my dress, I might have spent an hour or two every day at my toilette, in trimming my mustache and whiskers, arranging my cravat, examining my shirt collar, &c.; but on the Nile these things are unnecessary. It matters not whether a man has a beard or a clean-shaved chin, bushy whiskers or unfruitful cheeks, stockings or bare legs, a broad-brimmed beaver (as I had) or a Turkish tarboosh, a blue-striped shirt or a red one. Every man does as he likes, and no one does compel. This is, indeed, to an Englishman, the land of liberty. As I had not had on a white shirt for many weeks, I sometimes wondered how I should look when I again saw myself in one. When the wind moderated a little, we pushed off; but neither entreaties nor threats could induce the men to row against the wind. They made all sorts of excuses, and among the rest said they could not keep the boat in a straight course, with their oars. I ordered them to try; when, sure enough, the boat began to turn round. As I knew sufficient of boating to satisfy me that eight oars ought to have power enough to keep the boat in a direct course, however slow its progress, I suspected some trick, and hastily ran out of the cabin, when I found that the pilot had fixed his helm "hard a-port" so as to cause the boat to turn in spite of the oars. Seeing that their trick was discovered, they then said they could not row against the wind, as it was "working against God." They said they were "as anxious to go on as we were, but they did not repine; they *mourned*, but did not *murmur*; they would have been glad if God had given them a good wind, but they submitted to his will." Though we had no doubt that more than half of this meant idleness, yet we let them have their way. These were not the Nubian crew, but were all Arabs. We never had any such excuses from the Nubians. They often tried hard to row against the wind. Soon after this, the wind again moderated, and again we pushed off; but we had no sooner started than the crew discovered it was the time for their evening meal, and threw down their oars. If a restless man of business wish to learn patience he should go to the Nile, and take an Arab crew in his boat. The Arabs cannot enter into a man's feelings who has not seen his family for months, and is burning with anxiety to finish his journey, fearing that a single hour's delay may throw him too late for the steamer. "If we don't do it to-day, we

shall to-morrow," they will provokingly say. "Bookra, bookra," (to-morrow, to-morrow,) is their continual cry. (See page 159.) It is also a drawback to the pleasures of a Nile trip that the people are so utterly inattentive to the rules of propriety and modesty; nor does the presence of Franks, of either sex, seem to make any difference to them.

I may here mention that, in going down the river, with the stream, the men never tow the boat, but use their oars. When there is no wind, they go easily three miles an hour, but when the north wind blows strong, which is often the case, they cannot go at all, as the wind is more powerful than the current. When there is a gentle wind from the south, they can make eight or nine miles an hour. While rowing, the men rise on their feet with every stroke of their oars, to give them more power, gradually sinking on to their seats again, as the boat proceeds. When rowing in the night, their faces look like greased saucepans; and as they open their wide mouths to sing, the lights in the cabin reflecting from their shining visages and displaying their throats and large ivory teeth, they appear, every time they rise to pull, as if they were going to swallow you up almost, the beards of some and the wizened faces of others adding terror to the scene.

In passing the mountain of Aboufeyde, I observed the high cliffs full of eagles' nests, (Jer. xlix. 16,) and thousands of wild geese were resting on the ledges. On firing a pistol, they flew away in clouds, and the echo of the pistol's report was sublime.

On the 8th of March we visited the caves of Beni Hassan, said to have been constructed in Joseph's time. There is painted on the walls a procession of men with beards, and some suppose that it represents Joseph's brethren. There is also a painting of a great store house, filled with grain, and a man measuring it and filling the sacks of those who are carrying it. There is also a scribe, who is taking an account of, or numbering, the measuring. This throws light on Gen. xli. 49. Like most other caves in Egypt, the caves of Beni Hassan contain deep pits, in which the dead were deposited. As in the tombs of Thebes, the walls are covered with representations of trades, potters, goldsmiths, painters, &c.; agricultural and hunting scenes; wrestlings, fightings, and dancings; men and women being bastinadoed; catching wild fowls, and dragging nets full of fish to the shore; kneading paste and making bread; &c. In one tomb is a barber shaving a man, and in another a chiropodist cutting toe-nails.

Soon after leaving Beni Hassan, we arrived at Minieh,

where, as I said in a previous chapter, the pasha has a large sugar refinery.* One of the managers of the works invited us to accompany him to a village called Saff, about seven miles off. He knew the governor, Kaireen Effendi, and was sure he would be glad to entertain us. Rightly anticipating that we should see village life in its native form, we assented.

Our way lay through corn fields and sugar plantations, all belonging to the pasha. Wild hogs, which abound here, had greatly damaged the sugar canes; but I must not stop to relate particulars or incidents.

On arriving, we were very kindly received by the governor, and, after some conversation, were shown into a private room up stairs. Here supper was served in eastern fashion. It was all *finger* work, but we dipped unhesitatingly and unsparingly into the dish. (See page 249.) After supper, we arranged ourselves on the divans for sleep, but I did not get much of that,—dogs barking, frogs croaking, owls screeching, hawks calling, jackals howling, fleas biting; all of which were utterly unavoidable.

The next morning we were up and out before sun-rise. It was a magnificent morning. Having been carried across "Joseph's Canal," (See page 168,) which runs through this district, we arrived at a spot of loneliness and solitude, where were several large lakes, formed by the overflowing of the Nile, bounded by desert and sand-hills,—quite an oasis. There were thousands of wild geese, ducks, and widgeons. An Arab who was with us shot four ducks and three widgeons. We roasted some of them by a fire which we kindled on the sands, and made some coffee; and then sat down to breakfast, while the eagles and hawks were hovering about us. One eagle darted down a little way from us, and carried off the entrails of a duck we had thrown away. It is certain that eagles can

* The labor at this refinery is, like that in the cotton mills, all *forced*, and the nazir has to see that men are found. When he wants a supply, he generally pounces upon some that are tolerably well off, and then they pay him to release them; whereupon he pockets the money, and then tries again. The officers profess to pay the men promptly, but when their time of servitude is up, there is always a considerable balance due to them. They, however, do not trouble about that, being too glad to get away. Some time afterwards, the clerks, (Copts,—*Christians!*) receive the money, and then go to the poor fellows, and say, "Now, if you like, we will give you so much for your debt," being perhaps one-third. This is readily accepted; and thus are the people defrauded, while the Turkish governor and the enlightened "Christians" divide the spoil! This, I was told, is universally the case throughout Egypt. Sometimes the people are paid in bread and sometimes in sugar, the payer always fixing the value, and keeping the balance. Surely Egypt *is* the "basest of kingdoms!"

discern their prey from an incredible distance, even long before they can themselves be seen in the air; and having once perceived it, they are swift in hastening unto it. (See Job ix. 26.)*

We did not return to Saff until half-past one. The governor heartily welcomed us, and coffee was immediately served up. This is always done the first thing on being introduced or making a call in the east. It is brought, in small cups, by slaves, sometimes with sugar, but generally without. A slave having filled and lighted his master's pipe, and smoked a few whiffs to see that it was all right, the governor put the head of the pipe into his mouth, and smoked, and then handed it to me. Though I never do smoke, it would have been an insult to refuse it; so I followed the governor's example, took a whift or two, and then passed it to my neighbor. This also is a universal custom in the east. I have more than once been amused at seeing the number of mouths into which a pipe has been put, going round and round, at one sitting.†

Having my six-barrel pistol with me, the governor carefully examined it, and then asked me why I did not load it with balls; but I told him I did not consider it necessary, as I felt perfectly safe in Egypt. The remark pleased him much.

Dinner was then served up, and our kind host joined us. In addition to the usual "Bismillah," and "Tafuddal," (See page 249,) I observed that he said, "Sooffra betatack," which was very expressive, meaning, "The table is yours." Here was genuine hospitality. We had a variety of dishes, and our host seemed unfeignedly pleased that we enjoyed our dinner. The slaves in attendance watched every motion, every look, of their master, and his wishes were most promptly attended to. Their eyes were up "unto his hand," (Ps. cxxiii. 2,) each

* I was once on my donkey in one of the streets of Boulac, when I passed a man who was carrying some pieces of meat in his hand. An eagle darted down, and, before the man had time to look about him, it caught up two or three pieces of the meat in its talons, and flew away. I was so near the man that the tip of the eagle's wing touched my thigh, and I saw it soaring aloft with the meat in its talons. The street was full of people at the time, and several who saw it seemed as amused as I was amazed. I was once naming the circumstance in company, when a gentleman present doubted my word; but a lady declared that she, with others, had seen an eagle take a piece of meat off a dish which a boy was carrying to a boat for some of the boatmen.

† The Egyptians take their pipes with them wherever they go; but those who can afford, have a slave or servant walking behind them to carry it. They often calculate their distances by their pipes. Thus, if you ask, "How far is it to such a place?" They will answer, "Two pipes," or "Three pipes," as the case may be; meaning, "You can smoke two pipes, or three pipes, before you reach it." Some of the pipes are 5 ft. or 6 ft. long. The best are made of cherry sticks.

movement thereof being understood by them. He scarcely uttered a word to them; but *telegraphed* with his hand. One slave came with a tray, and asked for "something for the women," which was quickly dispatched to them, in the hareem.

Before leaving, we gave our kind host a good two-bladed knife, a looking-glass, and several other little things. He much wanted some leeches, but unfortunately we had none. I believe we were mutually pleased, and I shall ever remember this visit as a remarkable incident.

On returning to Minieh, we found the town in mourning. Numbers of women were "sitting in the dust," *unveiled*, (the deepest mark of grief in the east,) and all having dust on their heads, and their clothes rent. (See Gen. xxxvii. 34; Josh. vii. 6; 2 Sam. i. 2, xix. 4; Esther iv. 1–12; Ps. cii. 9; Isa. iii. 26; and other passages.) Some were sitting on rough cloth, called in the Bible *sackcloth*, which is made of goat's hair, and is frequently black;* (See Rev. vi. 12;) and others had allowed

* This black sackcloth is referred to in the beautiful figurative language of the Bible, where the clouded sky is represented as covered with sackcloth and blackness. (Isa. L. 3.) I once brought home a cloak of camel's hair, like the one that John the Baptist wore; but it became so moth-eaten that I was compelled to burn it. (1851.)

As the women sit on the ground, the dust, or sand, accumulates around and upon them, for it is almost perpetually blowing about; but every now and then they rise up, shake the dust out of their laps, and then sit down again. This is the custom referred to in Nehem. v. 13; Isa. lii. 2.

When the people in the east are in deep distress, or when they have been charged with some capital crime, it is customary for them not to wash themselves, but to allow the dirt to accumulate both on their persons and dress. And thus it was with Joshua, as in Zech. iii. 1—5. Here Satan stood to resist him, or to *accuse* him, for that is what the text means; but the angel of the Lord ordered those that stood by (the officers of justice) to take his filthy garments off, as a mark of his *acquittal*, and to clothe him with a change of raiment, as an emblem of his *justification*.

We read in Job ii. 11, that the first thing Job's three friends did, when they heard of his affliction, was to weep, rend their mantles, and sprinkle dust on their heads; and this is precisely how it would be in the present day, under like circumstances.

By the rivers of Babylon the captive Jews *sat down* and *wept*, when they remembered Zion. Judea is represented as a sorrowful woman sitting on the ground; (Isa. iii. 26;) and to this day the disconsolate Hebrew women sit on the ground when they mourn over Jerusalem; and the women in the east assume the same posture when they visit the tombs of their departed friends. So, when the prophet says, "Come down, and sit in the dust, sit on the ground," (Isa. xlvii. 1,) he refers to the state of mourning into which the Chaldeans should be thrown; and when he exclaims, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," (Isa. xxvi. 19,) he powerfully and sweetly proclaims "liberty to the captives." (See Isa. ii. 10; Lam. iii. 29.)

the dust to accumulate about their persons in considerable quantities.

What was the matter? We learnt that a conscription had been going on. Upwards of 150 men had been seized for soldiers, and all the rest in the town had run away.

A conscription in Egypt is dreadful even to think of. The pasha wants 20,000 or 30,000 men. He issues his orders to the sheikhs, and the poor creatures are hunted as by blood-hounds. If the sheikhs do not succeed in procuring the required number of men, they are liable to be bastinadoed, and sent to try again. Generally, some Albanian soldiers dash upon a village at unawares, and blockade it on every side, so that escape is difficult. This had been the case at Minieh when I was there. When the poor men *can* escape, they flee to the desert; but this is almost like "running from the rain, and sitting under the waterspout," as the Arabs sometimes say; or, as we say, "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire;" for they often perish in the desert by hundreds. In 1851, I saw 300 poor fellows all yoked together,* with halters round their necks, being marched to Cairo, having been seized for soldiers. I believe that 50,000 men have been sent from Egypt into Turkey, to aid in the present war. The pasha does not seem to know that, by thus draining the country of its very life's blood, he is diminishing the power of cultivation in a way that must eventually recoil upon himself or his successors.

Mr. Lane says that in Mehemet Ali's days there were only 400,000 men in Egypt fit for military service, and that Mehemet had taken 200,000 of them, that is one half of the most serviceable portion of the male population, to form and recruit his army and navy. It is also said that he made 20,000 Nubians into soldiers in one conscription, and had them drilled by French officers; but 17,000 of them died in less than two years.

"Such," says Mr. Eliot Warburton, "is the Egyptian peasant's lot, aggravated by privations that are incredible. If sick, he has no medicine or medical advice, and he dies; if starving, he must steal from his own crop, upon which the

* I once heard a minister say that the yoke mentioned in Acts xv. 10, Gal. v. 1, and similar passages, referred to the yokes that were sometimes put upon swine, to prevent their breaking through the hedges; but I think if this learned divine had ever beheld scenes like these, he would have better understood the custom to which the Scriptures refer. The "yoke of iron," mentioned in Deut. xxviii. 48, and Jer. xxviii. 14, points to the way in which the people should be bound in slavery, as with halters of iron round their necks.

pasha has set his seal, and he suffers the bastinado. If a conscript for war, he is kept in camp until no longer fit for service, and then thrown upon the world to beg and die." "The pasha must have workmen for his factories and laborers for his crops. He seizes those whom war spares, and they are torn from their homes, to work under the lash of a taskmaster, at the nominal wages of twopence halfpenny a day, but not more than half of which sum they ever in reality receive." "Can these men's fate be worse?"

Numbers of the poor women, deprived by these conscriptions of support, for there are no poor laws in Egypt, are compelled to give themselves up to vice, to prevent their infant children perishing. "Can any change bring additional suffering or humiliation upon this fallen race?" Amidst it all, the poor people submit. If they cannot escape, they say it is the will of God, and have little thought of ascribing it to the wickedness of man. The main *qualification* that such a people have for being ill used or beaten is that they have not courage to return the blow. Indeed, it would appear that the more roughly they are handled, the more readily they submit. I have read of a rich man who was rivalled by one nearly as rich as himself; but he caused him to be murdered; and then, never was a man more respected than he was. I also read of the captain of an English brig, who had put into a bay of the Red Sea, and asked for water for his ship, when the governor told him he could not have it, as it was very scarce; upon which the captain said if his casks were not filled in three hours he would blow up the place; and the governor caused them to be instantly filled out of his own tank, saying "the English were a great people, a wonderful people;" and he ever afterwards entertained for them a high degree of both affection and respect.

Every day after we left Minieh, we witnessed something of the horrors of the system,—hundreds of men, followed by women, screaming, wailing, and smiting their breasts. (See Luke xviii. 13.) Some of the women had drenched their clothes with water, and others had covered them with dirt. Some had plastered over their bare bosoms, stomachs, arms, and heads with mud, and others had scratched their faces to pieces, the blood streaming down as from deep-cut wounds. Some were screaming out, "My brother, my brother, my dear brother!" others were exclaiming, "My son, my son, my son!" and one poor woman, whose voice, though half choked with anguish, was heard above all the rest, poured forth her lamentations in tones which denoted the agony of despair, as though

her very heartstrings were cracking, "Ya ebne, ya ebne, ya ebne *wahed!*" (O my son, my son, my *only* son!) And then (in Arabic) she added, "What shall I and his poor sister do? for he supported us both." She had lost her husband by the unrelenting hand of death, and now she had lost her son by the no less unrelenting hand of despotism. The big tears rolled down her cheeks, mixing with the mud and blood upon her lacerated face, and causing my very heart to heave with pity and my blood almost to boil with indignation. Her wailing was, indeed, as my dragoman said, "the lamentation of Adam;" meaning that it had no bounds.

But the officers heeded not. Boat-load after boat-load of the poor fellows was sent off, and the great majority would never return.

The boats on the river, on these occasions, are all deserted, as the crews are liable to be seized; but the British, French, or American flag, floating from the flagstaff, protects all on board; so that our men were safe. On one occasion, one of our men was seized in a village where he had gone to buy bread; but we soon had him released, on going to the sheikh.

On March 14th, 1853, we reached Masghoon. Here we took donkeys to visit the pyramids of Dashoor, Abooseer, and Sahhara. The donkeys had old rags for saddles, but had neither stirrups nor bridles; so we made some of ropes. These pyramids, if we except the brick pyramid, to which I have referred on page 299, are hardly worth visiting after having seen those of Ghizeh.

We soon entered upon the Libyan desert, and, passing through Dashoor, &c., in five hours and a half reached Sahhara. Here we examined the mummy ibis and cat pits; for, strange as it may seem, the Egyptians often embalmed birds, cats, snakes, and crocodiles,* in the same way as they did human

* At Ababdeh, about six miles from Manfaloot, are the renowned crocodile mummy pits. The crocodile used to be worshipped at Manfaloot, as in other parts of Egypt. Several attempts having without success been made to discover these pits, it began to be doubted whether or no they really existed. Mr. Legh, accompanied by a Mr. Smelt and an American, in 1816, and Sir F. Henniker, in 1823, were amongst the number of those who made the attempt. The former had three guides with them, two of whom perished in the passages. Still various persons asserted they had absolutely found them, and the point was at last fully settled by a Mr. Muller, who explored them in, I believe, 1845. He says, "We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I dare say more; thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all

beings. The birds and cats were all sealed up in earthenware jars, like small red chimney pots; and there were thousands of them, piled upon each other like bottles in a wine bin. These

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bandaged in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctum sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued. It evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been 12 or 15 feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens."

Mr. Legh gives the following account of his visit to these crocodile mummy pits: "We descended without difficulty. We formed a party of six, and each was to be preceded by a guide. Our torches being lighted, one of the Arabs led the way, and I followed him. We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand from the desert, and found ourselves in a chamber, about 15 ft. high. Here we saw fragments of mummies of crocodiles. We now entered a long gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and followed its windings until at last it opened into a large chamber, which after some time we recognised as the one we had first entered. Our guides at last confessed they had missed their way, but said, if we would make another attempt they would undertake to conduct us to the mummies. We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in these narrow and low galleries; but the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that which we had left, but like it containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless; but the mummies might not be far distant. Another effort, and we might still be successful. The Arab who led the way now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive. I found my breathing extremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the heart. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment, the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side. He uttered a groan, his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat. He was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and fancying he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment. He also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant. Our torches burned faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us; and we felt our strength nearly gone. There was no time to be lost. Our

pits are supposed to extend for a great distance underground. Hundreds of the jars have been broken and hundreds taken away by travellers; but there is no sensible diminution of their

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companion, the American, called to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, (infidels,) imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape. We might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us, separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself. In this dilemma, we were determined by the majority, and, fortunately, were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him to recover his strength. It was impossible; to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun at 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a bardak full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but, though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit. They unfolded their turbans, and, slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top. Our appearance without our guides naturally astonished the Arab who had remained at the entrance of the cavern, and he anxiously inquired for his friends. To have confessed they were dead would have excited suspicion of our having murdered them. We replied they were coming, and were bringing out the mummies we had found. We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the desert, and passed hastily by the village, to regain the ferry of Manfaloot. Our boat was moored close to the town, and we got safe on board by five o'clock."

The next morning, before they could get far away from Manfaloot, they were overtaken by four Turks and two Arabs, and compelled to return, to answer before the sheikh for the supposed murder. The third Arab guide, it appeared, had not perished, but had escaped by following the light of Mr. Smelt's torch; and he now joined their accusers; but by attributing the death of his comrades to the magic practised by the infidels, he unintentionally favored their cause, as it was, of course, an admission that no violence had been used. The result was that the travellers had to pay 12 piastres, or 2s. 6d., to each of the widows of the poor Arabs, and the like sum as a present to the sheikh. Some travellers say they have seen the skeletons of many persons who have died in exploring these crocodile mummy pits. I must say, for my part, that Mr. Legh's account was always sufficient to keep me from venturing in.

numbers. I have said there are thousands of them; but I should, perhaps, have been nearer the sum had I said millions.

The sarcophagi and tombs in which the sacred bulls were embalmed next had my attention. If there be one wonder in Egypt greater than another, the pyramids alone excepted, it is to be seen in the dark chambers of the sacred bulls. They have only been discovered within the last three or four years.

Descending a steep path, and having lighted our candles, we came to an avenue, or street, about 300 yards long. On each side of this avenue are spacious chambers, and in each of these chambers is a sarcophagus, in which a bull had been deposited. The sarcophagi, 33 of which have been found, are all of hard granite, beautifully polished. They are not all exactly of a size, but average about 10 ft. or 12 ft. long, by 6 ft. wide and 6 ft. deep; and each is supposed to weigh about 65 tons. Two of them are covered with hieroglyphics, and these were about to be removed to the French Museum at Paris. The labor required for the cutting and carrying from the quarries of these immense blocks, for they are all cut out of the solid,—one huge block, and the skill and labor necessary to their being formed and polished, exceed all possible calculation.

I think I never felt so *little*, as a human being, as I did when standing alongside these granite bull coffins. I was there at an excellent time. Information had just been received by the person who had charge of the vaults, that the English Consul-General, accompanied by Sir John Potter, of Manchester, would visit the place that morning. The long sepulchral avenue and all the death-still chambers were, therefore, lighted up; and as the candles flared from end to end, and as their light was reflected from the shining sarcophagi, the effect was truly thrilling.

These chambers had been discovered by a Frenchman; but it is evident that the Saracens had been there before him, as the massive lids were partially removed from the sarcophagi, and the bulls taken away and stripped of their ornaments. The whole district is strewed with bleached bones and mummy rags. Amongst the rubbish, I found a horn, which, beyond doubt, once belonged to a sacred bull. It appears to me to be in a semi-petrified state. When I look at it, I often wonder how many poor creatures have fallen down to worship the animal to which it had belonged.

I ought, perhaps, here to mention, that amongst the animals worshipped by the ancient Egyptians was the bull, called by them Apis. It was indispensable, however, that its colour should be a jet black, without a single white hair except a spot

on the forehead and on two or three other parts. Whenever a bull of this description was met with, he was covered with ornaments and taken by the people into the temple with unbounded acclamations and other expressions of joy; and to such an extent was their veneration for the animal carried, that on his death he was embalmed, and deposited in a sarcophagus, as already mentioned. A bull of gold was placed in the temple at Memphis; and to this the people resorted, in honor of their god Apis. Other bulls were sacrificed to the bull Apis; but they were pure white, without a single black hair.

It was from the Egyptians that the Israelites learnt to worship the calf, or bull, as recorded in Exod. xxxii. and Hos. xiii. 2; and they, as was always the case with the Egyptians, shouted and danced, sat down to eat and drink, and then "rose up to play." But to such an extent did they carry their abominable conduct, that we are distinctly told, in Exod. xxxii. 25, that it was "to their shame among their enemies." And Jeremiah (iii. 9) says they worshipped "stocks and stones."

My reader will have gathered from other parts of this work that the Egyptians did not confine their worship to the bull. Indeed, they worshipped almost everything. On the one hand, they worshipped the ibis because they believed it destroyed serpents; the cat because it killed rats; the hawk because it kept down the number of sparrows, &c.; the vulture because it eat carrion; and so forth; and, on the other hand, they worshipped the crocodile because they dreaded it, and Typhon, or the devil, because they believed he had power over their souls. These were some of "the gods of the earth," which the Lord said he would "famish," that is, bring to nought.* (Zeph. ii. 11.) The red heifer was offered by the Egyptians to the devil; whereas, in direct opposition to this, and to show the folly of sacrificing anything to Satan, the Israelites were commanded to offer the red heifer to God. (See Num. xix. 2.) Probably this was one thing that Moses referred to when he said to Pharaoh, "Shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?" (Exod. viii. 26;) for it would have been viewed by the Egyptians as an abomination to offer the *red* heifer to God, seeing that *they* offered it to Satan; or Moses might refer to the offering of bullocks, which the Egyptians held sacred, but which were offered by

* It is recorded of Cambyses that he took a sea-port town at one of the mouths of the Nile by putting a large number of cats, dogs, cows, and other animals in front of his army; and as these animals were held sacred by the Egyptians, they were afraid to shoot an arrow or throw a dart, lest they should kill some of their gods.

he Israelites by Divine command. The Hindoos to this day ffer sacrifices to Vyravar, whom they call the Prince of devils, hen they wish to be restored from sickness.*

Some writers have doubted whether the Egyptians ever acrificed human beings to their gods; but that they did so is roved by the monuments, an instance of which I mentioned n page 344; and it is equally clear from the Scriptures that he Israelites did the same. They also devoted their children o the service of the temples, as referred to in Hos. ii. 4., and erhaps in Deut. xxiii. 18. It is supposed that when a child as dedicated to the gods, a ring was put through its nose, to how that it was under the protection of the gods; and this as probably referred to in Ezek. viii. 17. Isaiah speaks of he slaying of children in the valleys.† (lvii. 5.) The "smooth tones of the stream," (verse 6,) refers to the Assyrians, who ad a high reverence for a certain kind of stone, as the Hindoos ave to this day; and perhaps Jeremiah referred to them in i. 9, "stocks and stones," already quoted.

There were so many gods amongst the Egyptians and other eathens, that the worshippers distinguished themselves by a ertain spot on their foreheads, to show which particular god as theirs, as referred to in Deut. xxxii. 5 and Rev. xx. 4; just s the Roman Catholics have their various patron saints, and enote to which they belong by having their images in their ouses. The same thing is referred to in Isa. lvii. 8, the "re-nembrance" there spoken of, as set "behind the doors," &c., eing their household gods.

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* Sacrificing to devils was not peculiar to the Egyptians, but was ractised by the Greeks and Romans even in the apostles' days. Paul efers to it in 1 Cor. x. 20. Some of the Corinthian disciples supposed hat they could not, without committing sin, eat any meat of the kind hat was offered to idols; so they would not eat beef because the ox or he heifer was sacrificed; but Paul says they had weak consciences, for "neither is the idol anything, nor that which is offered anything;" nevertheless, "let the strong bear the infirmities of the weak;" and ooner abstain from meat altogether than "wound their weak consci-nces." For "by thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?" That is, Because thou knowest that these things amount o nothing, yet wilt thou destroy the peace of thy brother whose consci-nce, being weak, is not so satisfied about it? (See 1 Cor. viii., ix., and x.)

† In Judges xi. 30—39, we read of a certain vow that Jephtha made. At first sight it might appear that he actually sacrificed his daughter o the Lord; but it was not so. The original of verse 31 reads, "Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, shall surely be the Lord's, or (not *and*) I will offer it up for a burnt-offering." Therefore he dedicated his daughter to the Lord; and "the daughters of Israel went yearly to *talk with*," as the verse might have been rendered, "the daughter of Jephtha four days in a year."

It is true that when the heathen nations bowed down befor the creatures of God, as the sun, the moon, the bull, &c., the did not at first *worship* those creatures, but merely viewed ther as symbols, or "remembrances," (Isa. lvii. 8,) of an Almight Being, and, as they believed, worshipped that Almighty Bein through those creatures; but they soon lost sight altogethe of any being beyond the one before which they prostrate themselves, as can be abundantly proved both from histor and from Scripture. Just as the Romanists, in their catechism say, "It is lawful to honor the images of Christ and his *saints* with an inferior and relative honor, because the honor give them is referred to the things they represent;" and thus the worship *saints* and their images; and in order to allow this they have left out of their first (our second) commandment th words, "Thou shalt not bow down to them;" and how man thousands are there who have no knowledge of any Deity be yond their images or their patron saints? And thus it is that step by step, man slips into idolatry. "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" (Judges xviii. 24.) Al Roman Catholic countries are full of idols now, as were thos of the Philistines and others in the days of Isaiah.

However absurd it may seem, it is nevertheless said to be a fact that some of the gods seen by the Israelites, on their way t the promised land, were literally made of cow dung. And this is what is referred to in Deut. xxix. 17, for the word there translated "idols," is, in the original, "dung gods." Malachi also alludes to the same in ii. 3, where he speaks of spreading dung upon their faces. The worshippers of the Hindoo god Siva have to this day a spot on their foreheads made of the ashes of cows' dung.

Writers on India state that the women who have prostituted themselves to the use of the temples are always dressed in crimson or vermilion, and that the walls are covered with paintings of an infamous character. (See Jer. iv. 30; Ezek. xxiii. 14; Rev. xvii. 4; Isa. i. 18.)

The Dagon of the Philistines was half a fish, as the word signifies, and the god now called Vishnu by the Hindoos is also half a fish. Beelzebub, the god of flies, was esteemed the worst of gods; and hence it was that the Jews called him the Prince of devils. (Matt. xii. 24.) The Philistines had a temple to this god at Ekron, which was on the sea coast, and where, consequently, flies were more numerous than in inland countries. (See p. 336.)

The heathens considered that their gods always slept, or rested, like men in the east, during the heat of the day; and

ence it was unlawful for any one to enter the temples during hat period. This was what Elijah so derisively alluded to in Kings xviii. 27. At *noon* he mocked them; and it was not ntil the time of the evening sacrifice that the priests of Baal espaired of being heard; but *then*, knowing that their god ould no longer be asleep, their case became hopeless.

A representation of some of the ancient gods is portrayed n the walls of the temples. The engraving which I here ive will convey some idea of the character of those represen- ations.

ISIS AND HORUS.

According to the ancient Egyptians, Phre, otherwise called Re, or On, meaning the Sun, married Rhea, and Osiris was their son. Rhea also had a daughter, Isis, by Thoth, or Mercury. Osiris married his half-sister Isis, and Horus was their son. Osiris was killed by Typhon, but returned from the dead, to console his wife Isis; and Typhon was pursued and conquered by Horus. The Egyptians believed that the overflowings of the Nile were caused by the tears which Isis shed every year for the loss of Osiris. Such were some of the gods of the

Egyptians. There was a temple of Osiris at Memphis, to whom the bull Apis was consecrated; and there was a temple of Isis at Philæ.

Some of these representations have been plastered over, to preserve them. (See Deut. xxvii. 2, 3.) Sostratus, a celebrated architect in Egypt, cut the king's name on the plaster, but his own in the stone *under* the plaster; so that the architect's name was left when the king's was destroyed.

I might enter more fully into the idolatry of the ancients, explaining their "high places;" (2 Kings xxiii. 15, &c.;) their "altars;" (Num. xxiii. 1, &c.;) their "groves;" (Exod. xxxiv. 13, &c.;) their "green trees;" (Jer. xvii. 2, &c.;) their "sacrifices;" (2 Kings xvi. 4, &c.;) but I am warned to proceed with my wanderings.

On leaving Sahhara, we wended our way to Memphis, now called Mitrahenny.

The site of this ancient city, the capital of Middle Egypt, has caused as much discussion amongst writers as has the situation of the Land of Goshen. Some say that it was near the pyramids of Ghizeh, others that it was at Sahhara, and others at Dashoor. From all I have read upon the subject, and I have read the works of several of the disputants, I have no doubt, in my own mind, that they are all right, and that the city extended along the west bank of the Nile, from Ghizeh to Dashoor. Throughout the whole district, monuments and ruins of a great city have been and still are being constantly found buried in the sand; whilst the rear forms one unbroken cemetery, pyramids, tombs, and mummy pits; so that this vast receptacle for the dead separated the desert from the great city and from the cultivated lands. To attempt to fix upon any one spot and say that it was *there* that the palace of the Pharaohs stood would be the height of folly; for when Nebuchadnezzar conquered the place, he did all that man could do to erase it from the list of cities. Still, from the innumerable blocks of granite, covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which have been discovered at Mitrahenny, the probability is that in that locality was the seat of government. It is at this place that the immense statue, nearly 43 feet long, now lies, which, it is said, is to be removed to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. (Not done yet,—1858.)

Memphis is only mentioned by name once in the Scriptures, viz., in Hos. ix. 3–6, where it is said that Memphis shall bury Ephraim. This alone confirms me in the opinion I have given above; for where, in all Egypt, can such another burying-place be found? What anguish it must have caused the Ephraim-

ites who returned to Egypt, to know that they must be buried amongst the worshippers of cats, birds, and bulls! In Jer. xlvi. 14, 19; Ezek. xxx. 13, 16, the destruction and utter desolation of Memphis, there called Noph, which has the same meaning as Memphis, (being in another language,) is foretold. Noph is indeed laid waste and desolate, and her idols have ceased.

We now again took to our boat, which had descended from Masghoon, and proceeded towards Cairo.

On arriving at Ghizeh, we were compelled to witness other heart-rending scenes, the result of the conscription. Here were the barracks, and in them were imprisoned the new soldiers, doomed, in all probability, never again to see their native villages; for *soldiering* in Egypt is not like soldiering in England. The place was surrounded by hundreds of women and old men. The women continued incessantly to rush to the water's edge, and violently, in the bitterness and anguish of their spirits, cover themselves with mud. Their friends tried to restrain them, but they "refused to be comforted."

On making inquiry I found that more men had been taken than were wanted, and that, therefore, *a ballot* was taking place to release one out of every ten. Now a *ballot* in Egypt means, First release those who can *bribe* highest. O if I could have singled out that poor woman whom I had two days before heard bewailing her son, her son, her *only* son, he should have been set at liberty, though it had cost me every piastre in my purse! But the thing was impossible. Indeed, as she would have to walk every yard of the way, she could hardly have arrived. Every now and then we saw one poor fellow let out at the door; and then, amongst that heaving, wailing mass, O the anxious straining eyes, to see if, in the person of that one, they could recognise a son or a brother; and when he *was* recognised, what hugging to the bosom, what tears of joy, what throbbing of hearts! But they tarried not in that infernal locality, but rushed towards their respective villages, as though pursued by wolves. I felt as weak as water. *Speaking* was out of the question, for my throat seemed dried up and my heart ready to burst.

The bear may roar when robbed of her whelps, (2 Sam. xvii. 8,) and no one care to ease her grief; but what man can look upon scenes like these and not be melted into tears?

We need not wonder that the poor destitute women of Egypt so mourn after their sons. I have shown in a previous chapter that that relationship, mother and son, is, in Egypt, the dearest and most sacred. Mothers will say, "I may lose

my husband, and, perhaps, get another; but who can give me back my son?" And sons will, if necessary, fight to the death for their mothers. Even Ibrahim Pasha,* the conqueror of Syria, and whose cruel nature spared neither age nor sex, once waited and entreated for a whole week, to be allowed to kiss his mother's feet, because he had offended her. The people sometimes say of a mother who has lost her children, "The water of her eyes runs down like a river." (See Ps. cxix. 136, which is a true eastern expression. See also Ps. xxxv. 14, which is expressive of the most extreme grief.) Zech. xii. 10 is equally affecting: "As one mourneth for *her* only son," for I believe the mother is intended, the pronoun *his* being in italic. So also are Jer. vi. 26 and Amos viii. 10.

No man ought voluntarily to visit Egypt who is not as blind as a bat or as unfeeling as iron; for, turn which way he may, something or other will often meet his eye that will make his blood run cold. I once met with a lady who was going to Egypt, who said the sight of only a caterpillar would send her into hysterics. My advice to her was, that she had better turn back. *There* is an Englishman beating his servant, merely for the amusement of his friends. Here is a Turkish officer unsparingly using his whip on the back of a poor half blind Arab, who, not having seen him coming, had not got out of his way. Yonder is a man with a koorbaj driving on boys and girls of only from three to six years of age, because they do not move fast enough with their little baskets of rubbish which they are carrying from that building belonging to the pasha. On this side is a poor fellow who has been nearly beaten to death because he had obeyed orders, as those orders had turned out to be wrong. On that side are a number of men at work in chains, merely because they are in debt to the Government. Before you is a troop of men tied together by the neck, because the pasha wants them for soldiers in a far country; and these are followed by their heart-broken mothers and sisters, as I have just been describing. Hear ye not their lamentations? Do not the shrieks of the poor Arab under the bastinado lash vibrate in your hearts?

Far be it from me to attribute all this to Abbas Pasha. On the contrary, I believe that, compared with the doings of his predecessors, his rule is mild. He has the power, given

* This ferocious being often, in his day, amused himself by firing at the skins borne on the shoulders of the water carriers. If he hit the skin he would laugh heartily at the joke; and if he happened to wound the poor carrier, he would promise to support him for life; but, it is said, he always forgot his promise.

m by the sultan, to take away one life a day, which is called e tanzimat; but this power he rarely exercises, though it is lieved that, had he not that power, suspended, as it were, er the people *in terrorem*, he would not be able to rule at l. The people know that he *has* the power, and this keeps em in subjection. He suffers them not to "pull away their oulder," (Zech. vii. 11,) but keeps their necks flexible, (Neh. . 29,) and their ears uncovered.* It is true he lavishes

* Lest my account of Turkish rule in Egypt should excite the sympathy of my readers against the Turks, and on behalf of the Russians, the present war, I may be pardoned if I here give an anecdote or two show that the latter are at least as barbarous as the former; and, deed, in many respects, more so. For any man in Russia, no matter hat his station in life, to imagine that he is free, is certain death, or xile to Siberia, which is worse than death. The laborers, called serfs, re not merely serfs, but are in reality more of slaves than the felheen of Egypt are. Of these serfs there are said to be 42,000,000, 5,000,000 of whom belong to the crown. When a man buys an state, he buys the serfs with it, and they are entirely at his mercy. It s true that, if they are ill-used, they can lodge a complaint against heir owners; but, as Captain Jesse says, in his late work on Russia, hey cannot leave the ground without the permission of their proprietor, nd it is not likely he would give it for such a purpose. He also says, "Hundreds of serfs are taken from the eastern and central parts of Russia and sent to the Crimea, and there let out on hire for the benefit of their proprietors. Though in an indirect manner, I have known hem sold in the streets and market-place of Kief. The men only are reckoned as souls. If young and healthy, they usually sell for 1,000 oubles a head; but a woman, that is, *no soul*, fetches only 500. Serfs are sometimes staked at the gaming table, and I knew of one who was exchanged for a pointer. * * * Their masters can, if they feel so disposed, flog them like a dog, without assigning any reason for so doing. * * * It is a fact, for I knew the instance, that a noble ordered a young peasant girl to be brought to him from his estate, and, in spite of her entreaties, sacrificed her to his profligacy." When soldiers are wanted, the czar (emperor) issues his orders to the nobles, and they are compelled to furnish from their estates the number required, the poor serfs having no more power of resistance than the Egyptians have. "Intimacy," says Captain Jesse, "is dangerous, friendship rare, and a common acquaintance is all that the Russians share with each other." The whole country is full of police spies. They are present at every table, in every drawing-room, in every barracks, and on board every man-of-war. "Even the fair sex in the very highest circles are sometimes the paid agents of this loathsome organ of the Government;" and if only a whisper, only a breath, be heard against the powers that be, the delinquent is hurried off to Siberia, never to be heard of more. Nay, it is of continual occurrence that, through the false report of some jealous or envious neighbor, innocent persons are banished without the slightest chance of appeal. Captain Jesse knew of two French booksellers who were dragged on a sledge, over the snow, night and day, 400 miles, for selling Polish songs, though the accusation, he believed, was entirely false. Last July, (1853,) a German lady, resident in St. Petersburgh, having quarrelled with her servants, (Russians,)

hundreds of thousands of pounds on palaces and horses, which would be better invested in the land; but it is the custom of the country, and, if spoken to on the subject, he would doubtless say as one of our nobles did, "May not a man do what he will with his own?" I heard it stated that a single room in one of his palaces cost £100,000 for furniture and drapery alone, and he is reported to have upwards of 3,000 horses.

But I must now abruptly terminate my account of Egypt. In a short time after we left Ghizeh, we arrived at Cairo; and

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the latter gave intimation to the Prefecture of Police that the former had spoken of the Russian Government in terms of reproach and disrespect. The lady received a summons to appear before the prefect, to whom she repaired accordingly, vowing vengeance on the whole tribe of servants. On her arrival at the office, the prefect most politely received her, and, ushering her into a small, box-looking apartment, commenced reading over sundry charges against her, which he had scarcely finished when down sunk the lady through a trap in the treacherous floor, above which nothing was to be seen of her portly figure but her head and arms; and, shocking to relate, 30 blows from an unseen hand were administered upon her. On the completion of the sentence, the lady's person reappeared again above ground, almost as suddenly as it had disappeared, and the prefect, in the most polite manner, bowed her out of the office. The Abbe Chapde d'Anteroche relates an execution of a female. He states that Madame La Pookin, or Pooschkin, who was one of the most beautiful of women, had been indiscreet enough to mention some of the endless amours of her imperial mistress, and was therefore condemned to undergo the knout. The beautiful culprit mounted the scaffold in an elegant undress. She was surrounded by the executioners, on whom she gazed with astonishment, and seemed to doubt that she was the object of such preparation. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm; she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were soon stripped off, and she was naked to the waist, before the eager eyes of an immense concourse of people, profoundly silent. Two of the executioners then took her by the hands, and, turning her half round, they raised her upon their backs, inclining forwards, and lifted her a little from the ground, upon which another executioner adjusted her on the backs of his coadjutors, and placed her in the most proper position for receiving the punishment. He then retreated a few steps, measuring the proper distance with a steady eye; and, leaning backwards, he gave a stroke with the knout, so as to carry a piece of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back, striking his feet against the ground, to make a second blow parallel to the former; and in a few minutes all the skin of the back was cut away in slips, most of which remained hanging down. Her tongue was cut out immediately afterwards, and she was banished to Siberia.

O ye women of England! think on these things; and if your hearts are not as hard as the nether millstone, they will surely for once, at least, be lifted up in gratitude to God that yours is a happier lot! In Russia atrocities are committed which make one recoil with horror. But those who wish for further proof should read the histories of Russia and Poland, and the accounts of Siberia.

if my readers be as tired of reading as I am of writing, they will heartily wish that I had arrived at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE DESERT.

In March, 1847, I joined company with a Mr. Gray, an American, and a Mr. Tait, a Scotchman, to cross the desert to Jerusalem. I had read so much of the desert, of its dangers, discomforts, and privations, that I could hardly believe I was going, even when I had mounted my camel for the purpose. I could have gone to Jerusalem another way, it is true, by taking a boat at Alexandria, and then proceeding along the coast to Jaffa, which is only about 27 miles from Jerusalem; but I had no wish to encounter the perils of the deep in an open boat, to say nothing of the risk I should run with regard to my health; and then, besides, I should have had to perform at least five days' quarantine at Jaffa, in a filthy Turkish lazaretto, only a shade or two cleaner than a main sewer; so it was clear to me, that my best plan was to rough it across the desert. And this course Dr. Abbott strongly recommended, saying the more time I could spend in the desert the better. Mr. Gray much wished to go round by Mount Sinai, and thence through Idumea; while Mr. Tait was anxious to make the journey as short as possible, and so go by way of El Arish and Gaza. To Mr. G.'s plan I objected in toto, as it would have occupied at least five weeks, during the whole of which time, as well as the two or three additional weeks necessary to reach Malta, my dear wife would be unable to hear from me, and would soon, in the inventiveness of her imagination, have concluded I was dead. As it was, I wrote to her on the day on which I left Cairo, but did not dare to say that I was preparing to cross the desert.

At last, acting under the advice of Mr. Lieder, the Church of England missionary at Cairo, we decided upon taking the *middle* route, going first to the Red Sea, and thence by the Wells of Moses to Hebron, through Kalaat el Nackell; but I consented to this only on the express condition that we should, if necessary, travel night and day, so as to enable me to reach Beyrout in time for the French steamer for Malta.

Having thus agreed between ourselves, we next had to agree with others; and so set about looking for a dragoman, and a Bedouin sheikh with camels. Of dragomans there was no lack, and each was well supplied with "recommendations;" but they all looked such double-distilled scoundrels, that we

feared to treat with them. My own man, Hajji Selim, refused to go, as he was afraid of ophthalmia. At length, however, we were singularly favored in meeting with a Maltese, who had been in the service of our consul at Jerusalem. He had come with a party from Jerusalem to Cairo, intending then to go to Malta by way of Alexandria; but when he reached that port, as he had left his passport at Jerusalem, the officers sent him back to Cairo, whence he would have to go again to Jerusalem. This was no joke; but such is the passport system. Had it occurred in Austria or Russia, he would not have got off so easily, but would have been sent to prison, "for travelling without a passport." In some parts, as I know by experience, a man cannot go from even one town to another without a passport. What should we English say if we could not go from London to the Crystal Palace, or from Manchester to Stockport, without a passport, or without a police officer at our heels? Depend upon it, we are not half enough grateful to God for our national privileges.

The name of this man was Antonio. We agreed to give him a dollar a day and his board; and he was to be not only our interpreter, but also our "maid-of-all-work," not omitting the cooking. As the Maltese language is very similar to the Arabic, and as Antonio understood "a littell" English and "a littell" Italian, we had no doubt he would do very well. The Maltese dragomans have the reputation of being honest; and, compared with the Arabs, whether Copt Christians or Mahometans, they certainly are; for though the Maltese will cheat you to the very last penny for their own benefit, they will take care that nobody else does so; whereas, the children of Ishmael will not only cheat you themselves, but encourage others to do the same.

Our next care was to find a Bedouin sheikh, who would furnish us with camels and be our guide. One soon presented himself; but on being told the route we intended to take, he "withdrew his shoulder," and declined, saying it was a bad road, and no one ever went that way. On the following morning, our dragoman introduced another, who, after some hesitation, agreed to go; whereupon we proceeded in a body, followed by several lookers-on, to the office of the British Consul, to decide upon the terms and to mutually sign the contract. This was indispensable, for, without such contract, signed in the presence of the consul or his agent, travellers would be subject to all kinds of extortion. Here, after wrangling for several hours, we at last agreed as follows. The sheikh was to furnish us with ten camels, with a man to each,

and was to receive 160 piastres (about 31s.) for each camel. For this sum he was to conduct us as far as Kalaat el Nackel, finding everything that was necessary both for his men and camels. If, on arriving at Nackell. which place belongs to another tribe of Arabs, there were no camels ready to take us forward, then he was to go on with us to Dahriâ, for which he was to receive 100 piastres per camel more. And he was, moreover, to be responsible for anything we might lose or be robbed of on the way. All being so far settled, it was entered on the books by the clerk, and read over to the sheikh; and then G., T., and I signed it, in due English form. The sheikh now advanced to the table, and, in a most graceful manner, took his ring from his finger and handed it to the clerk; and the clerk, in his turn, dipped the ring into the ink, and sealed the contract with it. What a lively illustration I had here of Esther iii. 12; viii. 10; 1 Kings xxi. 8; Jer. xxxii. 10, 44; and similar passages. It is still the custom in the east, not only for the rulers but also for the people, thus to seal mandates, agreements, &c., instead of writing their names; which, indeed, few of them can do. And the custom is beautifully alluded to in Song viii. 6; John iii. 33; 2 Tim. ii. 19; &c. &c. "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed, is my spouse," &c., (Song iv. 12,) has not the same meaning as Ps. lxxxviii. 8, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth," though I have more than once heard such a signification applied to it; but it means, that she is sealed with the "king's own signet," as a mark of his approbation and that she is sacred to him; and the same may be said of John vi. 27; 2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. i. 13; Hag. ii. 23; &c. &c. (See also Jer. xxii. 24.)

When Joseph was raised to be ruler of Egypt, Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand; thus giving him power to seal any proclamation or public document, in the name of the king.

The seals have engraved on them the name of the individual who wears them.* The name of our sheikh was Mohammed Abu Ellag, and he proved a most faithful, trustworthy man. The clerk having returned to him his seal, he took hold of my hand, and wanted to kiss it; but as I would not allow him so to humiliate himself, he kissed his own hand, which had touched

* On my last visit, as a curiosity, I had my own name engraved on a seal; and here it is: John Kadsby. There is no letter in Arabic, I believe, which sounds like our g *hard*, the g there being sounded gutturally in the throat, gh; so the Turkish g is used in this seal, but the Arabs pronounce that like our k, which makes my name Kadsby.

mine, and then put it to his breast, as a token of fidelity; and the consul assured us we might rest satisfied that he would adhere strictly to the contract; for the Sinai tribe of Bedouins, to which he belonged, would not violate their seal, although, while making an agreement, they might wrangle for an hour about a penny.

So far all went on well. Our next business was to purchase tents, canteens, water casks, beds, camp stools, water bottles, provisions, and every other thing necessary for the journey; for in crossing the dreary waste, there are no means of subsisting but such as the traveller takes with him. Having procured two tents, we had them fitted up to see how we should like them. In the larger one, there was just room for our three mattresses, side by side; so we decided that we would all sleep together, and let the dragoman have the smaller tent to himself, taking charge of the pans, kettles, and eatables. An open space near the hotel was like a fair. Several other parties were preparing for Jerusalem, some of whom were going by way of Mount Sinai and others by El Arish; and the accumulation of luggage and desert *materiel* was so immense that I wondered where the camels were to come from to carry it. I always, however, observed it to be the case that when the packing time came, one would say, "We can do without this;" another, "We had better leave that;" another, "This will be in our way," and so on; until the quantity was generally reduced by at least a tenth, and sometimes by more than one half.

All being ready, so far as we were concerned, we were anxious to start; but we had to wait several days for the camels, as they were kept in the desert, for fear the pasha might fall in love with them, and "seal them with his own signet," as he was taking the *forced loan* of all he could hear of. Mr. Lieder was unswerving in his advice and assistance. I am sure that, without his aid, we should have broken down before we started. His kindness to travellers in this way is invaluable. He lent me a map of the desert, which, ere my journey was concluded, I found, with my compass, worth its weight in bank notes. To the very moment of my departure his attention was unremitting; nay, even when my camel was turning the corner, so as to take me out of sight of the hotel, he was still there, to give me a parting look, a final salutation. Should these lines ever meet his eye, I trust he will accept of them as a sincere tribute of gratitude, though he may censure me for my remarks, on a previous page, on the lavish expenditure of missionaries.

At length the camels were announced; and then came the hubbub. The sheikh had undertaken to procure the camels, but it turned out they did not all belong to him. Each man had brought his own, and each seemed determined that his camel should not carry anything, if he could help it. However, my companions and I, having selected the three on which we would ride, left the Arabs to settle their disputes, and then went in to breakfast. For six hours did they continue their wranglings, until, accompanied by Mr. Lieder, I went to put a stop to them. Having required them all to fall back, I fixed on the largest camel, and ordered its owner to make it kneel down, and then to load it with the two canteens, one on either side, like panniers. These were very heavy, as they contained the ironware, &c. Next came the water casks, then the tents, then the bedding, and so on, until all the camels were loaded.

I have read that camels are able to carry 15 cwt. each; but I much doubt it. Ours were distressed with not much, if any, more than one fourth that weight. Those which carry the baggage of the overland passengers, from Cairo to Suez, walk 80 miles in 30 hours, without stopping; but they do not carry more than 3 cwt. That many camels are able to endure great privations and hardships is beyond doubt; but that they often sink under the trial is but too manifest from the innumerable bleached bones which we see as we pass over the desert. The camel which carried our canteens to Nackell was utterly exhausted on our arrival there, and could not certainly have continued the journey much farther without rest. Often have I, when a boy, been amused at tales about elephants carrying castles on their backs; but our camels really did carry our houses; only we must not forget that both walls and roofs were merely canvas. The only difference between a camel and a dromedary is, that the latter is light and trained for running, while the former is heavy and adapted for burdens; just as there is a difference between a cart horse and a carriage horse. No dromedary can go more than 10 or 12 miles an hour; but as some can keep this up, night and day, without stopping, for several days, which no horse in the world can do, they may well be called "swift dromedaries;" (Jer. ii. 23; Esther viii. 10;) and it is to such as these the terms may with truth be applied "patient, toil-enduring, hunger-supporting, thirst-defying."

The Arabs often eat the camel, but it was forbidden under the Mosaic law, because it "divided not the hoof." (Lev. xi. 4.) The hoof of the camel is only *half* divided. Were it *fully* divided, the foot would sink in the sand much more than it now does, and, consequently, the animal could not travel either

so far or so fast; and then again, were the hoof not *partly* divided, the foot would not be sufficiently pliant to move at all, except in a clumsy way. How unsearchable the wisdom of the Almighty Creator! Well may camels be called "ships of the desert."

Most animals are provided with some means of defence, as the elephant with its trunk; but not so the camel. It is entirely defenceless; but its *home* is the desert, where no wild beast can exist, and therefore no defence is needed. Here again is the wisdom of God manifested.

While being loaded, as also when their riders are preparing to mount, the camels always lie on their bellies, with their legs doubled up, like a carpenter's rule, under them. When ready for starting, they first raise themselves on to their knees, which, if the riders are not on the alert, will pitch them over their tails; then they spring themselves from their hocks, and now the riders must "look out," or they will be unceremoniously thrown over their heads; and then they swing their bodies back and abruptly rise on their fore feet, which gives the riders a furious jerk. All this has to be endured every time you mount, it being indispensable that, during the whole performance, you hold fast to the pommel with both hands. The same may be said of your dismounting, only the movements are reversed, the camel throwing himself first on his knees.*

CHAPT. XXXV.—THE DESERT.

CAIRO TO BEERSHEBA.

All being now ready, my companions and I "lifted up our feet," as Gen. xxix. 1. reads in the margin,—a purely eastern expression, and commenced our journey, accompanied by a sheikh and six other Bedouins, one youth, and two boys. Acting under the advice of Mr. Lieder, we passed through the heart of the city toward the Citadel, intending to go along "the Valley of the Wanderings," by way of Besatin. I had often looked at the Arabs, as they were mounted aloft on their camels, and thought their seats seemed dangerous and uncomfortable enough; but I was now myself in the same position. I had not proceeded many yards ere I found that the movements of the camel were very unlike those of an Egyptian donkey, and I felt divers twitchings in my back which at first

* In Gen. xxiv. 11, we read that Abraham's servant made the camels kneel down by the wells at evening time; and I once heard a minister say that this "proved the piety of the servant!"

boded no good; but these soon seemed to subside; so that I came to the conclusion that the accounts of travellers, as to the back-breaking, muscle-straining, and joint-cracking nature of a ride on a camel were greatly exaggerated. The next morning, however, I found out my mistake; for my spine appeared to be so rigid that it was painful even to walk; and as every stride of the camel, when I had remounted, caused me to swing backwards and forwards, I suffered almost as much as if I had had a stiff neck, and some one had pulled my head about. I was like the man who was sent to the treadmill, and ridiculed the idea of "walking up steps" being a punishment; but he found it out before the day was over. This I had been led in some degree to anticipate; but had no expectation that it would be so bad.

While in Cairo, our Bedouin Arabs seemed gloomy and sedate, and walked along the streets, at the head of their respective camels, in a moping, grave manner, as though they were forming part of a funeral procession; but no sooner had they passed through the gate and reached the outside of the walls, than they began to chatter, and laugh, and kick about, like boys let out of school with the prospect before them of a month's holiday. The truth is, the Bedouins are real "dwellers in tents." (See Gen. xxv. 27, and many other passages.) City walls are to them like prison walls.* They never feel at home or at liberty except when in their own beloved desert; and they look with contempt upon all Arabs who fix themselves in towns. After the first day, however, they do not talk much

* Shortly after my last sheet was sent to press, news arrived in England of the death of Abbas Pasha. There appears to be no doubt that his death was one of violence. Two of his slaves, who had witnessed the execution of several of their brethren, and had themselves been threatened to become victims to the cruel caprice of their master, are said to have strangled him in the midst of his debauches. Säid Pasha, whom I mentioned on page 141, has, therefore, now assumed the government of Egypt. He is a man of considerable parts, and well understands the principles of trade and commerce. Much, consequently, is expected from him, and I hope the people will not be disappointed. If he improve the condition of the fellah, and encourage trade and agriculture, he must, ere many summers' suns have passed over his head, reap a good harvest, and insure the respect of all. Indeed, it appears he has already abolished the octroi duties, taken off the tax from all lands which shall be hereafter cultivated with wheat, and thrown open the wheat market to free trade. Prices have fallen in consequence. There are said to be 300,000 quarters of wheat released from the Government granaries by this wise measure. Alexandria and Cairo were illuminated for several nights. Abdallah Bey, the renegade Englishman, (See page 220,) has been removed from his office, and a Mr. Green, whom I well know, appointed in his place. (See Vol. II.)

while walking, for they know that talking excites thirst; but they become again as lively as larks as soon as they have halted. "The wandering Arabs," says Burckhardt, "have certainly more wit and sagacity than the people who live in towns. Their heads are always clear, their spirits unimpaired by debauchery, and their minds not corrupted by slavery; and I am justified in saying that there are few nations among whom natural talents are so universally diffused as among the Bedouins. In sensual enjoyments they are very moderate and abstemious. If an Arab has a sufficiency of food, he cares but little about its quality, or about those luxuries which we call pleasures of the table."

Our sheikh had with him a stick, not unlike a shepherd's crook, except that the bend was more angular. On this stick were some marks, which I was told were his name. (See Num. xvii. 2; Ezek. xxxvii. 15–20.) Most orientals carry with them a stick, or a staff, not only as a support but as a defence; and some carry a spare one in case of accident; but this the disciples were commanded not to take. (Matt. x. 10.) Zechariah had two staves. (See xi. 10, 14.) "With my staff, I passed over this Jordan," said Jacob; (Gen. xxxii. 10;) "Thy rod and thy *staff*, they comfort me," said David; (Ps. xxiii. 4;) both of which passages figuratively refer to the divine support they received, using their staves as the figure. (See also Heb. xi. 21; Isa. iii. 1; xiv. 5; and many other passages.)

In three hours we reached Besatin, supposed by some to be the Succoth named in Exod. xii. 37. A short distance from this place are the quarries from which the stone was taken for the erection of the pyramids. Here (at Besatin) our Arabs wished to halt for the night; but I would not consent to do so, as I knew that a single hour might throw me too late for the steamer at Beyrout, and as I foresaw if I gave way then, I must do so again and again. The easterns never will, if they can help it, go more than two or three miles the first day outside the city whence they started; and this is called the first day's journey. Thus, when Joseph and Mary missed Jesus, at the end of the day's journey, they were probably not more than two miles from Jerusalem. (See Luke ii. 44.) We accordingly went on until half-past 5 o'clock, when we pitched our tents in a narrow valley, with sand hills all around us, out of sight of all cultivation; in a word, enveloped in the desert. I confess, however, that we ought to have halted earlier, for, being our first night of encamping, it took us so long to arrange everything and make everything fit, as it were, that the sun went down some time before we had prepared our house;

and, there being no twilight, we should have been in total darkness had there not been a moon.

While the men were pitching our tent, fixing the poles, and driving in the stakes, I became greatly and strangely affected; as, indeed, who could be otherwise, who had read his Bible, and felt interested in the *historical* account of the patriarchs and their wayfaring lives, apart even from every other consideration? They had no other house to dwell in than one made of canvas or hair. The Arab expression for erecting tents is "Benoua al beiout," (They have built the houses;) and this will clearly account for the term houses being so frequently used in the Bible for tents. Our *parlor* furniture was simple,—a fold-up table with tressels, and three camp stools. All being at length adjusted, we sat down to dinner, or supper, for it happened to be both, partaking heartily of cold fowl and mutton, and finishing with tea, which we still more relished, as dyspeptics usually do.

The table being removed from the tent, we were not long before we prepared for retiring to rest. Our beds were merely thick flock quilts, and our bedsteads like a butler's tray-stand, closing or expanding at pleasure, and covered with sacking. These were worse than useless, as they broke down the first night. We purchased them at Cairo; but I advise all desert travellers to discard everything of the kind, and scheme for themselves something like a sailor's hammock, which will not only protect them from scorpions and other vermin, but also keep them warm and dry. We several times saw scorpions under the loose stones, and had always to look carefully to see if any were there. If there be any, they will naturally crawl into the beds for warmth; and should the traveller happen to roll upon them, they will sting him. Mr. Fox, whom I have several times mentioned, assured me he knew two children who lost their lives through the stings of scorpions.*

* The apostles had power given them to tread on scorpions; (Luke x. 19;) and it must be borne in mind that they were probably barefooted, or, if they had shoes at all, they were merely a piece of goat-skin on the soles of their feet, as I have elsewhere described. Where the scorpion has stung, the part becomes inflamed, and reddens; it is now chilling, now burning. The pain soon rises higher, when sweating succeeds, with shivering and trembling. The extremities become cold, the groin swells, the visage becomes pale, and the skin feels throughout a sensation of prickling as of needles. Well might John speak of the "torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man." (Rev. ix. 5.) They are classed with serpents in Deut. viii. 15 and Luke x. 19. Genesis xlix. 17 refers to adders, or scorpions, concealed in the grass or under stones. The white scorpion is said to be so much like an egg in shape, in body, that a child can hardly tell the difference. (See Luke xi. 12.)

When the camels had been fed, they were made to lie down around our tent, having one leg doubled up and tied, to prevent them running away; and the Arabs threw themselves on the sand within the circle of camels, having no other covering than their cloaks, keeping watch in turns, two at a time.* What with the noise the watchmen made, to keep each other awake, and the novelty of the situation, I slept but little. Besides which, the wind got up, so that I was in momentary expectation of the tent being carried away; but, having been made tolerably secure, it outlived the gale. My companions slept well.

The next morning, before sunrise, I aroused the dragoman to prepare breakfast; and we were on our way shortly after seven o'clock. The valley soon became wider, and more regular and even; and I cannot deny that it was well adapted for the march of a large concourse of people; but the Israelites could not have traversed it, being nearly 70 miles from the Red Sea, they having only two days for the task, with their flocks and herds. The whole district was apparently a solid rock, formed of shells, a portion of which I now have in my possession, and the ground over which our course lay was thickly covered with loose stones and Egyptian jaspers. I picked up several of the latter, and have some of them still by me. One I have had cut, polished, and set. It forms a handsome brooch, and is highly valued by the highly-valued individual who calls it hers. Seeing me industriously examining stone after stone, my camel attendant, Mousa, (Moses,) of whom I shall have more to say anon, became most assiduous in assisting me, or rather hindering me;† for, not knowing the kind of stone for which I was looking, he picked up and submitted to me al-

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* Saul lay in the trench, or midst, as the verse means, and his people round about him, to protect him. (1 Sam. xxvi. 5, 7.) Travellers usually put their fire-arms under their pillows. (Ezek. xxxii. 27.) Some Americans, in 1846, had their fire-arms stolen from under them while they and their watchmen were asleep; but the sheikh had to pay for them.

† When carrying away the bricks from Dashoor, (See page 300,) the people wondered what we were about. Our dragoman said, "Feloos kooa;" (There is money inside.) "Yes," they replied, "we know that. The English can make steam and get money out of stones and these old things, but we cannot;" and they looked truly sorrowful. Our dragoman then said that we were coming back in a few months with a hundred cantars of charcoal, to smelt down all the pyramid, that we might abstract the gold. The poor things believed him, and all my assurances to the contrary could not shake their faith. "Why else," said they, "should you be at so much trouble?" They have no idea of anything being valuable which cannot be turned into money.

most as many as would have filled a wheelbarrow, only one of which was worth anything; but even this partial success amply repaid him; for when he saw me put it into my camel bag, his joy knew no bounds.

After about two hours' ride, we dismounted, and went a short distance to the left, to see a pit which the pasha had had sunk in search of coal. It had been cleared to a depth of 1,700 feet, and then relinquished in despair. We soon afterwards came upon the eastern portion of the Petrified Forest, which extended further than the eye could see. One thing which struck me as remarkable was, that the trees lay the thickest in the ravines. (See page 305.)

At half-past 11, the sun being very powerful, we halted for two hours, and took lunch, consisting of cold chicken, mutton, and potatoes. We had intended staying only one hour, but found it impossible to get the Arabs off again in less than two hours; so we decided not to halt in the middle of the day any more, if we could possibly help it. All the refreshment that we had any day afterwards, therefore, until we stopped, we took on our camels, or while walking; but I rarely had anything but a biscuit and an orange. It is, however, usual for travellers to "rest at noon," and shepherds will cause their flocks to lie down in shaded places. (See Song i. 7; Jer. xxxiii. 12.)

In two hours more we reached a point where two valleys, like two turnpike roads, appeared to meet, when our sheikh told us that the one to the left would lead us to the Red Sea in a day and a half, and the other one would require three days. After some deliberation, we came to the conclusion that, as we had travelled a portion of the way which one party says the Israelites traversed, we would turn off and get into the other way, as by that means we should be better able to judge for ourselves which was the more probable. We, therefore, turned off; and I am sure T. and I were each secretly glad of any excuse for doing so, as we had already had enough of camel riding.

The valley into which we now entered was strewn with bones of dead camels and other animals, many of them bleached as white as chalk. There were the remains of one camel recently dead, and no less than 14 vultures were feasting upon them. When a camel is taken sick on the road, the Bedouins have no means, at least use none, for its recovery, but leave it to die. They believe that the Jews and Christians know of a remedy, but will not reveal the secret.

This day we went on until six o'clock, but were not long in fixing our tent. The night was cold and foggy, and we all

suffered greatly. I had a sore throat, and was very hoarse, and feared I should have inflammation of the lungs, as I felt great pain at the old spot in my chest. I proposed and urged a return, and was seconded by T.; but our American companion, though he had been expectorating blood, would not hear of it, alleging that we were bound in honor to proceed. I therefore began to make up my mind for the worst. Strange, however, to say, the sun had been only a few hours up, ere both soreness of throat and hoarseness were removed.

On packing up our bedding this morning, a great rat darted out; and we also found we had pitched our tent over an ant bed. The ants were all black, and many of them three quarters of an inch long.* The Aeneze tribe of Arabs consider the rat of the desert, or jerboa, a great dainty. We often saw also large numbers of beetles.

We this morning met 18 camels, all laden with coffee from Mocha, accompanied by Ishmaelites. How did this call to my remembrance the history of Joseph and the Midianitish merchants, who were travelling to Egypt, and who, perhaps, passed over that very ground.† We also saw several solitary, roving Arabs; but they did not approach us.

The hills now began to assume a loftier character, and everything to look more and more dreary. Not a vestige of any kind of vegetation was to be seen, all around being rocks, sand, and stones; sometimes a boundless expanse of sand, and then a rugged, rocky pass; and yet, within a short distance, we came upon a lonely tree, standing like a beacon in an ocean of dreariness. It was, I believe, the gum acacia, or shittim tree. Were

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* At the moment I write, I have no distinct recollection of this circumstance, but I find it so recorded in my journal, and I have no reason to doubt its correctness. Not that I wrote my journal in full while in the desert, for I was always too much fatigued; but I invariably entered the memoranda on the spot. However much interested I had been in the course of the day, I was too glad to lie down in the evening to think of writing. Had I been able to write on the instant, some of my descriptions might have been more vivid.

† There were two tribes of Midianites; one descended from Midian, the son of Cush, who dwelt near the Red Sea; and the other from Abraham's son Midian, who dwelt beyond the Moabites, on the east of the Dead Sea. It was to the former tribe that the merchants belonged who bought Joseph; but it would appear that there was a number of Ishmaelites in their company. Caravans often united then, as they do now, for the sake of safety. This will explain the apparent discrepancy in Gen. xxxvii. 28. Some commentators say that the Midianites were often called Ishmaelites; and they point to Judges viii. 22, 24 in proof; but I think the explanation which I have just given is the more probable one in both instances; viz., that they were mixed.

"the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree to spring up together" in such a spot as this, we should know assuredly that "the hand of the Lord had done it." (Isa. xli. 19, 20.) Those who imagine, as I once did, that the desert is all sand, are in error; for the greater portion of it is gravel, while sandstone hills and limestone rocks are scattered all over it. I have read of one traveller who calls some of the desert mountains, "the Alps stripped naked."

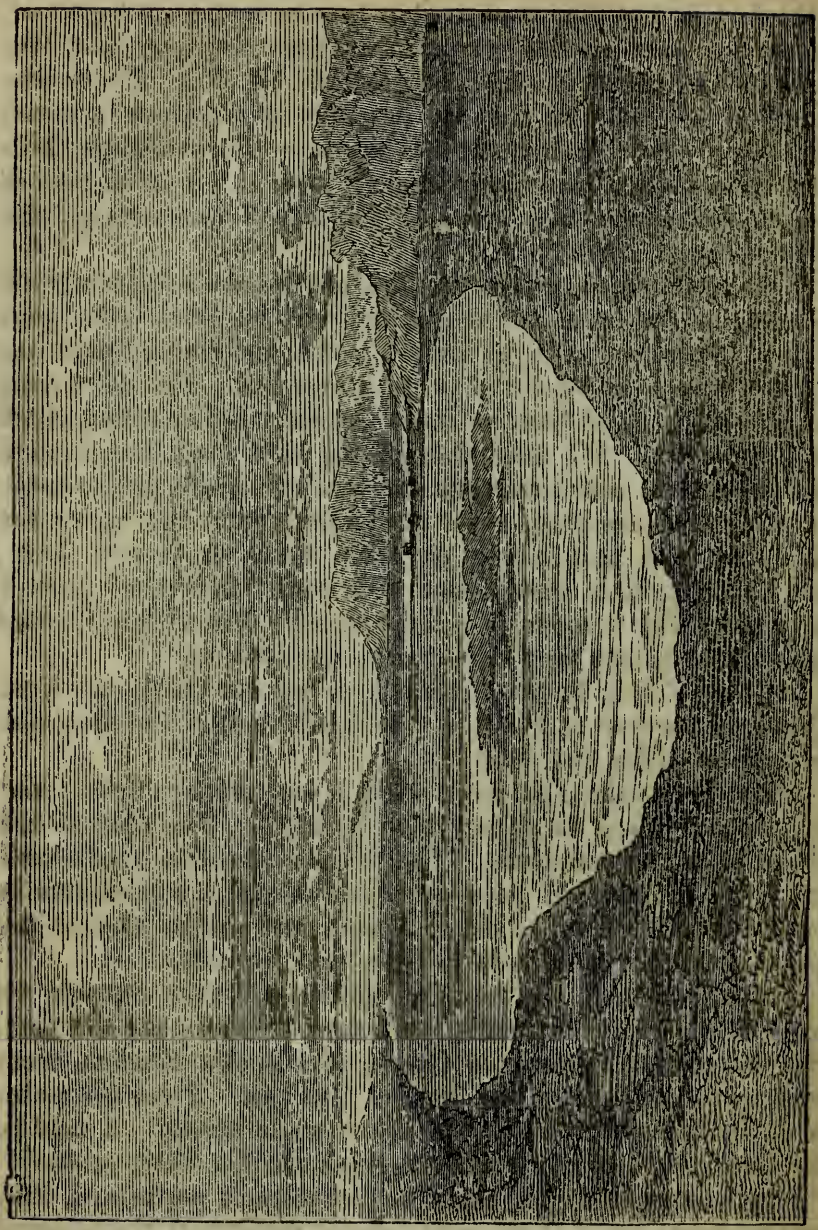
This night we encamped within sight of one of the telegraph towers on the overland road from Cairo to Suez. (See page 223.) Sleep was still far from me, for, though my cold was gone, I was in an agony of pain all over me. The dews were so heavy this night that we could not start before nine o'clock next morning. We soon reached the Suez road, and, though still desert, we met numerous caravans of Arabs and camels. It was quite cheering. Our Arabs frequently ran up to the Arabs we met, and, falling on their necks, embraced them; and our dragoman always said they were "brothers," until I began to think it must be a large family; but at last I found out that he meant they belonged to the same tribe.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, being the fourth day from Cairo, we arrived at Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, and encamped within the walls.

Suez was a miserable town when I was there in 1847; but it was still more so on my visit in 1851. The cholera had swept off many hundreds. The town contains a comfortable inn for the overland passengers, and there is a considerable import trade carried on from Arabia and India, whence the goods are taken on camels to Cairo and Kenneh.

Passing through the bazaars, which were poor enough, we went to the British consul's, but found he had gone to Cairo. His dragoman, however, a Greek, who spoke English, went with us to the head of the bay, or Red Sea. Here the water is so shallow that camels can easily wade across. I said to the Greek, "Now where do you think the Israelites crossed?" "Why," he replied, "if there was no miracle performed, they crossed here; but if there *was* a miracle performed, they crossed yonder," pointing to a valley, which he called the Valley of Miracles, leading into the Valley of the Wanderings, about nine or ten miles down the gulf. I was not long before I came to the same conclusion; and my visit to the spot in 1851, when I passed down the sea in a steamer, confirmed me in my view.

The next morning we sent our baggage camels across the gulf, to make the best of their way towards Nackell, while we



THE RED SEA.

crossed in a boat, and then went to visit Ayoun Mousa, or the Wells of Moses, about nine miles down the gulf on the Arabian side, and, consequently, opposite the Valley of Miracles. We reached these wells in about three hours. The shore from Suez was covered with shells of all sorts and sizes, and the bottom of the sea was encrusted with corals, the water being as clear as crystal. There is a clump of seven palm trees by the wells, all growing from one ancient root; and

there are also a few tamarisks. These wells are on the edge of the Wilderness of Shur. (Exod. xv. 22.)

From a sandhill near the wells, I had an excellent view of the sea and of the mountains opposite, the sea being about 12 miles across. On one side of the Valley of Miracles is "the Mount of Deliverance," supposed to be Baal-Zephon; and on the other, "the Mount of Miracles," (such at least are the *traditionary* names,) the Valley between them being about seven miles wide. Pihahiroth, (Exod. xiv. 2,) is said to mean "the Mouth of Hahiroth;" and this would well correspond with the mouth of this valley. Had we continued our journey along the Valley of the Wanderings, instead of turning off, as mentioned on page 411, we should have reached the sea between these two mountains. On this hill I stood for some time, carefully and anxiously surveying the mountains opposite and the head of the gulf; and I confess I am totally at a loss to conceive how any man, professing to believe the Bible, can seriously think that the Israelites crossed anywhere else than opposite to the place where I then stood. An east wind, as described in Exod. xiv. 21, would, in the hand of Omnipotence, cut the sea in two, and form a highway for the people to pass over, the waters forming "a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." Whereas, had they crossed the shallow waters at the head of the gulf, there would not only have been no occasion to *divide* the waters, but Pharaoh and his host might have followed them safely, as there would not have been depth enough to swallow them up,—to "cover the chariots and horsemen, so that there remained not so much as one of them;" and the emphatic declaration that "the sea returned to his strength," would have been simply absurd. (See also Ps. lxxviii. 13.) Neither can I see how a whole night could have been consumed in going only about a mile. And yet this view Dr. Robinson, an American, and some other writers, principally Socinians, and *all* modern religionists, labor to establish, just as they endeavor to qualify the other miracles recorded in the Bible, to suit their own carnal understandings. Dr. Robinson says the miracle was wrought by natural means supernaturally applied; but if his logic be sound, there was no miracle at all, except it be that the whole host of the Egyptians should have been swallowed up, should have "sunk to the bottom as a stone," in a part where the water would not reach much higher than their shoulders. Some of his reasoning is so absurd that it can only be accounted for by the fact that, as he himself tacitly implies, his mind was made up even before he had seen the spot. One argument which these writers

use is, that the term "east" wind in the Bible, not only means east, but also north-east; which is true enough; (See page 320;) and that, as a north-east wind would blow the waters from the head of the gulf, so as to make the land nearly dry, they have no doubt that this was what took place. But this is simply ridiculous. Would the waters by this means be *divided?* Would they form a *wall*, on the *right* hand and on the *left?*

But when, with my Bible in my hand, I looked at the water before me, I could there see a gulf which could entomb a host of millions, worthy the performance of an almighty God, having "made bare his arm" (See page 239) in awful justice and majesty, causing the gulf to open its jaws, and form a continuation, as it were, of the Valley of Miracles, until the Israelites had passed through, and then close them upon the pursuing Egyptians. O what a scene must that have been from this very spot, when the Israelites saw their enemies dead on the opposite shore! Did Miriam, with her timbrel, stand on that very hill on which I stood? Or did Moses stand there, to offer up praises to their Almighty Deliverer?

It is unnecessary for me here to enter into any argument as to how the Israelites reached this Valley of Miracles. It was *not* in the direct road from the Land of Goshen to Canaan; and with this fact, and the declaration that "God led the people *about*, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea," I am satisfied and willing to abide. Had they crossed the gulf at its head, it would have been more in their *direct* course; but God led them *about*, that he might manifest his power; and I may mention that the entrance to the valley from Egypt is by a winding ravine. Etham was in the *direct* road to Canaan; but the Israelites were commanded to leave that road and turn toward the south. There really was no way of escape for the people, for had they gone further toward the south, Mount Attaka, which runs some distance into the sea, would have stopped their progress; the west led to Egypt again; and from the north, in all probability, they saw the Egyptians advancing. But they could not have been so hemmed in, had they been nearer to Suez.

I leave all carnal-reasoning writers to the enjoyment of their unscriptural sophistries. Such had some weight with me in times gone by, when I could not see how *this* could be, or how *that* could be; but now, having seen the spot, not only has my judgment been enlightened, but my faith strengthened in the written word. I had then, as I have had more than once since, many solemn reflections upon the wonder-working

power of God. Who can stay his hand, or say unto him, "What doest thou?"

Some writers consider that the wells I have just mentioned were used by the Israelites as soon as they had crossed the gulf, before they were led into the Wilderness of Shur. The water is brackish.*

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* About 40 miles from this spot is Marah, now called Howara. The waters are still too bitter to be drunk. Burckhardt says that there is a plant, called Elvah, which grows near these wells, the berries of which will make the waters palatable; and Dr. Robinson seems to confirm the statement; but this is only seeking to carnalise a direct and positive miracle. (See Vol. II., page 165.)

A few miles from Marah is Elim; and about 100 miles further on is Mount Sinai, which once quaked, and was altogether on a smoke, "because the Lord descended upon it in fire." (Exod. xix. 18.) Here the Divine law was given, and here it was broken as soon as given, not only by Moses, but also by the whole camp of Israelites. How sad and humiliating the reflection! The mountain is said to be several thousand feet above the level of the Red Sea; and about half way up is a Greek convent, tenanted by monks, who profess hospitality to travellers, but whose hospitality, unlike that of the wandering Bedouin, extends only to the amount of value received. Until the time of Mehemet Ali, they were often attacked by the Arabs; so now they never open their doors, their visitors being drawn up in a basket to the window above, 30 feet high. The convent is surrounded by a strong wall. The monks, like all other monks, are exceedingly superstitious. They point to a stone which they say is the head of the calf which Aaron made, now turned into stone; while the Arabs are content to believe that it is only the *mould* in which the calf was cast. On the summit of the mountain a spot is pointed out on which the monks say Moses sat, while he surveyed the battle between Israel and Amalek. These men also sell to travellers what they call manna, being a kind of gum which exudes from the tamarisk; but this can have no relation to the manna which fell like dew for the Israelites every morning except the Sabbath. Many attempts have been made to explain the manna with which the Israelites were fed, so as to nullify all Divine interposition; but it is certain that the whole host would have died in less than six days had they not been miraculously fed.

The region about Mount Sinai, which is, in truth, the district of Horeb, as the term Horeb applies not to one mountain merely but to the whole range of mountains in that locality, of which Sinai forms a part, is described as the most awfully grand of any in the Desert, which a man cannot even imagine unless he sees.

Dr. Olin says he visited the rock Horeb, from which water flowed for the Israelites, (Numb. xx. 11,) and describes it as "an isolated mass of granite, nearly 20 feet square and high, but as its base is concealed in the earth, we are left to conjecture to what depth. In the face of the rock are a number of horizontal fissures at unequal distances from each other, some near the top, and others a little above the surface of the ground. The colour and whole appearance of the rock are such, that if seen elsewhere and disconnected from all traditions, no one would hesitate to believe that they had been produced by water flowing from these fissures. I think it would be extremely difficult to form such fissures

Having gone some miles out of our way to see the wells, and having sent our baggage camels in a direct way toward Nackell, our next business was to turn across the desert to

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or produce the other appearances by art. It is not less difficult to believe that a natural fountain should flow at the height of a dozen feet out of the face of an isolated rock. Believing, as I do, that water was miraculously brought out of a rock belonging to this mountain, I can see nothing incredible in the opinion that this is the identical rock, and that these fissures and other appearances should be regarded as evidence of that fact."

Mount Hor, being part of Mount Seir, is on the borders of Wady Mousa, and Kadesh Barnea is a little to the north of Mount Hor. All travellers describe Mount Hor as being very difficult of ascent; and state that from its summit nothing is to be seen but ruggedness and desolation. At the top there is a building, about 30 feet square, which is reverenced alike by Greeks, Romanists, and Arabs, as the tomb of Aaron. On the top of the building is a stone, on which the Arabs offer sacrifices. That Aaron died on the summit of Mount Hor is certain; (Numb. xx. 25—28;) but the tomb is of comparatively modern construction.

About 90 or 100 miles north-east of Sinai is Akaba, near to which was Ezion-Geber, where the Israelites rested, and where Solomon "made a navy of ships," for the purpose of trading to India. (Numb. xxxiii. 35; Deut. ii. 8; 1 Kings ix. 26—28.)

About 70 or 80 miles north of Akaba is Petra, the capital of Idumea. This region is inhabited by some of the worst of Arabs, probably descended from Esau. All travellers agree in their accounts of them and their wild-ass propensities. The Edomites, or children of Esau, would not suffer the Israelites to pass through their territory; and to this day, fear and interest alone induce them to allow travellers to visit the country. Burckhardt says, the only time he ever felt fear was while he was in the land of Edom. They even stripped him of some rags which covered his wounded ankles.

In Gen. xxxii. 3 we are told that Jacob sent to his brother Esau, in "the land of Seir, the country of Edom." Esau was called Edom, signifying *red*, because of the red pottage which he had from Jacob; (Gen. xxv. 30;) therefore the land in which he dwelt was called after his own name, "Edom." Now the capital of Edom was called in Hebrew Selah, in Arabic Hagar, and in Greek Petra,—all signifying *a rock*. Petra is the name it still retains. God calls it "the land of his curse," and declared by Isaiah, that it "shall lie waste for ever and ever;" (Isa. xxxiv. 10;) by Ezekiel, that he would make it "perpetual desolations;" by Joel, "a desolate wilderness;" (Ezek. xxxv. 9; Joel iii. 19;) and by Amos, that he would not "turn away the punishment thereof." (i. 11.) Edom was a kingdom upwards of 500 years "before there reigned any king in Israel," (Gen. xxxvi. 31; 1 Sam. viii.,) and about 300 years before the children of Israel wished to pass through his kingdom. (Numb. xx.) That it was a *great* kingdom and thickly inhabited, has been proved beyond any possibility of doubt. It was the centre of commerce between Persia, India, and Egypt, and its remaining monuments show that its wealth was equal to its population. But what is it now? A field of waste "desolations." The sand from the Red Sea has absorbed nearly all its springs and streams, and made it one sheet of desert, from Mount Sinai to Moab. The sand is so deep

meet them; but now came the difficulty. We had foolishly allowed our dragoman to go with the baggage, and had with us only two men and my youth Mousa; and it was evident that they could not agree about the road. While discussing what steps we should take, an Arab from one of the mud cottages near the wells came up to us, and said, "Consul,

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that it is utterly out of the power of man ever again to cultivate the land. Eight hundred years before the coming of Christ, Amaziah, king of Judah, took the country, and slew 10,000 of the people. Four hundred years afterwards the prophet Malachi describes it as *already* laid waste; but he adds, "Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places, thus saith the Lord of hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down," &c. (Mal. i. 4.) Subsequent writers name that many cities existed there 400 years after this time, and Josephus says they were inhabited by one of the tribes of Ishmael, showing that they had been rebuilt. But nothing now remains of the buildings but ruins. They are "thrown down," and Edom is a "perpetual waste."

For upwards of a thousand years was the land of Edom lost sight of, no one daring even to approach it; and, though it was once the highway from Persia and India to Egypt, and was the "fatness of the earth," (Gen. xxvii. 39,) to this day the denunciation remains true, that no man, that is, no trading merchants, shall pass through it, as before. Even the pilgrims to Mecca skirt only its borders, for upwards of 30 of them were murdered in one year. It is, as one writer says, "a desolate monument of Divine wrath." Petra was its capital, and was the most wonderful city in the world, consisting exclusively of houses and temples cut in the solid rock. Of these houses or caves there are said to be hundreds to this day, extending for nearly two miles, the rocks being, on either side, from 500 to 1000 ft. high. But where are the inhabitants? Gone; for ever gone. It was to these rock-houses that Jeremiah refers in xlix. 16. Obadiah also has them in view in verses 3, 4; and Isaiah in xxii. 16, when he speaks of "graving a habitation in the rock." It is difficult to say how the inhabitants passed to and fro; but it is certain that they did so, and that, in these fastnesses, they considered themselves secure. Lot dwelt in a cave; (Gen. xix. 30;) and so did many others, and many do to this day. The mountains of Judea contain numbers of caves. They were not merely refuges for the persecuted, (1 Sam. xiii. 6; Heb. xi. 37, 38,) but also strong-holds, (Num. xxiv. 21; Judg. vi. 2; 1 Sam. xxiii. 14—29; Isa. xxxiii. 16,) and hiding places. (Job xxxiv. 22; Isa. ii. 19—21.) David doubtless refers to these caves, as a figure, when he says, "Thou art my *rock*, my *fortress*," &c. (Ps. xxxi. 3; lxi. 2; lxxi. 3; and many other passages.) David fled to the cave of Adullam; (1 Sam. xxii. 1—5;) the five kings hid themselves in the cave of Makkedah; (Josh. x. 16;) and the Israelites hid themselves in caves, &c. (1 Sam. xiii. 6.)

Josephus gives an account of some famous robbers who dwelt in caves, who were destroyed by Herod the Great. He caused some of his best men to be let down in baskets from the tops of the rocks, which was the only possible way of getting at them, and then "sent fire into them."

About 90 miles north of Petra is Hebron.

consul." "Consul Ingleese?" (*English* Consul?) I asked. "Heighwa," (Yes,) he replied; and immediately led us to the cottage of an Englishman, Captain Lindquist, agent at Suez to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company. This was indeed finding a friend in need! Captain L. not only invited us in, but hospitably entertained us, and then gave us all the information we required. We asked him if he really were the English consul; when he laughed, and said, "No; but I make the people believe I am, and therefore they respect both my person and property. I only come here to get away from Suez, when business does not require me at that wretched place." The Arabs fancy that an English consul has the same power over his countrymen as the pasha has over the Arabs; and they well know that the consuls are all respected at Cairo by the pasha and others.

We soon afterwards took our departure, and in a few minutes lost sight of everything except moving, burning sands. I had often heard and often read of the desert, and had already had four days' march through it; but this part of it beggars all description. We were surrounded on every hand with hills and hills of loose sand, which bore evident marks of continual shiftings. No track was visible, no human footstep having been there, perhaps, for years. Our Arabs had to ferret out the way in seeming uncertainty,—now round this hill of sand to the right, then round that to the left, and now to turn completely back again, until they appeared to be bewildered, one pointing this way and another that; and then they began to dispute, and at last got to high words. It was not long before their bewilderment attracted my attention, and I directed the notice of my companions to the fact. They became alarmed, and, at first, I must say I was myself very far from comfortable; but I was so full of the Israelites, the Red Sea, &c., that, except for a few short intervals, I seemed quite indifferent about anything else. And yet our situation was by no means desirable. It is true we were on the earth; but such an earth I had never before beheld,—an earth formed of shifting sandhills, into which the feet of our camels sank at every step. Traces of whirlwinds were but too visible; and had a storm arisen suddenly, I cannot see what could possibly have prevented our being buried alive. The scene, for natural grandeur, exceeded conception, but it was as dreadful as it was grand. There was nothing but hills after hills of sand, as fine as powder, and almost as hot as cinders, for the sun was pouring his rays upon them, at a temperature of upwards of 100 degrees. Moses doubtless referred to these sandstorms when

he said, "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust. From heaven shall it come upon thee until thou be destroyed." (Deut. xxviii. 24.)

My Scotch companion, having dismounted, tried to ascend one of the hills, to see if he could find the way, but his feet slipped in the sand at every attempt, till he was compelled to give it up. The American was as grave-looking as a lamb. "What shall we do," said he, "if we cannot get out of this before dark?" and for a moment I feared that my wanderings would soon end. Burckhardt went this way in 1812, and says, the plain was full of moving sands, and had in some places collected into hills 30 or 40 feet in height. I doubt much if any

SAND-STORM.

other Franks, besides my companions and myself, ever ventured. At length, the dispute of the Arabs ceased, and I found that the two men had given way to Mousa's opinion; and he thereupon at once took the lead. This struck us all three with astonishment; but, having no interpreter, all that we had to do was to submit. I, however, called out to my youth, and said, "Mousa! Battall kateer! (Very bad!) when, in a most graceful manner, he put his hand to his breast and then pointed to the skies, thus taking oath that he knew the way. I was forcibly struck with his attitude and the solemnity of his manner. I now recollected my map and compass, and, halting to examine them, I told my companions I was satisfied we were going right. After this, I took upon myself to assist Mousa as guide. No traveller ought to be without a map and a compass.

In about another hour, I fancied I could see something moving in the distance. I took out my telescope, and distinctly saw camels, which I pronounced to be ours with the baggage. I called to Mousa, and, pointing to the spot, said, "Sheikh, sheikh!" but his reply was, "La, la," (No, no.) I then offered him the telescope to look through, but the poor lad ran away from it, frightened.* It turned out, however, that I was right, and in another hour we joined them, and were then in the regular pilgrims' road from Suez to Mecca.

Though the road in this part was dreadfully bad, there being nothing but rugged paths, or rather tracks, chalk and sand-hills, and chains of barren mountains all around us, yet it was a paradise compared to the part we had just left.

At half-past 3, we reached what are called the Wells of Mourka; but O what a disappointment! Though this was the fifth day from our leaving Cairo, and though our camels had not had a drop of water during the whole time, yet, when we reached these wells, at which our Arabs had calculated on getting a supply, and consequently had not provided themselves at Suez, as they would have had to pay for it there, some one had been there before us, and the wells were nearly dry! The Arabs at first looked aghast, but very soon squatted themselves down with their usual composure, and began to share what little water there was. All that the camels had was about a pint each, and they, not being quite so submissive as their owners, roared again for more; but it was not to be had. The wells were merely holes in the sand in which the water lodged. There was an old house close by, but it was

* Belzoni once lent an Arab sheikh his telescope to look through, when the man declared it brought one of the palm trees so near that he felt it touch his nose.

filled up with sand, probably blown from the hills we had so recently left. Though, as I have said, the camels had only had about a pint of water each, yet even this drop made them so hungry that we could not possibly get them forward. They would stop to eat the tamarisks which grew near the wells; so, after trying in vain, for about half an hour, to make them go, we pitched our tent.

This night I slept well, but it was bitter cold. In the morning the thermometer was down at 48°, with a beautifully clear blue sky. We had no idea we should have to encounter weather so cold as even this, and therefore none of us were prepared for it. I was, it is true, better off than my companions, as I had with me a Macintosh coat and a large travelling rug, but these seemed almost nothing after such a hot day as the one preceding had been. It will, however, be seen presently that we had to suffer still more, both from cold and heat.

Soon after 7 o'clock, March 4th, we were again on our way. No tracks were to be seen, as the wind, which had been high during the night, had covered them all with sand, some to a great depth. Every now and then the Arabs would leave us and run to certain spots to gather some kind of herbs like our dandelion and sorrel, which they ate greedily, having first offered them to us. At half past 10 we came to a deep ravine, between two limestone rocks, and here was a pit of excellent water. Our Arabs filled their goatskins which they had with them for the purpose, and also took a supply for the camels. Near to this spot was a solitary tree, and several dead camels, with vultures feasting on them.

Our way now for some distance lay along narrow passes, between limestone rocks. It seemed hotter than ever, as, in the passes, there was scarcely a breath of air. In the afternoon we saw on one of the hills a number of wandering Arabs. There were two women amongst them, and they were making their way towards us. Our Maltese, who, though a faithful servant, was a sad coward, took out his pistols to prepare for action; but our sheikh told him that they were *brothers*. At length one of them came up to our sheikh, and, having embraced him, told him they were all starving, not having had either bread or water for three days. If a little money could have relieved them, we would cheerfully have given it; but, as our sheikh would not allow us to stop to give them bread, it was clear to us that he was not altogether comfortable, though they *were* brothers; and this was still more evident from the fact that he urged on the camels faster than ever, and put on

a double watch during the night. It is a curious fact, that though it was miserable not to meet anybody, it was much more so when human beings came in sight. We were sure to set them down as robbers.

Near this spot are the remains of a very extensive wall. What it can have been for, I cannot conceive, as such a place as that surely never could have been peopled.

After looking about for 20 minutes, for a suitable spot for our tent, as we generally tried to pitch it under shelter of a hill, we stopped about half-past 5; but there were no hills to the windward; therefore we were very much exposed. A *little* a head of us, we saw some high hills, and desired the sheikh to push on to reach them; but his only answer was, a very significant grin.

Just before sunset, the view around us was terrifically grand, being a vast expanse of sand and barren rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the eye.

Finding that this night was likely to be colder than the previous one, I did not take off my clothes; and the result proved that I had acted wisely. The night was exceedingly damp on account of the dews. Our tent was as wet as if it had been soaked in water, and our bedding was not much better, though, as I had thrown my Macintosh over my quilt, I was nice and dry compared with my companions.

When preparing to start the next morning, we discovered that, through the carelessness of our dragoman, the peg of one of our watercasks was lost, and that nearly half the water had run out of the cask. We spent an hour in looking for the peg, and, consequently, did not get off till 8 o'clock; but even then the dews were so heavy, and the air so bleak, that I had to wear my Macintosh coat and overalls, my teeth chattering the while. Soon afterwards, however, the sun broke through, and the dew was dispersed like smoke, which led me to reflect a little upon Hos. xiii. 3. Nothing of the kind ever takes place in England. We often have heavy dews, and we frequently see them totally dispersed; but their dispersion is gradual; whereas, in the desert, no sooner does the sun show his face, than the dews disappear, as I have said, like smoke. The prophet's figure was, therefore, exceedingly appropriate and beautiful: "The morning cloud, the early dew, the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the threshing-floor, the smoke out of the chimney." These dews are not peculiar to the desert, but are frequent all over the east. They tend to support vegetable life when the rains cease; which may be the literal meaning of Isa. xxvi. 19; Job xxix. 19; &c.

We had not long to complain of cold, for the sun soon became so powerful that, though our heads had been filled with dew, and our locks with the drops (dew-drops) of the night, (Song v. 2,) and though my companions' bed clothes had been so wet that we could have wrung them out as Gideon did the fleece, yet in an astonishingly short time everything became as dry as tinder; and before 9 o'clock we were stripped almost to the skin. While writing, I am as though I just saw myself at the time unrobing, and leaving Mousa to put my outer garments into the saddle bags. G. wanted to stop; but I would not consent, as I felt willing to endure anything rather than miss the steamer at Beyrout. Our camels, therefore, went on their heavy pace, three miles an hour, three miles an hour, from morn until eve. On two or three occasions, I measured the length of their strides, and counted the number of their steps; when I found that, as a general rule, the former were rather more than 3 ft. each; and as they took nearly 5,000 steps in an hour, step after step, with almost the regularity of a pendulum, this made about three miles. It must not be forgotten, however, that we were pushing them hard, the usual pace of the camel being only about two and a half miles an hour. When pushed still harder, they would step 3 ft. 3 in., but this they could not keep up. Still we did not seem to get any nearer to the hills which we had seen the evening before, and under shelter of which we had wanted to encamp; and it was not until 3 o'clock that we came up to them; so that they must have been 20 miles distant when we thought they were close at hand. Such was the clearness of the air. Well might the sheikh grin, when we proposed to reach them the evening before; and yet I declare seriously they did not appear to be more than two miles off. So greatly were we at fault in our calculations as to distance in the desert, that it often looked almost as if we were going on without progressing.

As we wended our way over the dreary waste, we occasionally came upon spots where parties had been recently encamped, leaving behind them the ashes of their fires, and now and then some broken crockery. Much that I might have said about the desert, with its Atlantic of sand, and its rugged and savage rocks, I have anticipated in my remarks on the Nile. The scenery has a grandeur peculiar to itself, which cannot be uninteresting, though it may appear terrific. If anything can make the desert smile, or give joyousness to scenes so desolate, it is the *faithfulness* of our Bedouin attendants. I *did* trust my life in their hands, humanly speaking,

ad I should not fear to do so again. Their simplicity, too, most remarkable. They know but little of times and sea-ons, and still less of hours. If we asked them at what time e should reach such a place, they would point to a particular ot in the sky, signifying that the sun would be about *there;* nd I generally found them correct.

From the engraving on the opposite page, some idea may e obtained of what crossing the desert is. The sheikh is ointing out the road. One or two of my friends who have een the engraving fancy that the features and figure of the rst traveller bear some resemblance to mine.

One day we started a gazelle, or antelope, called in the Bible he "roe." Its speed is much swifter than that of the hare. ndeed, it is said that few animals can exceed it. And another ay our Bedouins killed a serpent which was crossing our path. t seems half childish to mention little things like these, but assure my readers that they were to us quite events, giving ariety, and forming topics for conversation. It was not often, owever, while on our camels, we could converse at all, as we ould not keep the animals side by side, the only way of walk-ng to which they had been trained being to follow each other.

About 4 o'clock we came to some more tamarisk shrubs, vhich the camels began greedily to devour; and to a lot of old ticks, which the Arabs began to gather; so we deemed it best o halt, though we had to pitch our tent on the vast plain, vithout protection on any side. To make matters worse, he wind began to rise, and clouds appeared in the sky, caus-ng us to anticipate a stormy night. We therefore "length-ened our cords and strengthened our stakes." (Isa. liv. 2.) If he pegs to which the cords of the tent are fastened are driven nto the ground too near the tent, a storm will easily draw them, nd blow down the tent; but not so if the cords are length-ened, especially if the stakes are also strengthened; that is, if iron stakes be driven well into the ground instead of the usual wooden ones. This was the case with us, having four iron ones, about a foot long, with us for the purpose.* Our pre-cautions, however, proved unnecessary, as the wind dropped, and our canvas walls remained uninjured.

The next morning, after passing between two sandstone rocks, we reached Nackell. Being Saturday, we were anxious

* It is believed, and I have no doubt correctly, that the nail which Jael drove into Sisera's temples, as he lay in her tent, was one of these pointed iron stakes; and the "hammer" she used was doubtless a wooden mallet, similar to those which are to this day used for driving in the stakes. (Judges iv. 21, 22.)

to proceed at once, that we might rest on the following day; but other scenes lay before us, which made us but too glad to get away, even on the Sunday.

Nackell is a resting place for the Mecca pilgrims. Here are some large wells and reservoirs, but the water is brackish. We could not drink it, but preferred the water we had left in our casks, though, owing to the heat and the casks being new, it was gone black, and tasted as though the wood had been boiled in it. One of the wells is 9 feet in diameter, and very deep; and one of the reservoirs is 30 yards by 18 yards. The reservoirs are kept as a reserve, as the wells are sometimes dry. Doubtless these reservoirs are what are several times in the Bible called pools. We found a tolerably formidable fort, a large court yard, several rusty guns, a governor, and 16 soldiers. In the castle yard is another well, from which the reservoirs are supplied, being pumped up by a bullock. Here also, by the wells, is a kind of tower, probably similar to those referred to in 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. Towers were built by wells in the desert, to protect them.

When we had pitched our tents, we went into the fort, to pay our respects to the governor. He received us very graciously, ordered coffee for us, and passed round his pipe in the usual way, putting it into his own mouth first, and again last to finish up with. He and several of the soldiers were blind in one eye, and much wanted us to cure them. I gave them some pills, with which they seemed highly pleased.

We soon learned that we could not proceed that day, as the camels were at a distance; so we returned to our tent, and there, for the first time since we left Cairo, had a thorough good wash. The thermometer inside stood at 98°.

We had not been long in the tent before we heard a fearful noise outside; and, on going to ascertain the cause, we found that it was a quarrel betwen our sheikh (Abu Ellag) and the camel sheikh of Nackell. Our sheikh insisted upon his right to take us forward to Daheriyeh, as he was bound to do, seeing there were no camels ready for us; while the Nackell sheikh, who, it seemed, belonged to another tribe, would not suffer him to cross the boundary, with his camels. The quarrel continued for some time, and then the parties retired into the castle, where it was renewed; and we, in a very uncomfortable state, soon afterwards retired to rest.

Early in the morning we learnt that there had been a fight between the two sheikhs, our poor faithful fellow being determined to fulfil his contract, and carry us onward, unless the Nackell sheikh could produce his camels immediately. This

being the case, we went with our dragoman to the governor, to demand an explanation; when we found the whole garrison in an uproar. The Nackell sheikh drew a pistol, and swore he would shoot Abu Ellag if he dared to move a step with us; and the oath was accompanied by a look so horrible and fiend-like that I had no doubt he would put his threat into execution. Mr. Fisk's sheikh was really killed by the sheikh of another tribe. Still our man could not be daunted, asserting that as he had sealed the contract he would fulfil it; whereupon the Nackell fellow rushed upon him with the pistol in his hand, and I, scarcely knowing what I was about, rushed between them, and pushed the Nackell sheikh away. We then said that rather than get our faithful man into trouble, we would go back to Cairo; but the Nackell fiend, who fully justified all that I have ever read of the ferocious wild Arab character, said if Abu Ellag moved a step with us, backwards or forwards, it would be all the same; and two slaves, who sat at the gate with pistols in their hands, seemed to signify that they were ready for us, if we intended to fight. I now took out my passport, to which I recollected I had had attached the Turkish seal at Constantinople; and, showing it to the governor, I desired the dragoman to say that if he did not protect us, come what might, we would go back to Cairo and report him to the pasha. The seal was examined carefully by the scribe, who was present; but my American companion stepped up to me, and peremptorily *demanded* that I should take it away. "What good," said he, "can an *English* passport do here?" * "Well," I replied, "try yours. I care not by what means we succeed, if we can but get away from these fiends." The scribe having pointed out to the governor something on the passport, the governor said if we would wait two hours more, he would protect our man on his way, should the other camels not, in the meantime, be forthcoming; and to this we readily assented, and went to our tent.

After a little while, we returned to the fort, to make the governor a present; and meantime the camels hove in sight. This was the signal for another squabble. The sheikh insisted that we should take ten camels, though, our baggage having been reduced, nine were sufficient; but, as he said if we would not pay for ten, Abu Ellag should, we gave way. In this we

* There are three classes of persons with whom no man ought to travel, unless he is prepared to submit to many annoyances: 1, Officers in the army or navy; 2, Half-educated schoolmasters; 3, American slaveowners, as Mr. G. was; for these are all so accustomed to command, that, as I know to my sorrow, they expect everybody to obey.

were wrong, as it was only an encouragement to further extortions; for the sheikh insisted upon having 200 piastres for bucksheesh; but we positively refused to give it. Some one outside then fired a pistol, to frighten us; but we would not give way; whereupon the sheikh raised his demand to 500 piastres. We now again appealed to the governor, who proposed that we should give 150 piastres; but the sheikh said he would not agree; upon which the governor took the pipe out of his mouth and sprang upon his feet, (an act which I never saw a Turk or Arab do before or since,) and said he would send him to Suez, if he said another word. This silenced him. We paid one half deposit for ten camels, at 100 piastres each, and 150 piastres bucksheesh. Though we would gladly have remained until the following morning, we considered it would be both imprudent and unsafe to do so; and we therefore set to work to load the camels, being actively assisted by our old companions. When all was ready, our faithful fellows came up to shake hands with us, and seemed to feel the parting very much. We gave them about 150 piastres bucksheesh, to divide amongst them, with which they seemed highly pleased, and I gave my Mousa, privately, fifty more for himself. When I had mounted my camel, Mousa came alongside, accompanied by our dragoman, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, desired the dragoman to say, "Tell the gentleman I shall never see him again." I looked round and saw two or three others crying also. It was too much for me. I shed tears also, for I could not help it. Again we shook hands, and then we parted,—a parting which I believe I shall never forget while I live. I saw Mousa again in 1851 and again in 1853; and on each occasion his joy seemed unbounded. When, in 1851, I referred to the above scene, he seemed greatly affected, and wanted to kiss my hand. Not only from him, but from the whole of this party, we proud English might learn many a lesson of endurance, perseverance, self-denial, and faithfulness.

When I mention that, what with one thing and another, I was almost heart-broken, my friends will not wonder at it, especially when I remind them that the above circumstances occurred on a Lord's Day. I have said in a previous chapter that a man, while travelling, may become callous, so as to make little or no distinction between the Lord's Day and other days; but really, on crossing the desert, as well as crossing the seas, he can have but little choice in the matter. Nevertheless, I felt greatly depressed, and was glad when we halted, that I might retire among the hills, where no human eye could see me. I had a deep sense of the deliverance I had experienced;

and I am sure if I ever knew what true gratitude to God was, I felt it that day. I hardly seemed to be in the world, everything was so dreary and desolate; and not a sound, not a breath, of any kind was to be heard. I spoke in a previous chapter of the sweet stillness of the Nile. The same stillness prevailed here; but it was more awful, and seemed to strike into my very heart a feeling of terror, instead of, as on the Nile, exciting my admiration; and yet, had I heard a noise, though it had been only a rustling, I should have been more afraid of it than I was of the stillness itself. Seeing about me, while in this lonely spot, a number of heaps of stones, set up as memorials, as indeed I had seen throughout the journey, for the custom still exists, (See Josh. iv. 9; 1 Sam. vii. 12,) I too set up my Ebenezer, as I *could* say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

The next morning, I cast my eyes around, to view the track along which we had come, for I had noticed nothing on my way the afternoon previously. Look which way I would, I could see nothing but deep ravines and sand or limestone hills. In one of the torrent beds our tent was pitched; but this was unwise; for in these parts the rain sometimes falls so suddenly and heavily as to cause the waters to rush impetuously down the ravines and carry all before them. I have read of several travellers who had greatly suffered, having their tents washed away, and of others who had narrowly escaped; and yet the Arabs prefer such spots, because there is generally some rough herbage or bunches of coarse grass, for their camels. Not only here, but in other parts of the desert, these dry river beds are to be seen, bearing evident marks of rushing torrents. When it *does* rain in these parts, the clouds, as it were, descend in cataracts. This is what is referred to in Luke vi. 49. It is indeed curious that the rains should be so heavy here, while in Egypt, only 150 miles off, there is scarcely any rain at all.

A little way off I saw some women with goats. One woman drew near to sell us some goat's milk; but she was afraid to come too near. The milk was, however, very acceptable.

On loading our camels, I was surprised to find that we had only nine, though we had paid half deposit for ten. I asked the dragoman where the other was. "O," he said, "all right. Pay ten camel, no ten come? No, no, no!" And then he added, "Bad sheikh! All kill one him (Abu Ellag) first, and den all kill him one me.' Such was Antonio's *English* which we had to translate. The detention of the tenth camel was another trick of the Nackell sheikh's; but it will be seen by and by that he was for once out-generalled. We now had

with us five men and three boys; but they were not to be compared to the Bedouins with whom we had just parted. We did not feel half so safe in their hands as we had done in those of the Mount Sinai tribe. We were afraid the Nackell sheikh would himself accompany us; but he sent his brother instead, and he, happily, proved the best of the lot. The father of one of the boys was then in prison for robbing a party. Mehemet Ali certainly *conquered* these wild beings; but it was only just to make them promise that they would be his subjects if he would not meddle with them, but let them have their own way. One thing that galled the Bedouins more than any other was, that the old pasha so far conquered them as to prevent their going to war with each other; a lesson they found exceedingly difficult to learn; for, prior to Mehemet Ali's days, they were ever slaying each other on the slightest pretext. When the pasha was at war with the Bedouins, the Wahabys gave him more trouble than any others. A Wahaby priest was once asked why the lives of *honest* Turks, Christians, and Jews, were not spared; when he replied, "If you wish to grind a heap of wheat in which you know there are a few peas intermixed, do you not rather grind the whole together than take the trouble of picking out the peas, one by one? Nevertheless, I believe firmly, if you can persuade a Bedouin to take bread with you, and then tell him you place yourself under his protection, he will not suffer any one to injure you, nor will he do so himself. (See Ps. xli. 9. In my Second Volume I speak more fully upon this subject, and also upon the "covenant of salt.")

Then there was another annoyance. The sheikh had not sent a morsel of food for the camels; so that all they would have to live upon during the journey would be what they could snatch up while passing along the valleys; and, therefore, perpetually, as they wended their way, they would poke down their necks, first on this side and then on that, jerking us furiously each time, that we foresaw we had four or five days' sore time of it before us. This is just what the wild ass does, as described by Job; *i. e.*, "searcheth after every green thing." (xxxix. 8.) These camels, too, were a very inferior lot to those we had just left. One of them was really a ferocious brute. Twice he ran away, and tumbled his baggage into the sand, causing considerable delay.

The morning was deliciously beautiful; but the reflection of the sun from the limestone hills was truly painful to the eyes. In a short time we had to cross a hill, on the top of which were 30 or 40 "Ebenezers," some of large dimensions; and

then we descended into a vast plain, strewed with pieces of volcanic-like iron. In every direction there was a sea of dreariness, with chains of hills, which seemed to be suspended above the horizon, in the distance.

In the afternoon, we passed to the south of some hills we had seen the day previously, a distance of 35 miles. I remarked that, not only then, but invariably, when passing hills, our Arabs showed evident marks of fear, expecting some of their wilder brethren to pounce upon us, out of the holes or caves with which the hills abounded.

About 4 o'clock, we came to a grave. It was the grave of a murdered man. Such an announcement, if passing only through the fens of Lincolnshire, would startle one quite enough to make one uncomfortable; but in such a place as this it came upon me like a peal of thunder; and I began to imagine all sorts of things and all manner of evils; and my forebodings were not at all dispelled when we had pitched our tents; for a strange Arab made his appearance amongst us, and we heard the report of a pistol a short way off. Our men, however, kept good watch all night, and nothing of importance occurred.*

The next morning we started before 7 o'clock. The thermometer then indicated 50°. At 9.30 it was 108°; at 10, 110°; and at 11, 120°. When, at the latter hour, I told my companions what the temperature was, they declared they would not stir another inch; and thereupon prepared to dismount. I reasoned with them upon the absurdity of this, as, there being no shelter, we should really suffer more while resting on the hot sands than if we proceeded. But Mr. G. had made up his mind, and that was enough. We therefore decided upon sending the baggage camels on, as we could easily overtake them, by causing our dromedaries to trot. No sooner, however, did our Arabs learn our intention than they expressed the greatest alarm. They pointed to the hills through the passes of which we had just come, and, drawing their fingers across their throats, making signs of firing pistols at each others' heads, and other gesticulations of fear, they called out, "Arab, Arab!" signifying that they were afraid the wild Arabs would attack us, if we divided our force. But nothing could move Brother Jonathan; so we halted, retaining only two men and a boy, and sending our dragoman on with the baggage.

* The Arabs often bury themselves in the desert. When they feel sick, they make a shallow grave, lie down in it, and cover their whole body, except their faces, with sand; and there they die, leaving the friendly wind to cover their faces.

As I had anticipated, so I found it. The heat was more oppressive while resting than while going on; so, in about a quarter of an hour, I resolved upon proceeding, and my resolution was strengthened by the thought that the trot of my dromedary would be ten times worse than even the heat. I therefore remounted, and left with my boy. I threw off everything but my shirt, a pair of drawers, a pair of slippers, and my broad-brimmed hat, around which I had twisted some calico, like a turban, to keep me from being sun-struck, a precaution which every traveller in the east ought to take.* I put up my umbrella, but that made the matter worse, as it kept from me the little air which my own movement caused. My face was as red as a boiled lobster; but it was better to be scorched than suffocated. There was nothing around me but dreariness, a burning sandy sea and sun-scorched sandy mountains. It was dreadful. I never felt so lonely, never so fearful. I now not only *saw* but really *felt* that I was in the desert. I could see the camels before me, nearly a mile off, and felt anxious to reach them; so, bidding the boy jump up behind me, we made all speed. The stirrups were so hot that I could not bear my feet to touch them, as they burnt through my slippers. Being parched with thirst, I took up my water bottle, but found the sun had cracked it and let all the water out.† I felt that I would have given a £5 note for a pint of the Nile. Had a cloud just then passed over the sun, I should have been able to say with Isaiah, "He bringeth down (or subdueth) the heat in a dry place with the shadow of a cloud;" but such, this day, was not my lot.

I spoke in a previous chapter of not knowing how to accommodate myself to an eight-days' detention on the Nile; but that was as nothing compared to these hot days in the desert. You cannot walk, for to do so is not only to try your strength beyond endurance, but also to burn your feet on the sands. You can hardly ride, for to do so is to add the heat of the

* See the engraving, page 416. Mr. Madden says two of his party were sun-struck on crossing the desert, and died.

† The water bottles are made of leather. Before we started in the morning, we always filled them, and hung them by the camel bags. If constantly filled with water, they will last a long time; but if left to get dry, they crack, and will not hold water. Probably the "old bottles" referred to in Matt. ix. 17, and in Luke and John, were dry, cracked bottles of this sort. (See page 124.) Certain it is that no other kind of bottles were used in old times but such as were made of leather or skin. Of this kind were the bottles which the inhabitants of Gibeon took with them to Joshua, "old, and rent, and bound up;" *i. e.*, mended, for they can be mended; just as their shoes (sandals) were mended, as the word clouted means. (Josh. ix. 4, 5.)

camel to that of the air; and the exercise of camel riding is at times more painful than walking. You cannot rest under your tent, for that is to add suffocation to heat. These are the times when a man wants shelter, and would gladly embrace a rock if one were near. (Job xxiv. 8.) It is in spots of this description that we learn the force of such passages as Ps. cxxi. 5; Isa. iv. 6; xxv. 4; xxxii. 2; &c. &c. The beautiful figures used in the Scriptures can be best appreciated when we thus realise them. If at that moment a spring (springs are called *living* water in the east) had bubbled up at my feet, or a stream or a river had rolled unexpectedly by me, (Isa. xxxv. 6, 7; xli. 18,) would it not have been a "new thing," (Isa. xliii. 19,) and marvellous in my eyes? Or if I could have heard the gracious invitation, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," (Isa. lv. 1,) should I not have eagerly obeyed the call? How forcible the figures, how expressive every word when applied spiritually! (See also Ps. lxxxiv. 6; cvii. 35; cx. 7; Isa. xlix. 10; Jer. xxxi. 9; Rev. vii. 16, 17.) How many thousands have died in the desert for want of water! What a situation for a rich man! "He is dying for a cup of water," as one writer says, "and no one gives it to him. He offers all he possesses for it, but no one attends to him. *They* also are dying, though perhaps if they could walk a few miles farther all might be saved; but no one has strength to walk. The eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell, a hollow sound is heard in the ears, deafness follows, the brain seems on fire, and death ensues; and all this from the want of a little water!" O to give such a one a cup of water would be more to him than giving him the golden wedge of Ophir! Well might this be called that great and terrible wilderness! (Deut. i. 19.)

It took me nearly an hour to come up with the camels, and I was really so done up that I said if the hot weather continued I must propose a halt for a day or two in the first cave we reached, ensue what would. The perspiration poured from me as if I had been in a vapor bath; as, indeed, I was. What must it be in summer? I know not how high the mercury stood now, as I was too exhausted to care about it; but I should say it was at least 140°.*

* Men may bear many degrees of heat when they cannot endure cold. Dr. Thomas Watson gives an account of a man who was in a room for 10 or 12 minutes in which the temperature was 288°; and Drs. Fordyce and Blagdon remained in a room for some time, the hot air of which cooked a beefsteak in 33 minutes. They *cooled* their finger ends by breathing on them.

Some writers say that the Arabs often, in cases like these, kill their camels that they may take the water out of their stomachs; but Burckhardt states that he never heard of such a case, and thinks it very doubtful.

In another hour my companions joined us, when we determined upon unloading the camel with the casks, and taking our fill of water; but we found that the one on the sunny side was cracked and quite empty, and the water in the other was as warm as new milk, as well as black. However, we all declared we had never before had so delicious a draught.*

My companions now asked me if I knew the danger I had escaped. "No," I replied; "what danger?" They then told me that, just after they had started, they saw a wild Arab skulking after me, crouching to the ground, with a musket in his hand; and that, as soon as he had reached within what appeared to them musket-shot of me, he raised his gun; but, looking wildly around him, as a man will do who is about to perpetrate some desperate act, he caught sight of them, and disappeared. I made no reply, and nothing more was said about it, but immediately these words rushed into my mind:

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

I had often read and even sung the words, but never so *felt* them before. Jeremiah knew something of the ways of these Arabs when he wrote iii. 2: "In the ways hast thou sat for them, as the Arabian in the wilderness;" and the simile is used in Ps. x. 9, 10; for the Arabs wait and watch for their prey with the greatest eagerness and perseverance.

We soon recommenced our journey, considerably refreshed. Our guides said that there was a well at no great distance, and we must reach it, if possible. The wind suddenly rose, and the sand, or rather small pebbles, which battered against me in showers, so cut my face that I was glad to make a veil of my handkerchief, though that was suffocating. This wind was a Khamseen, (See page 319,) and was really a wind which I could *see*, as expressed in 2 Kings iii. 17. It was quite dark when we arrived at the wells, and we were completely prostrated, having been travelling upwards of eleven hours.

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* When the water was spent in Hagar's bottle, she cast, or put, the child under one of the shrubs for shelter, expecting, nevertheless, that he would die. (Gen. xxi. 16—19.)

It is said that when the French army was in the desert, Napoleon alone was proof against it; and that, while his officers tore off their epaulettes and trampled them under their feet, and the men asked, "What shall we drink?" he stood calm and unmoved.

And yet we found the water in this long-looked-for well so brackish that we preferred the black water in our cask. The poor Arabs, however, and the camels drank the water greedily. The camels appeared to me to know where water was as well as their masters, for they always stretched out their necks and quickened their speed for at least an hour before we reached it. I am never now at a loss to know the meaning of such passages as Num. xx. 19.

On opening my carpet bag, I found my dressing case so warped that I could with difficulty unlock it, and was not able to lock it afterwards; and my ivory thermometer indicator was in a similar state. Our bread was as hard as wood, and our butter had melted into oil. I have often wondered how I was carried through this day. I may, if spared, visit Egypt again; but nothing can be farther from my thoughts than again trying the desert. The Israelites, having left the fruitful valley and delicious waters of the Nile, groaned under the trials of the desert; and I am sure I should have done the same, had I been left to my own will similarly situated.

The next morning we found our camels had strayed away, and two or three of the men had gone to look for them. I went to the sheikh, to know what was to be done, when he put his hand to his ear, implying that he could hear them coming; and I have no doubt that instinctively he could, for they made their appearance shortly afterwards.

In about an hour we came to several wells of what the Arabs considered good water, though it was strongly tainted with the excretions of camels and goats, which went to the wells to drink. Ezekiel speaks of the wells being fouled, and here we had an instance of it. How did these wells remind me of Eliezer, who made Abraham's camels to kneel down, that is, to rest, as I have already explained, by a well; of Jacob and Rachel; of Moses and Zipporah; of the Woman of Samaria; and of other incidents recorded in the Bible relating to wells. I by no means wonder at there having been, and at there still being, at times, such contentions about wells; that they should have been the scenes of the noise of archers; (Judges v. 11;) that the Philistines should have destroyed Abraham's wells; (Gen. xxvi. 15;) and that there should be so many beautiful figures used in the Bible taken from wells and fountains; (Isa. xii. 3; John iv. 10–14; &c. &c.;) for wells in the east are invaluable. The people in the cultivated parts assemble round the wells now, with their flocks and herds, as they did of old. In Isaiah xli. 18 the Lord says, "I will open rivers in high places," &c. We in England, having abundance of water on

every hand, and knowing comparatively nothing of drought, of being parched up, and of a desolate wilderness, might say, "Of what particular use can *that* be?" But ask an eastern if he sees the force of the figure, and he will tell you he not only sees, but *feels* it.*

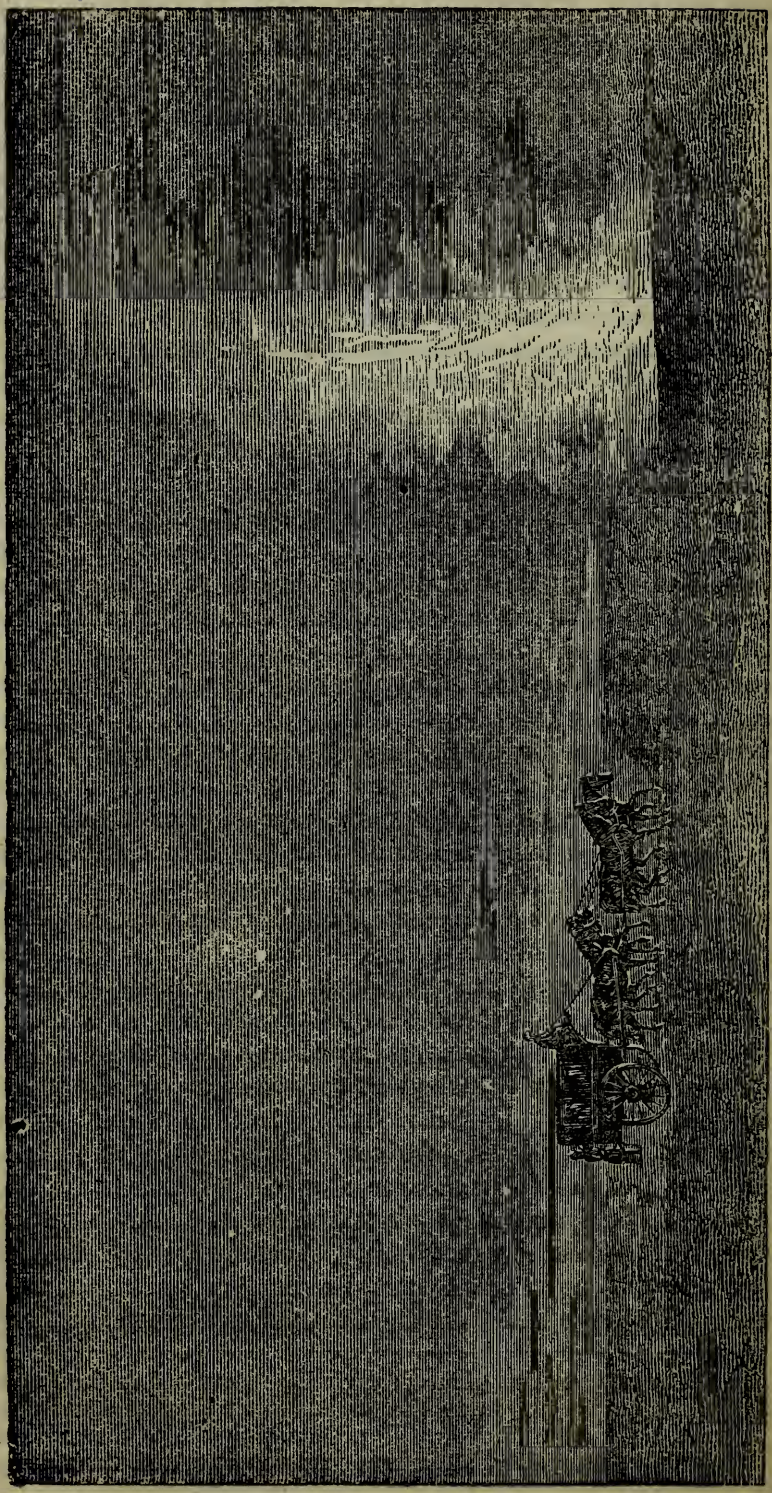
I have been speaking here, of course, of *real* wells, *real* waters; but there are in the desert delusive waters, or, as Jeremiah calls them, "waters that fail, or deceive." (Jerem. xv. 18.) I allude now to "the mirage," of which, doubtless, most of my readers may have heard, or read. One day, I well remember, was full of interest; not that any day, while crossing the desert, was devoid of interest, though it might be of incident; but the day to which I refer was full of interest, even to overflowing. We had on several occasions seen what appeared to be a lake; and though we *knew* that it could not possibly be so, yet we could hardly *believe* it was not, if my reader can make that out, the illusion was so complete; but this day, a little before us on the left, there was the appearance of a river, winding and winding in a most beautiful manner. So powerful was the illusion that, despite our former experience as to the lakes, we could not persuade ourselves that this river was not real, and that our sheikh had not taken us out of the way. In the distance on our right, the illusion was still more beautiful. There we beheld the appearance of the sea, with little islands, rocks, and several ships distinctly visible, the masts and rigging being perfectly represented, and the waves rolling continuously. As we knew there was no sea in that direction, the Mediterranean being to our left, we were at no loss to decide that this was the "mirage;" and certainly the representation was sublime and panoramic. What was more singular was, that the ships were all inverted, topsy-turvy, upside down, and the waves were rolling the wrong way; but this is, I believe, a natural con-

* In Gen. xxix. we have an interesting account of one of the wells, of the flocks which were gathered round it, and of the customs which then prevailed. We find, in verses 7, &c., that, although there were several flocks of sheep gathered around the well, the owners could not water them until the stone was rolled from the well's mouth, and this might not be done, except in presence of the owner or his representative. "We cannot," said they, "until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they (the owners) roll the stone from the well's mouth." Some have supposed that the stone was so great (verse 2) that they who had assembled were unable to remove it without farther help; but the fact was, that no one presumed to use the water until the owner of the well came up. Hence we find that as soon as Rachel came up, whose father owned the well, "Jacob went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth." To have done so before she arrived, would have been an act of hostility and a direct robbery.

sequence of the mirage, which is caused by the refraction and rarefaction of the air, the rays of the sun elevating the objects above the horizon. No doubt there were real ships in the Mediterranean reflected, as no mirage could make such artificial objects as vessels. Whatever may be the cause of this, however, I am persuaded that the appearance of the lakes is caused by the reflection of the sun from the shining pebbles, with which some parts of the desert abound, giving the appearance of glass. The Arabs call it Serab, which means a glowing plain, and the Jews call it Sharab, which has a similar meaning. Doubtless, therefore, Isaiah referred to the mirage when he wrote xxxv. 7, as I understand that the words literally mean, "And the *sharab*, or mirage, shall become a pool;" that is, it shall not be merely an illusory appearance, but shall be a reality,—real water, not a deception. The illusion is sometimes so complete that not only the people but even the camels are deceived. When dying of thirst, they have caught sight of these illusive waters, and, struggling hard to reach them, have found, alas! that the waters have failed. Job had, perhaps, the same in view, in vi. 15 and xiv. 11.

Nor is the mirage the only phenomenon which makes its appearance in the desert. In February, 1851, I left Suez with my friend Maxton for Cairo, in a desert van, as I have mentioned on page 223. As we did not leave until nearly 5 o'clock in the evening, it soon became dark, especially as it had been raining a little, causing a haziness in the atmosphere. On reaching No. 13 Station, we had to change horses. Several teams were tried, but as the horses had all been out to *clover*, they were as wild as March hares,—kicking, plunging, jibbing, tearing, and rearing. This detained us for a full hour. At last we had a team that we thought would do, and off we went; but we had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before one of the horses turned as restive as any of its predecessors, and we insisted upon returning to the station. While waiting for another horse, we saw a brilliant light making towards us. It was about the size of a meshal, (See page 223,) but more dazzling and more phosphorescent. We thought it was the light of some van coming specially from Cairo. It came nearer and nearer, and then, to our amazement, for some time gradually receded.* It then turned to our left, and sud-

* How different was the pillar of fire which went before the Israelites! When they journeyed in the night, which they no doubt often did, to avoid the heat of the day, the pillar which guided them was no illusion, but a living reality. There was no receding and then disappearing there, but the pillar was their unerring light.



A PHENOMENON IN THE DESERT.

denly disappeared.—"Here it comes again," I exclaimed; "again from our right! Gone again! What can it be?" It could not have gone behind a hill, for there was only a vast plain for miles; neither could it have turned a corner, for the whole space was, as it were, an open sea of sand.

The horses being now all right, we started off again. "O, Maxton," I cried out, "look at that beautiful light in the horizon! Now it expands, now concentrates. How beautiful! See! Here is a light coming this way. How fast it is making up to us! It *must* be another van.——Hollo! Why it is going back again, like the other; now it turns to the left; now it is gone!——Here it is again. Now it is before us.——Now it stands still. We are making up to it. It is a Bedouin's fire, surely. No, it is far too bright. How brilliant! Now it seems as if it were a large pillar of fire in the middle of a lovely garden. Now we are opposite to it; now we pass it. Still in sight. What *can* it be? I never saw anything so enchanting."—So said we all. The scene all about, though dark and dreary enough, was awfully grand. We were going on in a direct way, nevertheless it seemed as if we were going round, and round, and round, and as if large animals were constantly passing us, in all shapes, in rapid succession; but it was all an illusion. Our eyes ached while admiring the scene; and I believe if we had each had all the eyes of Argus, they would have strained in vain, had they attempted to scan its magnificence. An Arab youth, who stood behind the van, seemed perfectly horrified, and clung to the door as if he had been followed by a ghost. I think this was withal the darkest night I ever saw in Egypt.

I have never met with any one who could explain these phenomena. The light could not have been a will-o'-the-wisp, as it was too large and as the desert is too dry for that; neither could it have been caused by a burning aërolite, or fallen meteor, as it was not stationary. It was almost as dazzling as the electric light which some of us have seen in England.

But to return to the point whence I digressed. After leaving the wells, we suddenly came, about noon, upon some ploughed lands in a beautiful valley; beautiful, I mean, to us, who were just leaving a sandy waste. If a man wish to form an idea of the real beauty of any cultivated spot, he should bivouac for two or three weeks amongst rocks and sands, and then be suddenly transported to a prolific valley. Barley was growing on every hand, though some of it was literally scorched. We soon again, however, entered a sandy plain.

About 4 o'clock we halted, for we were too fatigued to pro-

ceed. Indeed, my American companion was really ill, though he would not acknowledge it. A large flight of birds, probably sand quails, passed over us here.

While dinner was preparing, I walked outside the tent, when I saw our Arabs kneading and baking their bread. They took their meal, (doura or barley,) and mixed it with water, adding a little salt; and then pressed it into flat cakes. Their kneading troughs were strong wooden bowls, one of which I have by me, about the size of a boy's cap. No doubt the kneading troughs mentioned in Exod. xii. 34 were of a similar kind. The salt they had gathered in the morning off a rock, on which it lay in patches, being unquestionably left there by the evaporation of sea water. It was not *very* salt, as it had necessarily in part lost its savor by exposure; (Matt. v. 13;) yet the Arabs were glad of even this. They then made a hole in the sand, and put in a few sticks and some dry camels' dung which they had picked up on their way. When these were burnt almost to charcoal, they raked out the embers and supplied their place with some more, which they burnt in a similar manner. Over these a cake was then thrown and the embers first named put upon it; so that there was burning charcoal on both sides of the cake. Each Arab had his own fire. In ten minutes the cakes were done, and in ten more they were eaten. It is probable that the cakes made by Sarah were baked in this way; or they might be made in a larger oven, dug in the ground, and having its sides plastered with mud, hardened by fire, which was, and still is, the usual way, except when travelling. The wafer cakes mentioned in Lev. ii. 4 were probably very thin cakes, which were baked in a few seconds by being placed on the sides of these ovens, when hot, the burning charcoal being still at the bottom. In these ovens they can, and often do, bake even a lamb. Sometimes a number of small stones are put together in a circle, and an "oven" made in that way.

During the night, I heard a dog bark. I jumped up, lighted a candle, and aroused our men, who were all fast asleep; and I then distinctly heard the footsteps of a man running away. The dew was so heavy that I could not see three yards from the tent, and the air was so cold that the thermometer sank to 36°. I had felt something of the force of Gen. xxxi. 40 on going to Ephesus, but it was nothing to this. The dew lay on my Macintosh, which I every night threw over my bedding, as though it had been exposed to a heavy shower of rain; but my companions, having no such protection, were in a pitiable plight. Poor G.'s cough was dreadful. I fear

he never reached home, as I have not, since we parted at Jerusalem, been able to hear anything of him. Yet, despite all, my general health continued good.

In the morning we saw the traces of a man's feet and a dog's paws in the sand, close to our tent. It was clear that my getting up had driven them off.*

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* Sometimes when Arabs attack a party at night, they suddenly knock down the tent poles; and while the aroused sleepers are disentangling themselves from the ropes and canvas, the robbers steal whatever lies in their way, and trot off the camels. If they should be pursued, and can only succeed in reaching any Arab's tent, and snatching up the smallest piece of bread, it is considered they are under that Arab's protection; and, as a rule, such Arab would die sooner than give them up, or in any way injure them; but the stolen property must be restored. "The richest men," says Burckhardt, "are sometimes, in a few days, reduced to beggary."

I might say much more about the peculiarities of the Bedouins, but their manners are, in many respects, so very similar to those of the Egyptians, that I deem it best to refer my reader to the preceding parts of this work. The marriage ceremony of the tribe of Aenezes is, however, so different to that of the Arabs in towns that I may be excused if I refer to it. When a man desires to marry a girl, he sends some friend of the family to her father, and a negotiation commences. The girl's wishes are then consulted. If they agree with those of the father, (for it is never supposed that she should be compelled to marry against her inclination,) and if the match is to take place, the friend holding the father's hand, says, "You declare that you give your daughter as wife to ——?" The father answers in the affirmative. The marriage day being appointed, the bridegroom comes with a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father, and there cuts the lamb's throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls upon the ground, the marriage ceremony is regarded as complete. If a man charge his wife with unfaithfulness, and her guilt be proved, her brother, or her father himself, instantly cuts her throat. A man has the exclusive right to the hand of his cousin. He is not *obliged* to marry her, but she cannot, without his consent, become the wife of any other person; and if he give his consent, he usually says, "She was my slipper. I have cast her off." So it was with Boaz and Ruth. Boaz was not Ruth's nearest kinsman, or cousin; (Ruth iii. 12;) so he could not marry her unless he could obtain her cousin's consent; therefore he purchased the right. Whereupon Ruth's cousin drew off his shoe, and probably made use of the very words which are used at the present day, as given above, though not recorded in the Bible. (See Ruth iv. 5—11.) Ruth went and lay, crossways, at the feet of Boaz, and uncovered his feet, that is, covered herself with his cloak, or skirt; just as my guide lay at my feet on going to Ephesus, (See page 124,) a custom common all over the east. By this act, Ruth cast herself under the protection of Boaz; and by afterwards requesting Boaz himself to spread his skirt over her, she merely asked him to acknowledge her right to his protection. Hence says Boaz, "I will do to thee all that thou requirest, for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. If thy kinsman will not take thee to wife, I will." The same custom is referred to in Ezek. xvi. 8: "I spread my skirt over thee—and thou becamest mine."

We this day passed a heap of stones, as large as a grave. As we drew near to it, our Arabs all picked up stones and threw them with violence on to the heap. On inquiry, I found it was a robber's grave, and every *honest* Arab who passes marks his indignation by casting a stone upon the body. What a living illustration I had here of Josh. vii. 26; viii. 29; 2 Sam. xviii. 17.

In the afternoon we reached the point where several roads unite, the one from Petra falling in on our right.

In a short time we came to some valleys covered with verdure; pastures fresh and green, often alluded to by the Psalmist; and large flocks of sheep and goats were seen in every direction. One shepherd was sitting down, playing with his flocks, and they really seemed like children about him. We could see his lips moving, but were not near enough to hear what he said. Probably he was "calling them by their names," as such a custom still exists in the east. Another shepherd was leading his flocks to a distant part of the valley. There was no driving here. The shepherd led the way, and the flocks followed.* (John x. 3, 4.) The sheep in this part have large, wide, long tails, composed chiefly of fat, and probably referred to in the first part of Exod. xxix. 22. Dr. Russell says the tail sometimes weighs one-third of the whole sheep, and seldom less than one-fourth. It is never eaten alone, but mixed with lean meat, and often used as butter. In some parts the tails are supported by a thin board on wheels, to keep them from dragging on the ground. I did not see any enclosures such as are referred to in John x. 1; but I believe they do still exist in some parts. I have seen many sheep with red fleeces, and goats with long, fine hair. The shepherds' tents are merely a piece of hair cloth thrown across poles, to protect them from the heat; and these can be removed in less than a minute. (See Isa. xxxviii. 12.)

I made the remark, on page 173, that "every simile the Bible uses, every figure it displays, every scene it portrays, is eastern;" and I repeat the remark here that my readers may not forget that, however vague some expressions in the Bible may appear to them, every word has its significance in reference to Oriental customs, many of which are still existing.

* A traveller once asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the *dress* of their master, not his voice. The shepherd on the other hand asserted it was the *voice* they knew. To settle the point, he and the traveller changed dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveller, in the shepherd's dress, called on the sheep, and tried to lead them; but "they knew not his voice," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though disguised in the traveller's dress.

Proceeding onwards, we saw on our left the ruins of a town on a hill, which our guide said was Eboda; and in three or four hours we reached Rehoboth, where Isaac digged a well. (Gen. xxvi. 22.) From this place Gaza is not more than about 40 miles, on the left.

We soon afterwards passed over the ruins of a town, which our dragoman said had been inhabited by Christians, but was destroyed by the Saracens. Many wild flowers were growing about the ruins. There was a wall nearly 9 ft. in diameter, and the remains of several watch towers. (2 Chron. xiv. 7.) A dry torrent bed nearly surrounded the place, and the country was covered with heath for miles round. (Jer. xlviii. 6.) Here were lizards by hundreds, and birds were sweetly singing. From Dr. Robinson's description, I believe this was Elusa.

We were now out of the desert. I have read over my remarks on the desert since they were in type, and I am grieved my accounts are so meagre. The whole seems to me like a dream. If I could only express what I feel, I might have some hope that my readers would really appreciate the efforts of my pen.

We next came to a village, in the most lovely spot I had seen since I left Europe. There was an abundance of food growing for both man and beast. Hills and valleys were alike covered with verdure, and the number of flocks of sheep and goats was exceedingly large. Here I saw two white camels, and here we pitched our tent. An Arab supplied us with milk, and would not accept of anything by way of payment. We were now on the borders of the "promised land;" in fact, at Beersheba. It was here that Abraham dwelt. (Gen. xxii. 19.) For aught I knew, our tent might be standing on the very spot on which his tent was pitched. Here also are two or three ancient wells, one of them perhaps the very one that Abraham dug. The Arabs call the place Bur-es-Seba.*

* Beersheba was first given to Judah, but afterwards to Simeon, though, from 2 Sam. xxiv. 7, it would appear that it was popularly spoken of as belonging to Judah. It struck me as singular that there was no natural boundary between the place and the country we had just left. I had expected to see either some formidable mountain, or some other unmistakeable "landmark," especially as I knew that, at every other point, the Holy Land was bounded by either mountains or water; but the fact appears to be that, while on its other sides it is bounded by water or mountains, as I have said, *they* separated it from the lands of *strangers*, such as the Ammonites, Moabites, &c.; whereas, at Beersheba, it was merely a line between the descendants of Abraham, as the south of Beersheba was occupied by Ishmaelites, who were to dwell in the presence of their brethren the Hebrews; and the promise given to Abraham was that his seed, which included the Ishmaelites, and not merely the children of Israel, should be as the stars.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEERSHEBA TO JERUSALEM.

The Holy Land, or the Land of Canaan, otherwise called Palestine, which name it derived from the Philistines, or Palestines, who originally inhabited the coast, is a narrow strip of land, bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, or "Great Sea," and on the east by the river Jordan, though three of the tribes, Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh, had their portion on the east of the Jordan. During the reigns of David and Solomon, however, the kingdom extended beyond the Jordan, even to the Euphrates, from which river, Tadmor in the wilderness (2 Chron. viii. 4,) now called Palmyra, is distant about 110 miles. This ancient city is now in ruins. Solomon's kingdom also included a great part of Syria, even beyond Damascus, and extended to the Persian Gulf, embracing all Edom, or Idumæa. This did not, however, stand beyond the lines promised in Gen. xv. 18.

In the time of Moses, the population amounted to about two millions and a half; but in the reign of David, they had increased two-fold, viz., to five millions, besides the tributary nations who had been conquered by them.

After the kingdom of Israel fell before the Assyrian conqueror in the year 721 B.C., the country was the scene of continual changes and revolutions, until, in 1317, it was swallowed up in the Turkish empire.

> "Trodden down
> By all in turn, Pagan, and Frank, and Tartar,—
> So runs the dread anathema,—trodden down
> Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee
> From every blessed influence of heaven;
> Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron bound
> As with a curse. Thus art thou doomed to lie."

On leaving the place of our tent, we found the valley covered with ruins, broken tiles, &c. Just as we had passed these ruins, three men on horseback, and armed to the teeth, rode up to us and ordered us to stop. Our dragoman, at the risk of breaking his leg, immediately jumped from his camel, and seizing two horse pistols which he had in his bag, showed most determined signs of resistance. Meantime our camels were proceeding, and the robbers fell into the rear. Instead of going away, however, the fellows turned round, and began to "take stock," or make calculations of our strength. Seeing this, we halted, and Mr. Gray took out of his box two pocket pistols. They were not loaded, but, as the robbers did not know this, they galloped off. It was curious enough that,

not only were G.'s pistols not loaded, but one of our dragoman's was in the same state, and the other had no firelock; so, had we come to close quarters, we should soon have got the worst of it. We saw no more of the men for some time, and then they were galloping along the plain on our left, evidently, as we supposed, going for reinforcements. We saw one of them fire a pistol, and they were soon afterwards out of sight. Several Arabs, with long hair and their heads uncovered, were galloping about, having lances in their hands. As the wind blew their long hair over their faces, and in all directions, they looked wild and ferocious in the extreme. An Arab boasts that he can pick up anything from the ground with his spear while his horse is at full gallop.

A little farther on, the fields looked quite black, as though covered with soot. On arriving at the spot, we found the appearance was caused by locusts, which were jumping about by millions. They ate everything in their way, and then moved in a body to another spot.* They have been known to consume, in a single hour, everything that was green on 100 acres. (See Deut. xxviii. 38; Prov. xxx. 27; &c.)

Locusts are eaten in the east. They are often gathered in sacks, and boiled, sometimes in water, at others in butter. Some say John the Baptist ate them, though others think the locusts he ate were a fruit called carouba, or locust. There are two kinds of locusts, some having four legs only, which the Jews were forbidden to eat, and others with six, four for walking and two for leaping; and these might be eaten. (See Lev. xi. 20–22.) Birds, foxes, &c., devour great numbers, and a high wind or cold rain is said to destroy millions; and it is well it is so.

So plentiful were the crops everywhere except where the locusts had been, that I think the time must have been when the ground groaned to be relieved of its produce. There were hundreds of camels, horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep, and goats,

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* The Arabs call them "Faras-el-purdy," or Soldiers' Horses; and this is doubtless why they were compared to horses in Rev. ix. 7, 9. In Joel ii. 2—11 their movements are fully described. Their leavings seem as if parched with fire; (verse 3;) their heads resemble those of horses; (ver. 4;) when they leap from place to place, the sound is like the crackling of burning stubble, as I can testify; (ver. 5;) they rush straight on without regarding obstacles; (ver. 7;) if they alight on anything sharp, it hurts them not; (ver. 8;) nothing is impassable to them no height of wall being sufficient to prevent their entering in at the windows; (ver. 9.) The earth (the common people) quakes before them; the heavens (the kings) tremble; the sun and moon (the nobles) become dark, &c. Such are the figures used in verse 10.

grazing all around. In various parts, we saw stakes driven into the ground, and in others large stones placed, to divide the fields, instead of hedge rows, of which there were none. These stones and stakes are the "landmarks" mentioned in Deut. xxvii. 17.

We next came up to an Arab encampment. I counted 75 tents, in the form of a crescent, and most of them were black,

AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

"black as the tents of Kedar," made of goats' hair. In one of these tents we saw 12 men; so, if they each contained an equal number, there must have been 900 men, besides women and children; but this is not probable. The only *furniture* we saw inside any of them was a water pot and a mat for prayers. Indeed, these wandering Arabs never possess much, except a copper boiler, a pair of corn mill stones, a leather churn, some water skins, a wooden kneading trough, a goblet or two, and a coffee pot. They never have to work for their living, or at any rate only in a very small degree, but live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. If, in the Bible, we read of the patriarchs, we read a true description of the "dwellers in tents" of the present day.* As the patriarchs lived, so these wanderers live now. They still drive their flocks from well to well, from pasture to pasture, as Joseph's brethren removed with their herds from Hebron to Shechem, and from Shechem to Dothan. (Gen. xxxvii. 14–17. See also 1 Kings xviii. 5.) A plurality of wives is tolerated by the Koran; and where they exist, the women with their children dwell in separate tents, just as Rachel and Leah did; and the "furniture," that is, the saddles, &c., of the camels, still

* Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. (Gen. xxv. 27.) To this day the richest sheikh amongst these nomade tribes dwells in a tent; and, moreover, he is expected to pitch it nearest to the spot where wayfaring men are most likely to arrive, that he may entertain them.

The Rechabites also were dwellers in tents. They built no houses, planted no vineyards, nor drank any wine. They probably, like the Bedouins of the present day, considered that those who built houses, and dwelt in them, might be more easily brought under the yoke of a tyrant than those who wandered about with their flocks, living on the simple and spontaneous productions of the earth. (See Jer. xxxv.)

The expression in Isa. liv. 2, "Enlarge the place of thy tent," signifies prosperity. The tabernacle in the wilderness was a tent, and was beautifully hung with curtains, &c.; (Exod. xxvi. 1;) and so was Solomon's tent. When the Psalmist and Isaiah speak of "stretching out the heavens as a curtain," they use the beautiful figure of a tent, and its graceful wavings in the wind. So, when Paul compares our life here to an "earthly tabernacle," he forcibly expresses its uncertain duration, pitched here to-day, in health and vigor, but removed to-morrow, the place thereof knowing it no more. Nor is he less happy when he contrasts this mere temporary house, this transient home, with one of abiding stability, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) The same striking comparison is made in Heb. xi. 9, 10, and viii. 2, where Abraham's dwelling in tabernacles is set against his hope of a city which hath immovable foundations,—of "a tabernacle which the Lord hath pitched, and not man."

Job (xxx. 11) says, "He hath loosed my cord;" by which he means, He hath cast down my tent, or destroyed my prosperity; and the same figure is used by Jeremiah, in x. 20, tabernacle meaning tent.

forms seats, as the Arabs in the desert have neither chairs nor tables. (Gen. xxxi. 33, 34.)

A little farther on, we stumbled upon another encampment. As soon as we came opposite to the tents, a great number of men and boys ran up to us, and, taking hold of our sheikh's camel, threw both sheikh and camel to the ground. Our dragoman and men all trembled with fear, and I wondered what would come next. My companions and I immediately dismounted, and ran to the sheikh's assistance; but what could we have done amongst so many? My eye was, however, directed upward, and I certainly did not feel the slightest fear. We imagined that they had been apprised of our approach by the three robbers I spoke of on page 446. Presently we saw a man in a rich silk gown running toward us, and he immediately ordered the people to stand back. He was instantly obeyed, being, as he soon told us, the governor of that district. He had come from Daheriyeh, to collect taxes from these wandering tribes. He told us if we would give him two dollars, he would conduct us safely to his village. My reply was that I was an Englishman, and that I expected he would conduct us without fee; at any rate, he must leave the amount of his bucksheesh to us. He thereupon led the way, and we passed on in safety, Daheriyeh being about six miles farther on, and the said governor walking all the way. We soon reached the southern mountains of Judea, passing over some of them, and then along deep, narrow valleys. The hills were full of caves and the valleys of wells.

We arrived at Daheriyeh earlier than we had expected; but we found it impossible to learn, with anything like accuracy, the distance from one place to another.

Daheriyeh is a good-sized village, partly built of stone, which contrasted favorably with the mud cottages of Egypt. The valley all round was quite full of corn in ear. The governor inquired if we should like to sleep in a house, and the very thought of doing so caused a momentary pleasure; but, on seeing the said house, we soon changed our minds. It was built of mud, and consisted of only one room, with a partition about two-thirds of the way across it. At the farther end of it was a baker's oven, flat cakes being then in course of preparation, and about a dozen Arabs being squatted in front of it, with their long pipes, smoking. On the right side were a henroost, pigeon box, &c., the tenants of which had retired to rest; and on the left were a goat and a donkey. The floor was, of course, only dry mud, and it very much resembled a half-ploughed field. There was no chimney, nor window, nor any other aperture,

except one in the front, about 5 ft. high, which had to serve the offices of smoke escaper, light admitter, ventilator, and doorway. We soon scrambled out of this hole, and told the governor we were afraid it would be too *hot* for us. We therefore again pitched our tent, and the villagers soon supplied us with eggs, bread, and milk. One thing I remarked in this bakehouse, that there was a quantity of mixed stubble lying on the floor, for burning, instead of wood. This is a very common custom in the east, where wood is scarce, and I saw no trees growing anywhere in this district. Does it not beautifully explain Matt. vi. 28–30? Shortly after our arrival, we took a guide from the village, and went to inspect an old sheikh's tomb, held in great veneration; but it was nothing particular. On turning a corner, we came upon a well, where were several women with their water pots; but immediately that they saw us they ran away, leaving their water pots behind. I took one of the pots up, to taste the water, which was good, and I observed that as soon as I was gone, the owner poured out the remainder and re-filled her pot. One of my companions ventured to look into one of the cottages, when a woman rushed out, and, raising an alarm, aroused half the village.

On our return to the tent, we found our dragoman in a sad fright, for some one had stolen one of his pistols, the only one that was worth anything; namely, the one with a firelock. We immediately sent for the governor, but he pretended to be perfectly horrified at the thought of such a thing, and declared we must have lost it. He, however, said he would cause a diligent search to be made; but this was without effect, as the pistol was not forthcoming. My companions then went, very imprudently, I think, to take a walk, and, as it was my day to superintend the *domestic* arrangements, (for we took it in turns,) they left me to manage in the best way I could. After thinking for a few moments, I ordered the dragoman to prepare some coffee, which he did; and I invited the governor, the schoolmaster, and three or four others, to come into the tent and take coffee with me; an invitation which, having first taken off their shoes, they readily accepted. Having partaken of coffee, I offered them biscuits, which they also took; but, as was also the case with the coffee, I had to take some myself first, to satisfy them it was not poisoned. And now it was *my* turn. I directed Antonio to tell the governor once more that I was an Englishman, and to exhibit my passport in the way he had done at Nackell, where the experiment had succeeded so well, and to say that, as he had now taken bread with me, he could not break faith with me; but that if he did,

and if the pistol were not immediately forthcoming, I would report him next day to the governor of Hebron, who would send some soldiers to seize them all, as the sultan would not allow an Englishman to be ill used or robbed, without punishing the perpetrators. Upon hearing this, the governor turned pale. He had not seen the trap that I had laid for him. It was on this account that the prophet was forbidden to eat bread or drink water in Bethel; for, had he done so, he could not have prophesied against it, without violating all the existing laws of hospitality. (1 Kings xiii. 7–9.) And again, in Joshua ix. 14, it is said, "The men took of their victuals and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord;" and then Joshua "made peace with them;" which, indeed, he was bound to do, having taken of their victuals. So the governor of Daheriyeh, finding he was caught, said something to a man that was standing by, and in less than three minutes the pistol was brought into the tent, thus proving that the governor was as deeply implicated in the robbery as any of his men. When my companions returned, they seemed greatly astonished; but one of them, I regret to say, carried his national prejudices to such an extent as to be more than half vexed; and he took the opportunity of ridiculing the Royal arms, which were at the head of my passport. However, I passed over this, knowing that we should very soon separate.

The governor, with perfect self-possession, now informed us that, as this was a *bad* neighborhood, we had better have a man to guard us during the night. To this we made no objection, as we knew that by this means we should make the whole village responsible for anything that might be stolen. We therefore engaged one, after a good deal of wrangling as to the amount of bucksheesh, but which was finally settled at five piastres. Afterwards, however, we had to engage two more men, as the first one pretended he was afraid to watch alone. One had a kind of hatchet, another a spear, and the third a club.

Here we had to change camels again, and again had we to endure the torture of bargaining for a fresh lot, though not so bad as at Nackell. Of course we had also to pay the remainder of the money for the other camels; but we positively refused to pay for the tenth camel, which had not been sent. The sheikh cried and raved, but the governor took our part, and we triumphed.

The next morning, the roars for bucksheesh exceeded anything I had ever heard before, the governor taking the lead, though we had given him our water casks and a host of other

things. The attempts at robbery were most provoking. Every man, every boy, seemed as though he thought he had a right to help himself to anything we had; and we had each to look after ourselves. From the eldest to the youngest, they were the greediest wolves I had ever met with. We got off, however, tolerably well; and I can truly say I felt thankful for it. A few years must have made a great difference in these people, as Mr. Fisk describes them as being, when he was there in 1842, civil, and having none of the peculiarities of the wild Bedouins.

Our way lay over rough hills, the hills of Judea, and through divided fields of corn, stones being put up as landmarks, though in some places were walls. We had now only seven camels, two men, and three boys with us. My camel was an exceedingly uncomfortable one; so much so that, despite the heat of the day and ruggedness of the path, I preferred walking the greater part of the distance; but I walked cheerfully, knowing that I was treading the very path which had been trodden by holy men of old, and by Joseph and Mary on their flight into Egypt, being the direct way from Bethlehem to Beersheba. The scenery was romantic, and the cliffs, in some parts, were huge and precipitous, greatly resembling the old coach road between Bakewell and Buxton, in Derbyshire. The whole district bears marks of having once been densely populated.

Our voices echoed and re-echoed most melodiously among the hills. Wild roses and other flowers were growing in abundance, and wells of good water were also plentiful.

In about five hours, we passed over a hill, and then Hebron, in its picturesqueness, stood before us, on the opposite side of the valley. All the houses are high and built of stone, not *rough* stone, but *hewn* stone, well squared. Having flat roofs surmounted with cupolas, and the town being built on the hill side, the effect is most striking. Olive groves, vineyards, fig plantations, pomegranate trees, and general fruitfulness lay on every hand, with the plains of Mamre below. (See Exod. iii. 8.) From one of these hills, Abraham cast his eyes toward Sodom, and, behold, "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." (Gen. xix. 28.)*

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* The ancestors of Abraham were idolaters, and probably Abraham also, until called of God. (Gen. xii. 1.) The Arabs say that Abraham's father was a priest, and a maker and seller of images; and that one day Abraham broke all the images except one, and then told his father that this one had destroyed all the rest, just to show his father the absurdity of worshipping images. The Jews add to this, that he was cast into a burning furnace for the act, but came forth unburnt.

Hebron is called by the Arabs El Hhalil, "the Friend," and sometimes Hhalil Rachman, "the Friend of the Merciful," or, "the Friend of God." (See 2 Chron. xx. 7; Isa. xli. 8; Jas. ii. 23.) The town is said now to contain about 10,000 inhabitants, one-fourth of whom are Jews. Here 10,000 Jews, who had escaped from Jerusalem, at the time of the siege, were sold into slavery. Until the time of Mehemet Ali, quarrels were ever arising between the inhabitants of Hebron and the Christians of Bethlehem; but when Ibrahim Pasha marched his army into Syria, he put a stop to them.

We pitched our tent outside the town, near a pool of good water, which was, perhaps, the well over which David hung the bodies of Rechab and Baanah. (2 Sam. iv. 12.) There were flights of steps down at each corner. There is another well not far off, and one of them is assuredly the one. Both are very ancient. We were speedily waited upon by the governor and doctor of the town, both Turks, accompanied by a guard of soldiers. They told us we should have to perform 15 days' quarantine before we could proceed, as no man from Egypt was allowed to enter any part of the Turkish dominions without. This announcement would, had it been possible, have made my hair stand on end; for, come what would, I had felt determined to reach Beyrout in time for the steamer. We had understood when we left Cairo that we should be detained some little time, and, being Saturday, we should have been willing enough to remain until Monday; but to be prisoners for 15 days was horrible to anticipate. But what could we do? The governor and doctor, having fulfilled their mission, returned to the fort, and left us to ruminate.

After dinner, we went into the town, and found it, like all other towns in the east, very deceptive, imposing when viewed from a distance, but consisting of dark, narrow, dirty streets. One of the first things we went to see was the mosque, now standing over the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah were buried; but we were not allowed to enter. Helena erected a church over the cave, about the year 326, and this is now converted into a Turkish mosque. All the sepulchres are said to be covered with rich carpets of silk, magnificently embroidered with gold, furnished, from time to time, by the sultans of Constantinople. "More than 100 persons are employed in the service of this mosque, affording, with the decorations lavished upon the structure, a remarkable contrast to the simple life of the venerable persons to whose memory it is meant to do honor."

No one hardly doubts that here is really the piece of ground

which Abraham purchased of the children (descendants) of Heth, (Gen. xxiii.,) which was over against Mamre, *the same* as Hebron, and not merely *near* it, as some writers suppose.

Josephus says the monuments of the patriarchs at Hebron are of the finest marble; but this is probably a mistake; though, as no Christian or Jew, or even Mahometan of recent times, has been allowed to see them, nothing positive can be known. Whatever they are, they are excluded from view by the mosque which covers them. No one prevented our examining the exterior of the mosque, part of which is said to be Jewish work. Indeed, the Jews believe that the foundations, which still remain, notwithstanding Mahometan destructions, were built by Solomon. The entrance is by a long flight of steps. Burckhardt was admitted into the mosque, but it is certain he was not allowed to go below, into the caves. The entrance to them is guarded by iron gates, and wooden doors plated with silver, having silver bolts and padlocks. The missionaries from the Church of Scotland, being accompanied by the English Consul from Jerusalem, were conducted up the staircase, but not a foot was suffered to tread on the marble floor of the mosque.

A few yards from the mosque is shown what is called the sepulchre of Abner, in which David caused the head of Ishbosheth to be buried. (2 Sam. iv. 12.) Some Jewish writers insist upon it that Adam and Eve were also buried at Hebron.

The town, until ruined by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, was a place of considerable importance. There is still a large manufactory of water skins and glass lamps and bracelets. I saw a large quantity, ready packed to be sent to Egypt.

My Scotch companion conversed in Italian with one or two Jews. They described the Jews in Hebron as being comfortably off compared with their brethren in Jerusalem, though they had suffered greatly, in 1834, when Ibrahim Pasha stormed the place, and let loose his soldiers, like blood-hounds, upon the people. Since then, however, travellers have been allowed to visit the place unmolestedly. The price paid was an immense sacrifice of human blood; but Mehemet Ali certainly accomplished much good thereby. "You are safe here," he once said to our Consul-General in Egypt, "and you should also have been safe in Palestine and Syria, had you allowed me to retain possession of them;" referring, of course, to the English driving the Egyptians back, after the siege of Acre.

In the valleys between Bethlehem and Hebron, David once lived as a poor shepherd boy, and he therefore well knew even the literal meaning of his own words, "He maketh me to lie

down in green pastures;" and at Hebron he was afterwards anointed king over all Israel. For seven years and a half, he made Hebron the royal city; that is, until he was made king over all Israel, for, prior to that, he had been king of Judah only; and then he removed to Jerusalem; but, during those seven years and a half, it is probable he wrote many of his psalms. As Absalom's rebellion commenced in Hebron, it is likely that he stirred up the people on this account, promising them that if they made him king in the room of his father, he would restore to them their privileges. Indeed, I think this fact is confirmed by 2 Sam. xv. 10: "Then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron." Here too it was, that "Abraham and others enjoyed peculiar communion with God, and here that God brought Abraham forth, and said, Look toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them! So shall thy seed be."

Hebron was one of the cities of refuge appointed by the command of God. (Num. xxxv. 13, 15; Josh. xx. 7.) Hither the man-slayer was to flee from the avenger of blood. Prior to the time of Moses, it was with the Israelites as it was and still is with the Bedouins. If a man slew another, the family, or tribe, to which the slain belonged never rested until either the murderer, or some one belonging to his family or tribe, had been slain by them. This was called blood revenge. It was not considered cruel, but was a point of honor; and it was as much the duty of the next of kin to the slain to pursue and take away the life of the slayer as it now is in England to aid in bringing a murderer to justice. As it was, however, a barbarous custom, God commanded that it should be put an end to; and for this purpose the cities of refuge were appointed, so that the man-slayer might be protected until he had been tried by "the congregation."* (Num. xxxv. 15–28.) Jewish writers say that the people had to furnish him with every necessary until his death. To this day the Bedouins often say, "There is blood between us!" and that blood must be revenged. They insist upon having "like for like,"—"blood for blood, life for life." (See Matt. v. 38, 39.) I have before me several most appalling accounts of the consequences of this custom; but I must pass them by. I may mention, how-

* Need I refer my readers to the heart-stirring figures which are used, both in the Old Testament and the New, drawn from these cities of refuge? I feel sure many of them will already have anticipated me. See especially Ps. xlvi. 1, 7, 11; xlviii. 3; lvii. 1; Heb. vi. 18. The term "sanctuary" sometimes means refuge, as in Isa. viii. 14 and Ezek. xi. 16, the idea being taken from these cities of refuge.

ever, that sometimes the relatives of the person slain will accept of money or camels in lieu of blood; and this is called "the price of blood;" but the Israelites were not permitted to accept of any compensation for the life of a man who had been proved to be guilty of wilful murder. (Num. xxxv. 31.) A Mahometan is by no means to lose his life for killing "an infidel."

In the plain behind the hills, Abraham and Isaac fed their flocks; (Gen. xiii. 18; xxxv. 27;) and here the Lord promised Abraham a son. The ruins of a house a little way off are pointed to as having been the house of Abraham; but this is a "pious" mistake, as Abraham never lived in a house, but always in a tent. A well is also shown, near which Abraham is said to have received the angels. (Gen. xviii.) The plain is still very luxuriant. In or near the plain, probably Jacob and his sons sojourned, prior to their going down into Egypt to Joseph.

Shortly after we had returned to our tent, the doctor came alone, and lectured us severely for daring to enter the town without having received pratique. (See page 93.) It certainly had not occurred to us that we were doing wrong; though, according to the law of all nations, a man who breaks the quarantine rules is punishable with death. However, he told us that, though he had the power to detain us for 15 days, if we would give him 100 piastres he would let us have pratique immediately, provided we would promise not to leave before morning. The money was speedily in his hand, and we soon engaged mules, for we had now done with camels, though we had not much faith in the doctor's assurances. Shortly afterwards, we threw ourselves on our mattresses.

During the night, the town appeared to be surrounded with wild animals. The howling of wolves, the screaming of jackals,* and the crying of foxes, were incessant and appalling; and these were answered by the barking of the dogs in the town, bidding defiance to the threatening invaders. The noises kept me awake every minute of the night. Our watchmen had a fire burning, and I believe it was necessary to keep off

* The word translated foxes in Judges xv. 4, 5, probably means jackals, as jackals were and still are very numerous all over Palestine. When it is said that Samson caught 300, it does not mean that he caught them with his own hands, any more than Solomon built the temple with his own hands, though he is said to have built it. Samson was ruler over Israel, and, therefore, had plenty of men at command to obey his orders, and they could doubtless have caught 3,000 jackals if necessary. These jackals were probably "the little foxes" which destroyed the vines mentioned in Song ii. 15.

the wild animals. This is the custom, not only in the east but all over the world, and is figuratively referred to in Zech. ii. 5. As a set-off to these noises, however, I may mention that I heard the nightingale, warbling its sweetest notes, and soothing the otherwise unqualified wretchedness of the night.*

In the morning, having no desire to see the doctor come and tell us he had changed his mind, we were off betimes. Our way lay along the valley of Eshcol. (Num. xiii. 24.) The road was rough, but on both sides of us were numbers of vineyards,† and olive groves and watch towers were standing in every direction. These towers are occupied by the people during the time of the vintage, so that few persons are then left in the town. Here also were the ancient winepresses. (Matt. xxi. 33.) The grapes of Hebron are still considered the finest in all the Holy Land. The abundance of grapes which fell to Judah's lot no man can doubt who sees the country even in its present deplorably neglected state. This abundance was foretold in Jacob's blessing, as given in Gen. xlix. 11, 12. Walnuts, pears, apples, cherries, and plums will not thrive well here; but other fruits, such as pomegranates, citrons, oranges, apricots, &c., grow to perfection. Bunches of grapes, weighing from 6 lb. to 7 lb., are said to be by no means uncommon; and Sir Moses Montefiore said he saw one bunch at Hebron a yard long. It was probably such a bunch that the spies carried betwixt two, though it might have been carried in that way to keep it from being injured. (Num. xiii. 23.) Dr. Kitto says the Duke of Portland produced a bunch of grapes at Welbeck that weighed 19 lbs., which he sent as a present to the Marquis of Rockingham, 19 miles distant, borne by men on a staff. Even travellers from Italy, where the finest grapes in Europe are grown, have expressed their astonishment at the size of the grapes and clusters in Palestine. The finest grapes are dried as raisins, and the juice of the rest, after being trodden or pressed out, is boiled down to a syrup, which, under the name of dipbse, corresponding

* The nightingale is heard all over Palestine, especially about the banks of the Jordan. The lark also is a native. Game is abundant, especially partridges, which are fat and heavy.

† See Isaiah v. 2—4. Here we read of "*wild* grapes." These probably refer to a plant which the Arabs call Aneb el dib, or wolf's grapes, or hoary night-shade. Like the true vine, it is a creeper, and somewhat resembles the true; but it is very pernicious to the true vine. It is, indeed, poisonous. "O thou man of God," cried the men who were eating of the pottage made of the fruit of this wild vine, "there is death in the pot." But Elisha cast meal into the pot, and the pottage became wholesome. (2 Kings iv. 39—41.)

with the Hebrew word for honey, is much used by all classes. We also passed a large number of ruined walls and some ancient wells; and a stream of water, from a *living* well, ran along the valley for some distance. Probably this was why, in Num. xiii. 24, the valley is called the *brook* Eshcol. The hills, the valleys, and the springs are all here, as of old, "a land of brooks of water and fountains," some of the streams flowing fresh and cool from the mountains.

The vineyards do not now extend for more than three miles; but the prospect, for about 12 or 15 miles, is truly beautiful, rivalled only by Greece, a succession of hills and dales, craggy rocks and sheltered nooks, rugged glens and peaceful plains. No sooner did we leave one luxuriant vale than another opened before us, seemingly still more beautiful; and as we crossed this hill or traversed that valley, I was constantly reminded of the Divine assurance to the Israelites that it was "a land of hills and valleys, clothed with woods," "a *good* land," a land in which bread should be eaten "without scarceness." (Deut. viii. 7–9.) Many of the hills contain caves, and in the crevices bees often take up their abode, whence the honey flows down the sides of the rocks, *literally* confirming the assurance that it was a land "flowing with honey."* (See also Deut. xxxii. 13 and Ps. lxxxi. 16.)

The valleys, I believe, bear plentiful crops of tobacco, wheat, barley, and millet. If the vegetation now seem in some places to languish, or even, during the extreme heats, to become extinct, such exceptions to the prevailing luxuriance must not be ascribed solely to the general character of all hot climates, nor to the barrenness of the soil, but more to the state of barbarism into which all Turkish provinces have sunk. Though loneliness and barrenness are now in many places beheld where fruitfulness and prosperity once abounded, the *face* of the country remains the same, the rocks, mountains, and valleys being unchanged. Many ruins are to be found of walls which the

* Bees are so numerous in some parts of the east that they are often very troublesome, and whole villages have been forsaken on account of them. Park, in his "Travels," relates that some of his companions once attempted to rob a hive, when the little animals rushed upon them with so much fury that the whole company, men, horses, and asses, had to scamper off in all directions. The horses were never caught again, and the asses were so severely stung that they died the next day. May not this explain Deut. i. 44? In the east, bees usually make their nests in rocks or hollow trees, or under stones. Honey is, therefore, often found "on the ground," as in 1 Sam. xiv. 25. The words translated "honey-comb," in Ps. xix. 10, and in several other places, mean literally the *droppings* from the honey-comb, which are always considered the sweetest of the honey.

ancient cultivators built to support the soil, in terraces, on the declivities of the mountains; of the tanks in which they collected the rain water; and of the little canals by which this water was distributed over the fields; all of which have now fallen into disuse.

About three miles from Hebron is a well called Ayun Derwa, which is probably the one at which Abner was treacherously seized by Joab's messengers. (2 Sam. iii. 26.)

In about five hours, the road became more and more rugged, and the hills wearisome, as they were almost destitute of cultivation. We had passed, on our right or left, several places mentioned in the Old Testament, but it would be tedious to name them all. It is only with the Bible in our hand that we ought to visit Palestine; for, on every other account, its annoyances would greatly outweigh its pleasures.

About noon, we reached the Pools of Solomon, three deep reservoirs, supplied by very powerful springs of excellent water, and thence conveyed to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, by means of an aqueduct. Dr. Robinson measured these reservoirs, and describes the lower one as 582 ft. long, and 207 ft. wide at one end and 148 ft. at the other. The others are not so large. They are constructed of stone, covered with cement. The springs have been all so secured as to leave no way of escape for the water but into the aqueduct. The people of Bethlehem say that, in allusion to these springs, Solomon called his spouse "a fountain sealed."

That these reservoirs were constructed by Solomon, few seem to doubt, as they bear unmistakeable evidence of high antiquity; and it is probable that it was to these pools and the gardens around them that he referred, when he penned Eccl. ii. 5. When I was there, the water was rushing with violence from the lower pool, but there was not much water in the upper pool. The water flows from the upper one into the middle one, and thence into the lower one.

This spot is supposed to be the Etam referred to in Judg. xv. 8, 11; and Tekoa was not far distant. (2 Chron. xi. 6.)

On leaving the pools, cultivation almost entirely disappeared, and we wended our way along a narrow valley, the hills on either side being nothing but barren rocks, on which the rays of the sun were reflected with such intense heat as to make the journey most distressing. In less than an hour we beheld Bethlehem, which is, indeed, "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid," and is, I think, when viewed from a distance, the prettiest little town I ever saw. But

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

for, like all other eastern towns, the interior is dirty; only this is "more so."

Having reached the summit of the hill, we entered the town, and were immediately conducted to the convent, said to be erected over the spot on which the stable stood in which the Redeemer was born. As I rode along the main street, I forgot all the pains I was enduring owing to over-much fatigue, and felt a serenity of soul I cannot describe; but the moment I entered the convent, I became as unfeeling as brass, for the mummeries of the place were revolting. A lighted candle being put into my hands, I descended into the vault below the church, excavated in the rock, and paved with marble. The vault, which is called the Grotto of the Nativity, was lighted up with dozens of lamps and tapers. It is in the hands of the Romanists, Greeks, and Armenians.

At the extremity of this place, a circle in the floor, composed of jasper, &c., surrounded with silver, and having rays like the sun, is shown as marking the *very* spot where the Son of Man first appeared in human flesh. A *marble* manger is also shown, in which the friars insist that the Infant of Days was laid; but this is playing upon our credulity rather too much.* Certain it is, that the Redeemer *was* born in Bethlehem, and it is equally certain that Bethlehem stands now where it stood then; but I am not prepared to say that the cave here shown must be the stable of the nativity, though the fact of its being a cave is no argument against it, as I have myself seen caves used as stables in the east, and doubtless they were so 2,000 years ago; but the probability is, that the stable was in the court of one of the public khans, or caravanserais, which are common in the east, and of which I may have to speak presently. Nevertheless, it is remarkable, as one writer says, that almost every occurrence is represented as having taken place in a cave. Thus, if you would see the place where St. Anne was delivered of the blessed Virgin, you are carried to a cave; if the place of the Annunciation, it is also a cave; if the place where the blessed Virgin saluted Elizabeth, if that of the Baptist's or our Saviour's nativity, if that of the agony, or that of St. Peter's repentance, or that where the apostles made the creed, or that of the Transfiguration; all these places, as pointed out, are caves.

* The present Pope, a short time ago, sent a piece of *wood* to the Duke of Brabant, as part of the manger; yet the manger, as shown at Bethlehem, is a marble one. One traveller says the friars admitted to him that this was not the real manger; but, if they did, they were not equally honest with us.

In the upper church there is a star inlaid in the floor, immediately under the spot, as the priests say, where the supernatural sign became visible to the wise men, and being directly over the circle. Mr. Stephens, an intelligent American, who was at Bethlehem a few years ago, says, "The friars sometimes show a grotto where they say the Virgin took refuge from a shower of rain, and her milk overflowed; and now there is a faith among the people that, if a woman to whom nature has denied the power of nursing her children comes to this grotto, and prays before the altar, the fountain of life will be opened to her. Nor was the virtue of the place confined to those who should resort there in person; for the friars having prayed for, had obtained, a delegation of the Virgin's power; and a small portion of powder from the rock, swallowed in a little water, would be equally efficacious to women having faith." The hand of one of the children murdered by Herod, the corner in which Joseph waited to hear the news of the birth, the spot on which the wise men sat when they went to offer their gifts, and even the place where Herod murdered the innocents,—all these, and many others, the friars of the convent are, in their way, sufficiently learned in historical details to be able to show. I did not see them; but it was, I presume, because I did not give the friars time to show them to me, for I left the place in disgust; and then I began to thank God I was not as other men,—not as these Papists. My mouth was, however, afterwards closed in a way which it would be out of place to name here; and I was compelled to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am!"

Not only was Bethlehem the birth-place of the Saviour, but it was also the birth-place of David; and other objects of interest attach to the place, which crowd upon the mind at once. Here Samuel first anointed David king over Judah, the Lord passing by his elder brothers; (1 Sam. xvi. 13;) and here his great grandmother was a poor gleaner, picking up the handfuls that the reapers of Boaz dropped for her. (See Ruth.)

Bethlehem is said to contain at present only about 1,500 inhabitants, all of whom are professed Christians,—Romanists, Greeks, &c. These often quarrel with each other, while the Mahometans around look on with delight. The women are fair,—fair, I mean, as compared with the Egyptians, and seemed especially so to us who had not seen woman's face for so long a time; and they were all unveiled. The young ones wear a kind of hood, descending on each side of the face, and closing across the bosom, but not covering the face.

When Ibrahim Pasha entered the city with his Egyptian

army, he drove out all the Arabs whom he did not kill, saying that Mussulmans and Christians could not live together; but he took a number of Christian boys to work at the factories at Cairo.

The people principally obtain their livelihood by manufacturing Romish devices,—beads (rosaries) made of the kernel of the olive, crucifixes, the Virgin and Child engraved on mother-of-pearl shells from the Red Sea, &c. &c. They all appeared to me to be far more cheerful and high-spirited than the Egyptians, though they were equally persevering as the Arabs at Thebes,— crowding round us and offering for sale the various religious devices; but we purchased nothing.

The hills near Bethlehem are covered with gardens, and the prospect from the town is delightful. Fruits and provisions of every kind appeared to abound.

A ruined village, behind the convent, is pointed out as the spot on which the angels appeared to the shepherds, announcing the Saviour's birth; and a field is shown near, by which "the Virgin once passed and asked for beans. The owner of the field told her there were none; so, to punish him for his falsehood and lack of charity, the beans were all changed into stones, and the country has remained barren ever since!"

Towards the east are the mountains of Moab, from which district Naomi and her daughter travelled to Bethlehem; and a little beyond is the wilderness of Engedi, to which David fled, and where the Ammonites, Moabites, &c., united against Jehoshaphat, but destroyed each other. (2 Chron. xx.)

We had now come 20 miles from Hebron, and had six more to go to Jerusalem. On descending the hill toward Jerusalem, a ruined tower, called, I know not why, the Tower of Simeon, was pointed out. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," said Simeon, when he clasped the Saviour in his arms, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The place in which Habakkuk lived is also professed to be shown.

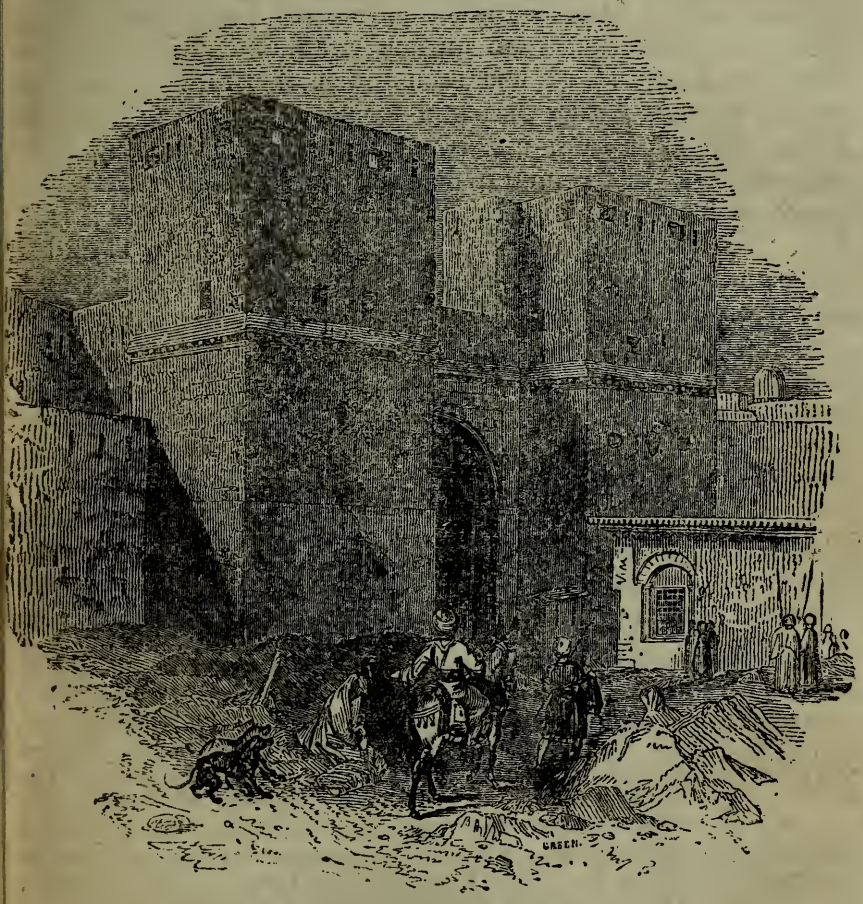
The tomb of Rachel is on our left, having a dome top, similar to the tombs which the Mahometans erect over their santons, or saints; and near to it is the well of which David longed to drink, and from which his three mighty men, breaking through the host of the Philistines, fetched him some of the water. (2 Sam. xxiii. 15.) We also passed a village, said to be on the site of the one in which the shepherds lived, to whom the angels appeared to announce the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. The birth-place of John the Baptist lay on our left on the other side of the valley. We met many pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who all bade us welcome.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

On rising from the valley, we came up to the Greek convent of St. Elias; but we did not tarry to visit it. Here the friars say Elijah rested, on his flight to Beersheba. (1 Kings xix. 4.) A little farther on is a well, which is probably the well of Nephtoah. (Josh. xv. 9.) We see traces of an aqueduct in several places. As it is in some parts formed of earthen pipes, while in others it is constructed of stones and cement, it is probable it has had to undergo repairs, and that the repairs have been executed by ruder hands than those of the original architect. It is believed to have been constructed to convey water into the temple, where much must have been required, in consequence of the frequent sacrifices and washings.

At length Jerusalem opened upon my sight. I was greatly disappointed, for it appeared by no means what I had anticipated. I had read such glowing accounts of first impressions, and magnificent appearances, and so forth, that I had, perhaps, expected too much. The prospect is by no means equal to that of Constantinople. As far as grandeur of appearance goes, I ought to have seen Constantinople *after* I had seen Jerusalem, and then the latter place might have struck me with greater force. As it was, the view of Jerusalem seemed flat and uninteresting. It is true I saw its walls, its domes, its minarets, &c., but similar buildings I had seen

elsewhere, over and over again. Nevertheless, as we drew nearer, it became really imposing, and I unhesitatingly came to the conclusion that it was one of the grandest spectacles in the world. The Mount of Olives rises gracefully beyond the city, while the deep valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat encircle it. But I may say more of this by and by. It was to me a moment of breathless interest.



AN EASTERN GATE.

Just before sunset, we arrived at the Jaffa Gate, where we had to give up our papers, received at Hebron. An officer inquired how much we had paid at Hebron, and we told him, expecting that he would say we had not paid enough. We were, however, allowed to enter the town, riding on our mules. Formerly, no Christian was allowed to ride through the gate, but was compelled to dismount outside. We had pushed hard from Bethlehem to reach the gates before sunset, as we knew there could be no admission into the city after sunset until

the next morning.* Even at that late hour, I observed several lepers sitting at the gate begging.† We all went to an hotel which had been recommended to us, and ordered tea; shortly after which, our consul, Mr. Finch, sent his janissary with cards for each of us, conveying also the consul's assurance that he would be happy to render us any service in his power. T. and I immediately tendered our cards in return; but our fellow-traveller pushed the consul's card away, exclaiming, "Tell Mr. Finch that I am an American, and shall go to the *Prussian* consul!" I had seen much of Brother Jonathan before, but was hardly prepared for so deliberate an insult as this. "Well," I said, "it is not necessary for you to send any message, but common decency would require that you should at least send your card in return." "No, no, no," said he. "No Britisher for me!" Shortly afterwards, T. and I left him, and took up our abode in the Latin Convent, which stands on Mount Acra. In various parts of the east, there are convents belonging to the Romanists and Greeks, the inmates of which are, I was informed, considered bound to entertain strangers, and to find them bread and water for a certain time, without charge. The Greeks are not, however, very liberal in this respect, while the Latins, or Romanists, open their doors to all. As it was the time of Lent when we were at Jerusalem, we were apprehensive that the friars in the convent would not allow us to have any animal food; but we were mistaken; for they found us bread and wine, and cooked for

* I mentioned on p. 191 that most gates in the east are closed at sunset; which is done as a matter of precaution. When Isaiah (lx. 11) says of Zion, "Thy gates shall be open night and day," he implies perfect security from danger and rest from enemies. Nehemiah ordered the gates of Jerusalem to be kept closed all the Sabbath, to prevent the men of Tyre selling their fish to the Jews on that day. (Neh. xiii. 16.)

† It is generally believed that lepers are not allowed to enter the city; but Dr. Robinson says they reside together in a few mud hovels just within the Zion Gate; and I cannot say it is not so. It is certain, however, that they are strictly confined to their own district. All that I saw, and I saw many, were most deplorable objects, half starved, and wasted, and some even deformed, by disease. The disease now called leprosy is not exactly like the leprosy described in the Old Testament; but resembles elephantiasis. The disease first makes its appearance in reddish spots, in a circle, which are soon covered with a whitish skin; and this in a little time falls off, leaving the skin red and rough. The circles increase in size, being at first about as large as a shilling and then of a half crown; but they have been known to extend six inches. It is said not to be in any way infectious, but is certainly hereditary. The lepers never marry except among themselves, and their children show symptoms of the disease when from 10 to 14 years of age. They suffer little or no pain, but are said to die by inches, though often living to be 45, and sometimes even 50.

us everything we chose to send for from the butcher's. It is usual for travellers to make the inmates a present on leaving, and it is, indeed, considered unhandsome if they do not do so, unless they are poor.

The bread of the convent was excellent. All travellers who have ever partaken of it are loud in its praises; and justly so; for there is none to equal it in all Palestine, if even in Europe. Some say it is the best in the world, and certainly I never tasted any that surpassed it. The friars make their own wine, and the bread is, I believe, made of the yeast from the wine.

The room in which we slept contained several beds, and, having no carpet and but little furniture, it looked cheerless enough; but to me it was a palace. I had not slept under a roof, except a canvas one, for fifteen nights; and I can have no hesitation in saying that, for the first time in my life, I really knew the value of a house.

On retiring to rest, my bosom glowed with gratitude to God for his mercies. O how I could look back to the time of my leaving home five months before, and trace the way I had been brought! I had lacked nothing, and had been protected and preserved amidst a thousand perils.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—JERUSALEM.

The next morning, as I lay awake on my bed, my thoughts were turned toward Jerusalem. "Am I *really* in Jerusalem? Impossible! What! in the very city which was 'the joy of the whole earth!'" (Ps. xlviii. 2.) Well might I doubt the fact, for to this day I sometimes try to reason myself out of it. But I must not weary my readers with too much about my sensations.

After breakfast, though I could scarcely walk, I hired a guide, and went into the city.

Jerusalem is built on several hills, or mounts, such as Mount Moriah, Mount Acra, Mount Zion, &c., and all on the summit of one larger hill. It is surrounded on all sides, except the north-west, by a deep ravine, with still higher hills,—the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Evil Counsel, &c.; so that the city is almost like an apple in a bowl.

The ravine which embraces the city on the west is Gihon. It commences outside the Bethlehem Gate; or, rather, is a continuation of the plain of Rephaim. From this point it continues toward the south, until it runs into the valley of Hinnom, which skirts the south of Zion, and, at its south-east corner, unites with the Tyropean, or the Cheesemongers' Valley and

the Valley of Siloam. The Tyropean Valley separates Ophel from Zion; and the Siloam Valley, is, strictly speaking, a continuation of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Valley of Jehoshaphat embraces the north of the city, winding round the east, until it runs into the Valley of Siloam. The ravine Kidron runs along the Valleys of Jehoshaphat and Siloam, and then continues its course along the Valley of Kidron into the Dead Sea; and along this valley also the waters, which, during the rainy seasons, rush down the Valley of Gihon and from the neighboring hills, pass into the Dead Sea.

The valley which, in Josh. xv. 8 and elsewhere, is called Hinnom, is, in 2 Kings xxiii. 10, called Tophet. Here many of the idolatries of the Israelites were practised; and here a murderous Manasseh caused the blood of his human victims to flow, and he and a guilty Ahaz burnt their children in the fire. (2 Kings xxi. 6, 16; 2 Chron. xxviii. 3.)

Direct south of Zion, and on the south also of the Valley of Gihon, is the Hill of Evil Counsel; so called because it is said Caiaphas had a house on its summit, in which the priests and elders met to take counsel how they might kill Jesus. On the east of this, over the Kidron Valley, is the Mount of Offence, on which it is believed Solomon set up the idols to strange gods; and to the north of this is the Mount of Olives, separated from the Hill of Offence by only a depression. These are some of the "mountains which are round about Jerusalem." (Ps cxxv. 2.)

A short distance from the Bethlehem Gate is the Upper Pool of Gihon. Here Solomon was anointed king by Zadok and Nathan. (1 Kings i. 33, 38, 45.) Here also Rabshakeh stood with his great army, and defied the living God; (Isa. xxxvi. 2–13;) and here the prophet announced to the people that "a virgin should conceive and bear a son." (Isa. vii. 3, 14.) Around the pool is a Mahometan cemetery. On the rising ground above, we obtain a most commanding view of the rich plains of Rephaim, in which David twice defeated the Philistines. Farther on, opposite the south-west of Zion, is the Lower Pool. (Isa. xxii. 9, 11.) Both these pools are in the valley of Gihon.

Following the course of the valley, we arrive at Aceldama, or the Field of Blood; so called because it is believed to be the Potter's Field which was bought with the thirty pieces of silver, "to bury strangers in." (Matt. xxvii. 7, 8; Acts i. 19.) A square pit, or charnel-house, sunk in the earth, is still shown here. Some travellers have asserted that the earth is of that peculiar nature that it caused the dead bodies to decay

in 24 hours; but more careful and recent visitors have not been able to authenticate this. A medical gentleman a short time ago examined a sepulchre here, and found a number of skulls, not those of Jews, but of various other nations, "strangers."

Near to this is the well of Job, (Joab?) or Nehemiah, called En-Rogel in 2 Sam. xvii. 17 and 1 Kings i. 9. It is upwards of 120 ft. deep, and the water is excellent. From this well, in old times, the line was drawn which divided the allotments of Judah and Benjamin. (Josh. xviii. 16.) Here Adonijah made a feast when he aspired to the throne of David, assisted by Joab; (1 Kings i. 9–41;) and it is not unlikely that, from this cause, the well derived the name of Job, or Joab. (See also 2 Sam. xvii. 17.) There are several fruit trees round.

A little to the north of this, is the Lower Pool of Siloam; and between this and the well En-Rogel, at the junction of the valleys, is the place pointed out as "the king's gardens;" and I should say if it be merely a discovery of the priests, they were exceedingly happy in their selection, as it is a sweet spot. But there can be no doubt that it is the identical site referred to in Neh. iii. 15 and Song iv. 15. The wall of the pool may be the one which was rebuilt by Nehemiah. In this pool the blind man was commanded to wash, when he received his sight. (John ix. 7, 11.) This well and that of Joab are the only *living* (spring) waters at Jerusalem.

By the hill, or rock, Ophel, stands a mulberry tree, which is said to mark the place where Isaiah was sawn asunder by order of Manasseh.

Proceeding northward, the village of Siloam is on the brow of the Hill of Offence, on the right of the Kidron; and a little farther on, on the left, is the Upper Pool of Siloam, called by the friars the Fountain of the Virgin. The water passes under ground from this pool to the Lower Pool. It flows as softly now as it did when Isaiah wrote viii. 6. Dr. Robinson, who was a truly enterprising man, explored the whole passage, from the upper to the lower pool, and found the distance 1,750 ft.

Crossing the ravine, (Kidron,) we reach the tombs (said to be) of Zechariah, James the Just, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat, the "tombs of the prophets" being in the hill above them. It is probable that Absalom is buried here, as the Jews to this day cast a stone upon the place as they pass. At any rate, this is believed to be the pillar which Absalom reared for himself. (2 Sam. xviii. 18.) There does not appear to be much known about the other tombs, though it is thought that Christ re-

ferred to that of Zechariah, in Matt. xxiii. 35 and Luke xi. 47, 48. (Compare with 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21.)

A little further north, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is the Garden of Gethsemane, and the alleged tomb of the Virgin Mary.

Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood, and on which Abraham prepared to offer up his son Isaac, is on the east of the city, over above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and directly opposite the Mount of Olives. Ophel, called in the Bible Millo, on which Solomon built a tower, or castle, (2 Chron. xxxii. 5,) is on the south of Moriah, and Zion on the west of Ophel. Mount Bezetha is on the north of Moriah, and Mount Acra on the north of Zion and surrounded by Bezetha.

There are now four gates to the city,—St. Stephen's on the east, leading to the Mount of Olives and Jericho; Zion on the south, which connects the populous parts about the Armenian Convent with Mount Zion *without* the wall; Jaffa on the west, which leads to Joppa and the "Great Sea" and Bethlehem; and Damascus on the north, which leads to Samaria and Galilee. Besides these four *open* gates, there are four which are closed up; viz., the Gate of Herod, the Dung Gate, the Golden Gate, and another without a name. These do not exactly agree with the ancient gates; but it would be a waste of time to explain the deviations.

Jerusalem has usually been described by travellers as almost forsaken, and the streets as narrow and filthy in the extreme. I found it otherwise. The streets are narrow, but are neither so dirty nor so badly paved as those of Constantinople and Smyrna; and most of the people seemed as busy as bees. Many of them were dirty enough, it is true; but these were principally Jews, who are indeed the *Irish* of the wide world. Though, in the principal streets or bazaars, all was activity, yet there seemed to me to be a kind of deathliness over the whole. There was no hilarity, no joyousness, no mirth, the "voice of gladness" having ceased. (Jer. vii. 34.) In all Jerusalem there is not a single wheeled carriage of any kind; at least I never saw or heard of one; and it is certain that there are no roads around along which one could travel. The only modes of conveyance are horses, mules, asses, and camels. Compared with what it was in the days of Solomon, Jerusalem is indeed desolate; but, compared with other eastern towns, it is by no means so forlorn as has been represented. The houses are built of stone, like those of Bethlehem, and the roofs are surmounted with cupolas, three or four being sometimes on one house. These may, in part, be intended as or-

namental, and they certainly give the city a picturesque appearance; but I think they must be useful as well as ornamental. Probably they are meant to break the force of the heavy rains during the rainy season, as the roofs, which are all flat, are not very strong, owing to the scarcity of timber. (See page 187.) All the rain water is preserved in deep tanks, cut out of the rock, as at Malta, the people principally depending upon it for supply. The former rains spoken of in Jer. v. 24 and elsewhere refer to the commencement of the rainy season, when the husbandman sows his seed; and the latter rains to its termination; after which, a warm and almost unclouded sun soon ripens the crops. During the summer, there is no rain at all in the Holy Land, and hence sometimes arises the drought of which we read in Jer. xvii. 8; but there is generally more or less rain throughout the winter; that is, from October to April.

The Jews' quarter is on the east of that part of Zion which is now within the walls; and the Christian, or Frank, quarter on the west and on the west also of Acra, between the Armenian and Latin Convents.

I have thus given a rough sketch of the situation of the city, with some of its heart-stirring associations, which may in some measure prepare my readers for my subsequent remarks, though it is not my intention to enter fully into descriptions, as my limits will not allow me.* My desire, indeed, is to be as concise as possible, and yet to give such a description of this ancient city of the living God as will be likely to excite interest.

I everywhere in Jerusalem met with civility and obliging behaviour, except in the house of Mr. Nicolayson, the Protestant Missionary, to whom I had a letter from Dr. Kitto; and he seemed almost unable or unwilling pleasantly to answer a single question. I did not view this as disrespectful to me, as Mr. N. knew nothing of me personally; but as a slight upon the gentleman whose letter I presented. I tried the people over and over again, asking many frivolous questions, and found the same readiness to answer or serve me in every street. Provisions and fruits were as plentiful as at Bethlehem.

I now revert to my first day's excursion, after my arrival at Jerusalem.

* Those of my readers who can afford it, and wish to see a thorough searching critical account of the city, indeed of all Palestine, Arabia, &c., will do well to procure the American work, Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," as it is decidedly the most minutely-written work on the subject I have ever perused; but they must be prepared to wade through three octavo volumes, which might with advantage have been comprised in two; and also to encounter some unintelligible prejudices.

The first object to which my guide directed my attention was an ancient tower, which is called the Tower of David, said by some to have been built by Solomon, but more generally believed to be the Tower of Hippicus, built by Herod, on the site of one which David or Solomon erected.* Probably it was on the spot of the strong-hold of Zion which David took from the Jebusites. (2 Sam. v. 7.) It now forms a portion of a castle, which is surmounted by a few rusty guns.

From the tower we went to the new English church, not then completed, which stands on Mount Zion. It is a neat building, in the Gothic style. Here I found some English masons at work, which was like finding a cup of water in the desert. In digging for the foundations of this church, I was told the laborers had penetrated to a depth of at least 50 ft., before they could find a rock, all being rubbish and old ruins. Many parts of the new city are built on the ruins of the old. (Jer. xxx. 18.) If, in the erecting of this church, no more can be accomplished than the convincing of the Mahometans and Jews in Jerusalem that all professed Christians are not idolatrous Greeks or Romanists, the money will have been well laid out; but only let the mummeries of Puseyism be introduced, and then farewell to all hope of good.

We next went to the Armenian Convent, which I was assured stands over the spot on which the apostle James was martyred, and in which his ashes are said to be deposited. The walls are covered with porcelain and rude paintings, or rather daubs, and dozens of ostriches' eggs are suspended from various parts. One of the side chapels has two doors covered with mother-of-pearl. The convent stands on that part of Mount Zion which is still within the walls.

I was then conducted to the governor's house, on the site of Pilate's house, from which the Redeemer was led to be crucified. The street leading from this house to Mount Calvary is called the Via Dolorosa, or, the Dolorous Way. The street at first gradually rises, but afterwards becomes much steeper. If this really be the way along which the Redeemer was led to Calvary, and I see no reason to doubt it, probably it was at this point he sank under the weight of his cross, when Simon was compelled to aid him in carrying it. Near the house are the ruins of an ancient arch, which spans the street; and over it is a window, from which the priests say Pilate ex-

* The tower which Solomon built, and called after David his father, was not only strong but greatly ornamented; and it is to this that Solomon refers when he says of his bride, "Thy neck is like the Tower of David," referring to her neck ornaments. (Song iv. 4.)

claimed, "Behold the man!" The arch is evidently an ancient one; but I should not like to endorse all that the priests and friars say about it.

This brought us to the Mosque of Omar, which, beyond all dispute, stands on the site of Solomon's Temple. It is the most imposing building in Jerusalem, and was partly constructed out of the ruins of the second temple. My guide would hardly suffer me to approach even the gate; but, seeing "the coast clear," I went into the outer court. My guide was alarmed, but I desired him to be quiet, as I should be sure to retreat if I saw any danger. I had a good, though a hasty view of the exterior of the building, for, I believe, nothing could have saved me had I been caught. This mosque is considered by the Mahometans to be so sacred that even the sultan has no power to grant a firman to view it. The governor was once asked, "Suppose any Frank came with a firman from the sultan, would you not suffer him to enter?" "Yes," replied the governor, "but I would not insure his coming out again." Dr. Richardson, an English physician, who for some time resided in Jerusalem, was permitted to enter twice, as, on account of his skill in "the healing art," he was greatly respected by the Turks; but I need not trouble my readers with his description of the interior. The mosque is an octagonal building, each of its eight sides being about 60 ft. The lower part is of white marble, and the upper part is faced with glazed porcelain, of divers colors. On this spot the lambs were daily slain, setting forth the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, and here God dwelt between the cherubim. But now, "the mountain of the house is become as the high place of the forest;" (Mic. iii. 12;) that is, it has become a place for heathen worship, like the ancient groves. (1 Kings xiv. 15, 23.)

On leaving the gate, my mind became absorbed in the contemplation of the glory which once rested upon that spot, and upon the desecration that has succeeded it; until I became unmistakeably conscious that the excitement was affecting my health, and that if every scene were to affect me as much as this and the Via Dolorosa had done, I should suffer greatly.

Near to this gate is a large reservoir, then dry, about 350 ft. long and 130 ft. broad; and this my guide said was the Pool of Bethesda. Travellers differ upon this point, however, though some say they have discovered two out of the five porches. (John v. 2.) Dr. Robinson thinks it was merely part of a trench which protected the ancient fortress of Antonia; but, as we know that the Pool of Bethesda was within the city, and nigh unto the Sheep Gate, and as this is nigh to St.

Stephen's Gate, which is supposed to be on the site of the ancient Sheep Gate, I can see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this being Bethesda.

We now passed out of the city by St. Stephen's Gate, which, as I have said, is near the pool. Here I was shown the spot where Stephen is believed to have been stoned, when Paul held the clothes of the young men. Stephen's supposed tomb is also shown. The council before which he was arraigned held its sittings by the grounds of the temple; and Stephen seems not to have been regularly conducted from the tribunal, but to have been jostled away by a furious mob, and put to death as soon as they got him outside the gate. "Behold," said he, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing* on the right hand of God," and he "fell asleep." (Acts vii. 56–60.)

Nearly opposite to St. Stephen's Gate is the Mount of Olives, and the view from outside the gate is magnificent, the deep bed of the Kidron, or the Valley of Jehoshaphat, lying between. On the left were fields of corn and hills covered with verdure, and on the right the Hill of Offence. How sweet the contemplation of these hills and valleys, which are not deformed by Popish absurdities!

A little to the left of St. Stephen's Gate is a pool, called by my guide the Pool of Bathsheba; but this is perfectly absurd. I really believe the guides have been of great service to the priests in finding names for places. If any pool at all, that is now known, be the Pool of Bathsheba, it must be a small one on the western side of the city, near the castle of David; where, indeed, the house of Uriah and Bathsheba's gardens are professedly shown.

Turning to our right, we went alongside the walls of the city, which here form part of the Mosque of Omar, until we reached the Golden Gate. This is now blocked up. The original arch is still standing, and is richly carved. Some suppose that this gate was called the Golden Gate on account of its great beauty, or because the gate was covered with gold; while others say that it was near this gate that the money-changers sat, whom the Saviour drove out with a whip of small cords, and that it derived its name from the fact of the money-changers meeting there. I can give no opinion of my own upon the subject. I measured some of the stones near,

* How expressive this is! In every other place in the Bible, as in Rev. v. 13, Matt. xxvi. 64, &c. &c., the Son of Man is represented as sitting; but here he was *standing*, having, in his condescending majesty, risen from his seat, as it were, to receive his martyr Stephen's spirit.

and found them from 15 ft. to 24 ft. long, and from 3 ft. 3 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. deep, all squared and moulded. There are many pillars built horizontally in, and through, the wall, so as to form a colonnade inside the court; and the ends project outside. These pillars belonged originally to the temple. On one of these projecting columns the Mahometans believe their prophet is to sit, and, with Christ, judge the world in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Advantage has been taken by some writers of the circumstance that the original gateway is still left standing, to prove that the Redeemer did not prophesy truly when he said, "There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down;" but they overlook the fact that the gate formed no part of the temple, but merely led to one of the outer courts. Until recently, the Turks would not suffer any but Mussulmans to approach this gate, as they have a tradition that the Christians will one day retake Jerusalem, and that they will enter through this gate; but, as the valley below is very deep and the hill precipitous, I apprehend it would be about the worst place that could be attempted. The Beautiful Gate, at which the lame man sat, to whom Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none," &c., (Acts iii. 1–11,) was probably in the court beyond the Golden Gate.

Having carefully examined this locality, my guide next conducted me across the Tyropean Valley to that part of Mount Zion which now stands *without* the walls. Here is an Armenian church, said to be built on the site of the house of Caiaphas. The building in which Christ and his disciples are said to have partaken of the last supper, was also shown to me. It is about 17 yds. by 10 yds. inside, and is supported by pillars, erected, I believe, many years *less* than 1800 ago.

The tomb of David adjoins this building. No one that I know of, except Dr. Robinson, doubts the reality of this. Even the Jews hold it in great veneration; but, in Dr. R.'s estimation, it is, I suppose, not possible that they should know anything about it. I was not allowed to enter, as it was well guarded by Turks. A few years ago, Sir Moses Montefiore, a rich Jew, obtained admission; but he had to bribe unsparingly. "Mr. Nicolayson was with Sir Moses at the time, and so obtained admittance also, and heard the Jews recite a long form of prayer and read many of the Psalms, such as xv., cxxii., cxxvi., over the tomb. He described the scene as solemn and affecting." A Turkish mosque now stands over the tomb. Some old pillars lie about, and these, my guide assured me, had belonged to David's palace!

The Romanists' cemetery is close by. Here the form of a

cross is cut in the wall, marking the spot, as the priests affirm, where Mary once rested to suckle her babe! And not far off is shown the place on which the cock that crowed stood when Peter denied his Lord and Master! It is only for a priest to assert a thing, and the poor votary,—Greek, Romanist, Armenian, or Copt, will believe it, however absurd it may be. It is well known that the "cock-crowing" spoken of by the evangelists, (Matt. xxvi. 34, &c.,) did not refer to the literal crowing of a cock, but to the night watches of the Roman soldiers, in whose hands Jerusalem was in the days of the Redeemer. The night was divided into four watches, viz., from 6 to 9, from 9 to 12, from 12 to 3, and from 3 to 6. Each watch was announced by the blowing of a trumpet, and the third blowing was called the "first cock-crowing," and the next the "second cock-crowing." "And the second time the cock crew," says Mark; and this was the second "cock crowing," or trumpet. This fact not only shows the ridiculousness of the people pointing to the spot where the cock stood, but also the folly of those who call the Saviour's remark an absurdity. See also Mark xiii. 35, where the third watch is distinctly called "the cock-crowing." The Greeks, Armenians, and Americans have also each a cemetery here.

The whole of this part of Mount Zion, except the parts I have mentioned, is now under cultivation, and has become heaps. (See Jer. xxvi. 18.)

Having seen all that is shown on Mount Zion *without* the present walls, I returned, and, entering the city at the Zion Gate, proceeded to a chapel belonging to Syrian Christians, said to be built on the site of the house of Mary, the mother of Mark. This chapel is believed to be the oldest entire building in Jerusalem. Leaving this chapel, I was taken to the house of Thomas, the house of Annas the high priest, &c.; and then, passing through the Jews' quarter, we came again to the walls of the city, where I was shown the spot which the Jews visit every Friday, and where they wail and lament over their city. As I was not at Jerusalem on a Friday, I had not an opportunity of seeing them in any numbers; but there were several, principally women, before the walls when I visited the place. Some of the stones are worn smooth with their kisses. I find in my journal the following, as being the exclamations of the Jews when wailing; but I am unable to say from what book I copied them:

"The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning.
Our inheritance is turned to strangers—our house to aliens.
The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us that we have sinned.

For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim.
Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; thy throne from generation to generation.
Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever and forsake us so long time?
Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord! Renew our days as of old."

The Jews in Jerusalem are not so thrifty as those in Hebron and some other parts of the east. They are, indeed, principally supported by contributions from their brethren abroad. These contributions sometimes amount to as much as £3,000 in the year. It is still the height of a Jew's ambition to be "gathered to his fathers," *i. e.*, to be buried in or near their ancient sepulchres; (See page 275;) and hence it is that so many spend their little all in travelling to the city, and close their days in idleness, wretchedness, and filth. None of the Jews are "tillers of the ground." I believe that, to a man, they are too idle for this. A few of them are shopkeepers, a few more are hawkers, and a *very* few operatives. So say the Scotch missionaries, and I have no doubt they are right. They have so little trade that their avariciousness and cheating are turned upon each other, even the rabbis excelling in this essentially Jewish propensity. It was really sickening to pass down some of their streets.

A Mahometan named Damoor is said to have prophesied that, on the 15th of June, 1834, the Jews would be despoiled of their property. On the day named, everybody turned out to see whether, and in what way, the prophecy would be fulfilled; when Damoor dashed among the Jews, and, taking the lead, was speedily joined by hundreds of Turks and Arabs, who soon made good the prediction. From this time Damoor was looked up to as a great prophet.

The remains of an ancient bridge were shown to me, which had led across the Tyropean Valley from Mount Zion to Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood. Doubtless the bridge was erected by Solomon. These ruins were, I believe, discovered by Catherwood, in 1833, though Dr. Robinson claims the credit of the discovery, five years afterwards. Dr. Robinson measured the width of the valley here, and found it about 116 yards.

I was next shown what is called the prison of Peter, which is a cave cut in a rock; the house of Simon the Pharisee, now in ruins; the house of John, in which, with the Virgin Mary, he lived after the crucifixion; (John xix. 27;) and other things which I need not enumerate, as they were most of them equally doubtful. Of course I could not say that that was *not* Peter's prison, and that those were *not* the ruins of

Simon's house; but I am sure the probability is that nobody knows anything about them. Still, the mentioning of Peter's prison called to my mind his miraculous deliverance, when the doors of the prison were opened for him, while the brethren were making supplication to God on his behalf; and the ruins referred to presented to my view Mary Magdalene washing her Lord's feet with her tears and wiping them with the hairs of her head. (Luke vii. 37–50.) Indeed, every place pointed out was as full of interest to me as if its identity were indisputable, as it summoned before the eye of my mind circumstances recorded in the Bible, and as I knew that I must, at any rate, be not very far from the spot where those circumstances actually took place.

In the afternoon, I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; that is, a church which is believed to be standing upon Golgotha, where the Redeemer was crucified. If I were to say that I viewed this place with indifference, I should do violence to my own feelings; for, despite all the arguments that have been used by Dr. Robinson and others to prove that this could not have been the place of the crucifixion, and despite my most determined hostility to priestcraft in every shape, I could not then, nor can I now, bring my mind to believe that this is not Mount Calvary. And one thing that strikes me as the most singular is, that not one of the objectors is able to point to any place, except this, which in any way answers the description given by the evangelists. We know that the rocks were rent; and here is shown a cleft rock which could not possibly have been accomplished even by wonder-working priests. We know also that *in* the place where the Saviour was crucified was a garden, that *in* the garden was a rock in which a new sepulchre was hewn, and that in that sepulchre the body of Jesus was laid; (Compare John xix. 41, with Matt. xxvii. 60;) and here is a rock in which is a cave that has evidently been a sepulchre. Other sepulchres are also shown hard by, which are said to be those of Joseph of Arimathea and his family; and what more likely than that a man's family should all lie near to each other? Yet Dr. R. smiles at the priests, who have "contrived" to bring all these things so close together! Why, had it been otherwise, John's particular account could not have been true; for, as I have already shown, it was *in* the place where the Saviour was crucified that there was a garden, and *in* that garden the sepulchre. Let the objectors find some other place which will equally well answer the description given in the New Testament, and then I may see good ground for altering my views;

but until this be done, I must be content to believe that, for once, the priests are right.

It is quite true, as urged by Dr. Robinson, that the site of Calvary, if this be Calvary, is *within* the present wall; whereas, we know that the crucifixion took place *without* the gate; (Heb. xiii. 12;) but my answer to this is, that the wall of the city is not now situated as it was at the time of the crucifixion, and that no man can tell where the wall then stood. Indeed, there were, at one time, two walls, both of which were utterly destroyed by the Roman army under Titus; and there can be no doubt that, in this direction, the *city* wall extends farther west now than it did then, having been rebuilt hundreds of years afterwards. The sepulchre is situated on the hill of Acra. Now, nowhere, that I know of, is either this hill or that of Bezetha, to the N. W. of Acra, mentioned in the Bible. Supposing, therefore, that the walls which existed at the time of the crucifixion, included Calvary, they were, in all probability, the work of Roman hands, and, consequently, would not be reverenced by the Jews. As the hills enclosed by them formed no part of the ancient city, the Jews would not have considered it polluting their city to execute malefactors within those walls. It was the Jews, not the Romans, who crucified Christ, though they were assisted by Roman soldiers. But the probability is, that the ancient wall commenced at the Tower of David, skirting Zion and Moriah on the north, while it embraced the whole of Zion on the south, the greater part of which, as I have already shown, is *without* the existing wall. Lord Nugent, indeed, partly, perhaps, in consequence of Dr. R.'s remarks, searched diligently for traces of the ancient wall, and found them, commencing at the Tower of David, *excluding* not only Calvary but also the Pool of Hezekiah, which fully agrees with both the Old and New Testament accounts. Hezekiah made a pool and a conduit, and brought water into the city; that is, by means of the conduit he brought water into the city from the pool; showing that the pool was *without* the city; and, this being the case, Calvary, from its relative situation, must have been without the city also. We know that it was "nigh to the city;" and the distance, as measured by Lord Nugent, would be about 100 yards.

One fact appears to me to be incontestable, viz., that as there must have been many Christians in Jerusalem at the time of its destruction, which was only about 37 years after the death of Christ, and as their numbers did not diminish but greatly increase, year after year, it is absurd to suppose that they did not know the exact spot on which their Lord

and Master, their only hope of salvation, suffered death. Several of our martyrs in England were hung at Tyburn. Will it ever be forgotten where Tyburn Gate stood? And yet of how much less moment was *their* death than that of the Saviour! There were hundreds of disciples at the time of that event, for we read in 1 Cor. xv. 6, that, after his resurrection, Jesus appeared to above five hundred brethren at once; and can we for a moment suppose that *they* cared not about the scene of the Lord's death, and that they pointed it not out to their children and their children's children, from generation to generation;—that the resurrection should have so alarmed the chief priests and elders, (Matt. xxviii. 11–15,) and yet no one be sufficiently interested in the *site* of the sepulchre to transmit it to posterity? To imagine such a thing is to fancy that the people of those days were a different race of beings to ourselves, that they were not, in fact, human. Are not the sepulchres of the old kings of England visited and viewed with interest by thousands to this day?

Besides, it was not quite 300 years after the crucifixion when Helena, the mother of Constantine, caused a church to be erected upon the spot. The Christians had the writings of the evangelists and apostles before them then, as we have now, though, of course, they were not circulated to the same extent. Was there not one amongst them who could have pointed out the error of their pastors if they had fixed upon a wrong spot,—a spot, for instance, that was *within* the old gate? And would not the unbelieving Jews have ridiculed them for their folly? If the priests were cunning enough, in the reign of Constantine, to *manufacture* a sepulchre, it would be irrational to suppose they were not acute enough to fix upon a spot which would answer the New Testament description.

We must not assert that the persecutions of the Romans and Jews prevented the Christians from meeting and sympathising with each other, for the more they were persecuted the more they grew; and the death and resurrection of their Saviour must ever have been one of their leading subjects of conversation, when they spake one to another. Say not that those in Jerusalem were all slain when the city was besieged; for, on the contrary, it is said that they all left the city and escaped without hurt, acting upon the advice of their Lord, as recorded in Luke xxi. 20–22. Even Josephus, who was not by any means a *believing* Jew, states that large numbers fled to the mountains; and Eusebius says that these were the Christians, which is rendered the more certain by the fact that the Jews to a man almost believed that their city was impregnable.

It is indeed said, and Dr. Russell calls it an "undeniable fact," that the emperor Hadrian erected a statue of Jupiter over the sepulchre, and one of Venus on Mount Calvary, only about 100 years after the crucifixion; and Eusebius, who wrote about 260 years subsequently, refers to them, calling them idols, which had stood on the spot from that emperor's reign. But I need not dwell on this, as, to my mind, the evidence as to identity is sufficient without it.

We cannot, indeed, wonder that Dr. Robinson doubts the identity of the Saviour's sepulchre, when he doubts that of David's on Mount Zion, though, singularly enough, he implicitly believes in that of the sepulchres of the patriarchs at Hebron, and that of Rachel near Bethlehem. What! The Jews, whose race has never been extinguished, and who are as much Jews now as they were 3,000 years ago, these not know the sepulchre of their favorite king, the sweet singer of Israel, and yet remember those of his forefathers, and even of Rachel, a thousand years farther back? How very absurd! Besides, Peter, who was a Jew, says expressly in Acts ii. 29, "His sepulchre is *with us* (known to us) to this day." And here I leave it.

On reaching the doors of the church, I was accosted by several poverty-stricken creatures, who had travelled many, some perhaps, hundreds, of miles, on a pilgrimage to the Holy City, to be present at the festival at Easter,* either by way of penance or to obtain the Pope's or Patriarch's blessing, but whom the door-keeper would not admit, because they were un-

* This festival is held every year, commencing on Good Friday. It consists of a disgraceful representation, by the priests, of the crucifixion of the Saviour. An image, life size, of a bleeding man, is exposed to view. This is carried, first to the pillar, to which, they say, the Lord was bound when he was flagellated, then to the prison, then to the spot where, it is affirmed, his garments were parted among the soldiers, and then to Calvary, where the image is nailed to the cross, and the cross is afterwards fixed in the hole in the rock. At the commencement of the ceremony, the church is put in total darkness. After a sermon has been preached, two miracle-mongers go into the sepulchre, and pretend that holy fire descends from heaven to light their torches. They also assert that this fire will not burn or consume anything; but, as one person who witnessed the fanaticism states, no one who made the experiment on his hands, face, &c., could endure it long enough to confirm the statement. I did not remain to see this disreputable drama, as, to have done so, would have thrown me too late for the steamer at Beyrout. The pilgrims consist of Romanists, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, Abyssinians, Maronites, &c., and I believe they assemble by thousands, riots often occurring, in which the Turkish soldiers have to interfere. One traveller says that between 200 and 300 of the pilgrims were trodden down and trampled to death in one year;

able to pay the entrance fee demanded. They complained bitterly of the avariciousness of the holy fathers, but, remarkably enough, never once seemed to doubt their integrity. I paid for some bread for them, but did not feel justified in aiding the priests in their extortions by paying for their admission. Having a decent coat on my back, I was admitted without let or hindrance. I was also surrounded by the vendors of curiosities from Bethlehem. No one can form any idea of the quantities sold to the pilgrims during Lent and Easter. I purchased several this day.

The nave of the church is of a circular form, enclosed by pillars which support the galleries, and is covered by a large dome. In the centre is a small marble building, surmounted by a cupola, standing upon columns; and this is erected over the sepulchre. Lamps were burning, tapers flaring, and music playing; all strongly savoring of the profanity of a theatre, while priests and friars were walking about, and pilgrims by scores prostrating themselves before the various relics pointed out to them, and kissing them with ecstatic delight.

A friar soon waited upon me to be my guide. I was first shown a marble cistern, something like a shallow bath, in which I was gravely assured the body of the Saviour was washed! This was protected by rails, and six wax tapers, nearly as large as my body, were placed inside them. I then entered the sepulchre, though it was with difficulty I could do so, as the pilgrims were pressing hard, and as only four or five could enter at a time. A white marble sarcophagus is seen inside, which occupies about one-half of the cave; and in this I was told the body of Jesus was laid!*

In one place is a block of polished marble, which is said to mark the spot where the angel appeared to Mary; in another

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and that their companions carried them away in triumph, as martyrs to the cause of Christ! Surely the ceremony of the Doseh, which I described in Chapter XXVII., cannot be called worse than this! Indeed, is it not a wonder that the Mahometans do not send missionaries among the Christians? The Protestant missionaries, who, by the way, do not often die prematurely through hard work, have not only to combat Judaism and Mahometanism, but also to show the absurdities of these superstitions, as both Jews and Mahometans point tauntingly to them. These various sects of Christians hate each other with a deadly hatred, and all unite in hating the Jews; so that, to this day, no Jew dare pass the door of the Holy Sepulchre.

* It is said, in John xix. 39, 40, that the body was "wound in linen clothes with the spices," "about a hundred pound weight." The Jews, in endeavoring to throw doubt on the Saviour's burial, object to this quantity of spices as not only unusually but ridiculously large; but it could hardly have been less at Asa's burial. (2 Chron. xvi. 14.)

is a stone which we are solemnly assured is the one that was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, though the Armenians say *they* have the genuine one; and in another is a pillar, to which it is affirmed the Redeemer was tied when he was flagellated. Indeed, somebody has fixed upon a spot for everything. Here, they say, is the hole into which the Saviour's feet were put while he was scourged; there is the prison into which he was thrust when he was brought from the house of Caiaphas; here is the place where the crown of thorns was put upon his head; there the soldiers parted his raiment; here Mary Magdalene slept on the night of the crucifixion; and there the Lord appeared to Mary, after his resurrection. All these things are, of course, perfect nonsense, and only excite disgust in sober, and infidelity in doubting, minds. If the priests would but lay aside these extravagances, they would certainly do much to remove doubt in cases where there is less room for scepticism. Nevertheless, it does not follow, because they have something for everything and make everything represent something, that therefore they are wrong in all, any more than that a cathedral is not a building because the mummeries of Puseyism are practised in it.

Descending a few steps, we reached the chapel of Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, where the priests say the true cross was found, during that empress's visit to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, &c. That *a* cross was found there, no one doubts; but that it was a gross imposition of the priests, who had previously buried the cross there to deceive that kind-hearted lady, and who then pretended to dig it up in her presence, is equally certain. She had promised to build a church on the spot, if they could find the cross, and they could not withstand the temptation to deceive. They fleeced the empress of her money; they fixed upon this spot as the scene of such an occurrence and upon that as of such a one; they produce a manger in which they say the Infant was laid at his birth, a table on which the last supper was partaken of, and a cistern in which his body was washed after his death; with a host of other things from the cradle to the grave; and the unsuspecting woman, not knowing their craft, believes it all, and aids in perpetrating those delusions which so often serve to throw contempt upon Christianity, and to cause the realities of the Cross to be ridiculed. How great and awful was the responsibility that they incurred!

Ascending from the chapel, we were shown a hole in the rock into which the cross was said to have been fixed; and about a yard and a half distant was a "rent" in the rock,

which extended downwards beyond our sight, though we subsequently went in the vault below to examine it. "That this rent," as one writer justly observes, "was made by the earthquake that happened at our Lord's Passion, there is only tradition to prove; but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instrument."

While in the church, notwithstanding the glare, and glitter, and mummeries with which I was surrounded, I felt a softness of heart which caused my tears to flow. Whether the dear Redeemer died here or was buried there, though I had no doubt such was the fact, was comparatively a matter of little moment to me. The great question was, "Did he die for *me?*" "Did he shed his blood for *me?*" And though I was not able to say with Job, "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth," yet I had a sweet hope that I was interested in his precious sufferings and death,—in the atonement made, on or near that very spot, for sinful, yea, backsliding and rebellious man. (Ps. lxviii. 18.) And this hope held me, as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and was more precious to me than the value of all the churches and temples in the world, notwithstanding that it was suggested to my mind that I was every whit as superstitious as the poor pilgrims who were crossing themselves and kissing the priest-made relics.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

"Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears."

On two other occasions I visited the church, not because I was pleased with the performances going on there, but because I was anxious to be fully satisfied that the position of the little mount, Calvary, and of the sepulchre, really did agree with the

Scripture account; and that the cleft in the rock was not a deception, but was caused by the earthquake,—the work of God and not of man; and each visit tended to confirm my previous convictions that the whole was indeed an incontrovertible reality.*

On my last two visits to the church, I was accompanied by my old companions, G. and T.; and on each occasion we gave the friars 10 piastres for their trouble and to pay for the candles with which they furnished us to examine the vaults; that is to say, we *intended* that they should have that amount; but it turned out that Abdallah had only given them a piastre and a half, putting the balance into his own pocket, though to their very faces he declared he had handed over all.

I shall not attempt to describe the "Tombs of the Kings," as almost all travellers are agreed that the name is assumed, and that the sepulchres, or rather sepulchre, so called, was that of the Empress Helena; nor is it worth describing, as it is by no means equal to any of those at Thebes.

The "Tombs of the Judges," so called, are at the head of the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but it is certain that, at any rate, *all* the Judges could not have been buried here, as Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Samson, and others of them, were buried in different places.

Going out at the St. Stephen's Gate, and passing round the walls, we came to the Damascus Gate. This gate opens into a beautiful park-like spot, covered with trees and corn. Near the gate is a deep pool. Here the walls were built on a rock, and they looked as though they had absolutely taken root, they were so embedded in the rock. The cave in which it is said Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations is near this spot.

Some travellers have complained bitterly of the pavements of the streets, and they are certainly bad enough; but if those

* Maundrell says, "When a person was crucified, he was nailed to the cross as it lay on the ground, through each hand extended to its utmost stretch, and through both the feet together. The cross was then erected, and the foot of it thrust with violence into a hole prepared in the ground to receive it. By this means the body, whose whole weight hung upon the nails, which went through the hands and feet, was completely disjointed, and the sufferer at last expired by the force of pain. This kind of death, which was the most cruel, shameful, and cursed death that could be devised, was used only by the Romans for slaves, and the basest of the people, who were capital offenders. Sometimes those who were fastened upon the cross lived long in that condition. Andrew is believed to have lived three days upon it; others nine days. Guards were appointed to observe that none should take them down and bury them." Hence it was that Joseph had to beg the body of Jesus ere he could remove it.

who complain would walk the streets of Leicester for a month, with thin shoes on, they would be better prepared to encounter those of Jerusalem, and would think less of them.

The present walls of the city are about two miles and a half in circuit, and are in most parts very broad. I walked along them for some distance.

The best view that I had of the Mosque of Omar was from the roof of the governor's house, which stands on the site of Pilate's house. On being introduced to the governor, we found him lounging on his divan, *à la Turk*, with his unfailing companion, his long pipe, in his mouth. Abdallah commenced making known our request, viz., to be allowed to ascend to the roof of his house, when the governor silenced him by putting up his hand, and beckoning for us to be seated. Not being then so well initiated in Turkish customs as I am now, I wondered what was the matter; for a dead silence prevailed for several minutes. Presently, however, my anxiety was relieved by the entrance of a black slave, with coffee. (See page 384.) When we had returned the governor's salutation, on taking the coffee, and handed over the cups to the slave, the governor again telegraphed with his hand, and Abdallah proceeded with his request. The governor's reply was merely a nod, and he then entered into conversation with us. He was most anxious, he said, to learn the English language, as he believed the English to be a worthy people, and he was much attached to them. He made some inquiries about Sir Charles Napier, who had stormed Acre, and also about other persons of whom he had heard. At last he ordered a servant to accompany us to the roof; but, suddenly calling him back, said he would go himself; and he led the way in a most polite manner; an act of great condescension. Though I had prepared myself for a great scenic treat from this elevation, I must say I was taken by surprise. The view was thrilling; not gigantic, but beautiful; not wild, but picturesque. The governor was delighted to see that we were so much gratified, and, on leaving, shook us heartily by the hand. I slipped a few piastres into the servant's hand who accompanied us to the door, and we then went into the street. Suddenly, however, missing Abdallah, I turned back, and found him trying to extort from the servant a share of the "bucksheesh;" but I compelled him to desist, and took him away, telling him he must be content with his own wages, or he might get into trouble with us.

On one occasion, I heard loud wailings; and, running to ascertain the cause, I found it was a funeral procession. I described an Egyptian funeral in a previous chapter. This

was similar, except that here the women, about twenty in number, were all dressed in white, and were twirling white handkerchiefs over their heads, and before their faces, while the poor Egyptians were dressed in blue.*

There are said to be about 11,000 or 12,000 people in Jerusalem, 5,000 of whom are Jews, and about 3,000 Christians of the various sects. The number of Jews in all Palestine, the Scotch missionaries reckon at about 12,000. They are, as Moses foretold, "only oppressed and crushed alway." Their condition may not be quite so bad now as it was a few years ago; but, as a whole, they are a living mass of poverty and wretchedness. They, as well as the present comparatively forlorn state of Jerusalem, are sad witnesses to the reality of the Scriptures.

Provisions are much dearer in Jerusalem than in Egypt, but fruits are quite as cheap. The city contains several soap manufactories, but no other works of any kind, that I could hear of.

In Jerusalem, every Englishman is free, free as the air he breathes; more free, indeed, than he is either at Malta or Corfu, though these places are called our own. The missionaries in Jerusalem may act unmolestedly, at least so far as the Turkish Government is concerned, in distributing their Bibles and tracts in any way they please; but not so in the Ionian Islands, as I have shown in a previous chapter. One writer states that there were 60 Jewish converts in Jerusalem; but as most of these were of the lowest order, they had to be supported out of the missionary funds; and it was feared this might grow into a serious evil, for we have had many proofs, even in England, that a Jew will go a long way in profession when his temporal interest is affected. If the missionaries can only raise money enough, I have no doubt they may soon have large numbers enrolled under their banners. Still I am persuaded that their labors have not been altogether in vain,—especially of the Americans, who are ever more indefatigable, nay, I will say, more in earnest, than the English. Many Jews told Lord Nugent they considered Christ was an innocent man,

* In the time of David, mourners were always left for three or four days to fast and to give vent to their grief; but after that time they were visited by their friends, taken to a bath, and made to put on a change of raiment. This was what caused the attendants of David to be astonished when David arose and washed himself as soon as he heard the child was dead, not following the usual custom of throwing himself on the ground, and fasting, and weeping. But, said David, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept;—but now he is dead, why should I fast? Can I bring him back again?" (2 Sam. xii. 15—23.)

though not a prophet; and yet, strangely enough, they connected this with a belief that his having been unjustly put to death had turned away the favor of God from them.

The climate is said to be very healthy, the diseases which prevail being principally those arising from filth and indolence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JERUSALEM TO JERICHO. &c.

Having ascertained that I could reach Beyrout in less time than I had anticipated, I felt a strong desire to go to Jericho and the Dead Sea, and I desired Abdallah, my guide, to make the necessary arrangements. He soon, however, told me that I could not go without a Bedouin guard, which would cost me £10; and as this was confirmed by our consul, who indeed told me he would not sign my teskari, (permission to leave Jerusalem,) or be in any way answerable for my safety, unless I took a guard, I gave up all thoughts of going. The district between Jerusalem and Jericho is as notorious for robbers now as it was when the Redeemer spoke the parable of the good Samaritan; but if a party take with them a guard of Arabs, of the tribe which occupies the district, their lives and property are alike respected, as I shall presently more fully show, the whole tribe sharing the money received by their sheikh.

Seeing that I was determined not to go, Abdallah said he would try to procure a guard for £8; and then he came to £5; but my price was £2, for myself and Mr. Tait, who was to accompany me; and I said I would not give another piastre. Greatly to my surprise, Abdallah said the sheikh would take it; and he immediately went to engage him, as also to hire mules and purchase the necessary provisions. That he would have had a large share of the £10, had I given it, I have no doubt; and I fear that there was at least negligence on the part of our consul; for as he assured me that £10 (1,000 piastres) was the lowest sum that could be received, I cannot look very charitably upon his part of the transaction. I am quite sure, as has been remarked by other travellers, that the interests of British subjects are less attended to by their consuls all over the east than the people of any other country, notwithstanding that they are much better paid. The American consuls especially put ours to the blush.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before Abdallah called at the convent to say he had completed the arrangements; and I then retired to rest. I had, however, very little sleep, as my mind

was in too excited a state, and as the room swarmed with bugs. Invalids ought to be careful how they go sight-seeing.

The next morning, March 16th, 1847, I was up betimes, but it was half-past 9 before we could start. Even then our "guard" had not arrived; so we left without them, under the assurance that they would follow.

Passing out at the Bethlehem Gate, we turned to our left, and were then on the edge of the Valley of Gihon, the Lower Pool being below us, together with the aqueduct. The prospect was pleasing, even apart from the associations of the place. Many olive and fig trees were growing on the sides of the ravine, and human labor alone was necessary to convert the whole into beautiful terraced gardens.

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

Following the course of the valley, we came to Aceldama and the well of Joab; and then, turning toward the north, we entered the dry bed of the Kidron. I say *dry* bed, because there was no water in it when I was there. Indeed, it is always dry, except during the rainy season, and then the water sometimes rushes down it from the neighboring hills, and carries all before it. The blood of the sacrifices in the temple was conveyed by means of a sewer into this ravine, and the refuse of the city was also thrown into it. When Josiah destroyed the altars and images of Ahaz, he cast the dust thereof into this brook; and Asa did the like with the idol of his mother. (See 1 Kings xv. 13; 2 Kings xxiii. 6; 2 Chron. xxix. 16; &c.) It was in allusion to these things that Hart penned that incomparable verse:

> "O Kidron, gloomy brook, how foul
> Thy black polluted waters roll!
> No tongue can tell, but some can taste
> The filth that into it was cast."

Passing, on our left, the Pool of Siloam, in which a number of women were washing, and, on our right, the village of Siloam, many of the houses being merely old sepulchres with walls in front, we came to the *Upper* Pool of Siloam; and then, crossing the dry brook by a bridge, we examined the tomb of Jehoshaphat, the pillar of Absalom, and several other sepulchres; for in the sides of the hills there are many; but these ancient tombs are now all tenantless.

We now turned to our right, and began to ascend the Mount of Offence. Here we passed the "Tombs of the Prophets," and the Jews' burying ground, in which every Jew is so desirous of having his body laid, not only because his fathers are buried there, but that he may enter into bliss without having to pass under ground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat; for the Jews believe that, be buried where they may, they will have to pass under ground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to meet the Messiah at the resurrection. This cemetery has been a burying place for Jews from time immemorial.

Proceeding in a south-easterly direction, we soon arrived at the south side of Bethany, "about 15 furlongs from Jerusalem," where Abdallah pointed out what he called the ruins of the house of Simon the leper.* Turning to take a glimpse of

* Spikenard was a highly aromatic plant that grew in the Indies, from which was made the precious ointment with which the woman anointed her Master's feet in the house of Simon the leper. It was always closely sealed in pots, or ornamented boxes. When it is said she *brake* the alabaster box, it merely means that she broke open the seal which secured the aroma of the ointment. (See Mark xiv. 3.)

the way we had come, I was struck with the magnificence of the view. I say, without fear of contradiction, that in England we have nothing to equal it. Bethany itself stands on a lovely spot, though it is left to run wild. From this height, I also caught a glimpse of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the former winding its dazzling course along, with the mountains of Moab beyond, about 30 miles from us. In about half an hour we began to descend; but the road was so rough and steep that I had great difficulty in keeping my seat on the saddle. In the valley is an excellent spring, called the Fountain of the Apostles, because of a tradition that Christ and his disciples often retired to it, and drank of its waters. We must have passed the ancient site of Bethphage, which was nigh unto Bethany; but no positive traces of the village have yet been found.

As our "guard" had not yet joined us, it was thought desirable that we should wait for them; and I confess I did not myself feel very comfortable in so lonely a spot. At length Abdallah called out, "Here come de guard!" I looked, expecting to see at least half a dozen men, armed like walking batteries, and stalking along in most formidable majesty; but what *did* I see? A single Bedouin, barcheaded and barefooted, and without a rag about him except an old camels'-hair cloak! Armed, of course? Not a bit of it! His only "arms" was a long stick, like a lance without the point, which he used as a staff. "Bless me, Abdallah," I said, "what do you mean?" and I felt as though I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. "O!" he replied, "we sall be safe wid him as if a million! All de Arab will know dat you paid." "And was it for this," I said, "that you tried to get £10 out of me?"* and I began to wonder how I should fare before I reached Beyrout; for I had irrevocably engaged him to accompany me all the way.

* An intelligent lady who arrived in Jerusalem a few days after I had left, and who subsequently published an account of her travels, took with her to Jericho ten armed guards, for which, of course, she had to pay. I find she had the same guide as I had, the said converted Abdallah; and he appears to have succeeded in extorting money from her and her companions. When near the Dead Sea, there was a report that "the Arabs were coming;" whereupon a party sallied out, and shortly afterwards returned with two or three muskets as trophies of victory; but this, I am persuaded, was a mere *ruse* of Abdallah's. I saw this nice man in Egypt, in 1852. He remembered all about me, and said he had used me very badly; but he "was young then, and knew better now." He was taken prisoner in Cairo, for forging a signature to a passport, and was sent under guard to Alexandria. What became of him I know not; but I can only say, if he be in his proper place, he is in prison yet.

I had selected him from others who tendered their services, principally because he said he was a Druse Christian, and the first convert of the English missionaries; for I had not then learnt that the term "Christian" in Egypt and Palestine too often meant a consummate scoundrel. But more of this presently. The valley, if a deep ravine may be called a valley, was very narrow, and the road rough. Where the water from the spring ran, there was considerable vegetation, and there might be much more if the land were properly cultivated; but the hills were barren and dreary enough. It was just such a place that I would sooner hear of than visit, unless in good company.

In about three hours from the time of our leaving Jerusalem, our guide announced to us that we were entering into "the Wilderness of the Temptation." "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" I exclaimed; every circumstance at the same time rushing into my mind connected with that awful period when Christ was "driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" And was it really *here* that the Saviour fasted for 40 days, while Satan hurled at his holy soul every temptation which ever was or ever will be endured by all his redeemed family? (Heb. iv. 15.) Well might the challenge be given, "Behold and see if ever were sorrow like unto my sorrow!" And well might I, as in sincerity and truth I did, boldly answer, "Never, never! Impossible!" And I had such a sight of his sufferings, and so powerful an application to my soul of his redeeming love and pardoning mercy, that I was overwhelmed with grief and joy; while my own sinfulness and unworthiness so covered me with shame that I could hardly believe it possible it was a reality, though my heart was broken and my eyes ran down with tears. My whole frame was so affected that I had to hold fast to the pommel of the saddle to keep me from falling, for I felt as weak and helpless as a child; and my very heart leaped and palpitated to a painful degree. "The Wilderness of the Temptation!" I over and over again exclaimed; and, casting my eyes about me, O what a scene I beheld! If, in crossing the desert, I had beheld sterility and deathlike desolation; if I had passed over rugged hills and along deep ravines, such as appeared to me to be unsurpassable for fearfulness; all, all sank into nothing compared with what was now before me. Limestone mountains rose one above another, without a blade of vegetation in any part, while towering cliffs and terrific precipices stared wildly over our path, and gulf-like ravines yawned below us. And through this wilderness our

road lay. It may appear as of little moment to those who are used to it; but to me it was altogether the most awful scene I ever beheld. Over and over again the track was so dangerous, so narrow, steep, and rugged, that a single slip of our mules' feet, to the extent of only a few inches, would have inevitably dashed us into the gaping chasm below. I am certain that no English-trained horses could traverse these passes.* The sun burnt with an intensity that must have been at least 10 degrees hotter than the hottest day I had in the desert; and the reflection of its rays from the chalk rendered it impossible for me to keep my eyes even partially open. It seemed as though I were at the mouth of a furnace, and there was not a breath of air to mollify the burning heat.

> "'Tis raging noon, and vertical the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
> O'er heaven and earth, far as the raging eye
> Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
> From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
> In vain the sight dejected, to the ground
> Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending streams
> And keen reflection pain."

My every limb seemed to have lost its power; and I wonder to this day how it was I did not drop off my mule like a dead man.———

Abdallah called to me, and aroused me. My mule had fallen considerably into the rear, and had not for some time been observed by him; for, I may mention that on no part of this road can two mules go side by side. At last he missed me, and then stopped until I came up to him. What with the heat of the day and the excitement of my mind, my clothes were dripping wet, and my shirt collar was literally drenched with my tears. When I came up to Abdallah, he pointed to an object in the distance, and exclaimed, "The banks of the Jordan!" "Are you ready to pass the swellings of Jordan?" was a question immediately suggested to my mind; but my answer was as instantaneous: "Yes, yes; if it should please the Lord to take me; and bless his dear name for it!" The guide pointed out to me several places on the road; but I was not able to pay any attention to him. Those may call this superstition who please, but I would sooner they called it *insanity* than that I should lose the recollection of that precious time; for I often to this day feel something of its savor.

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* When at Beyrout, I met with a party of Americans who had lost a mule with their baggage, having fallen from a precipice, though, I believe, not nearly so dangerous as those of which I am now writing.

At last, about 3 o'clock, we reached the top of a hill, and then a gentle breeze passed over us; and never surely was anything received more gratefully. The vast plains of Jericho lay at our feet, but behind and on either side nothing was to be seen but the dreary waste I have just been describing. The view was as sublime as it was wild; nay, it was wild to sublimity; softened indeed by the green banks of the Jordan on the east of the plains, and enriched by a lovely stream which was gently rolling from a powerful spring before us. Mount Quarantana, which is said to be the "high mountain" mentioned in Luke iv. 5, was on our left, and the mountains of Moab and Ammon were beyond the Jordan, on the east. The trees by the Jordan and the green herbage in the plains afforded a sweet relief to the eye after the scenes of desolation we had just left. We had been hemmed in by impending mountains, and now we had before us an almost boundless view. I never saw the prairies of Mexico or America, nor the gigantic mountains of that vast continent; but I am convinced, from all I have ever read, that, taking it all in all, there is no scene in the world to equal "the Wilderness of the Temptation." I never before had any real idea of what savage sterility really is. It seemed as if the very earth were turned inside out. "If any scene can make a traveller's heart sink within him, it is such a scene as this;" but *my* heart was made to rejoice.

Probably these were some of the "dark mountains" referred to by Jeremiah: "Give glory to God, before he cause darkness, and before he cause *your feet to stumble* on the dark mountains." (xiii. 16.)

Speaking of this district, an American writer says, "The mountains seem to have been loosened from their foundation and rent to pieces by some terrible convulsion, and then left to be scathed by the burning rays of the sun, which scorches this naked land with consuming heat." "And," says another writer, "nothing can be more savage than the appearance of these gloomy solitudes." They are, indeed, still and lifeless as some "dispeopled and forgotten world." Mr. Fisk says, "The route from Jericho to Jerusalem is, in many places, fatiguingly steep and difficult, and so shut in by mountain-heights and savage crags, that scarcely any breeze can reach the traveller; and when, as in our case, the vertical sun sends down his beams into the narrow passes, the heat reflected from the chalky sides of the ravine scorches like a furnace. I felt the effect of it on the skin of my face for a long while after; but we experienced no real or lasting injury. It was by far the

most trying part of our expedition, and occupied six hours. By the mercy of God, we reached Jerusalem in perfect safety." And Lord Nugent says the way was "sometimes up steep stairs hewn in the rock, sometimes winding along abrupt hills and deep ravines, on the opposite sides of which rocks arose to a great height, in many places upright as a wall for a long space, and curiously variegated with strata of bright red, yellow, and grey stone."

I give these authorities, not merely to supply my deficiencies, but to show that my account of this wilderness is not an exaggerated one.

There never could have been any better road than this from Jerusalem to Jericho; so that kings and people must have alike been compelled to ride on horses, asses, or camels. The war chariots, of which we read in the Bible and in history, could have been used only in the plains; for it would have been absolutely impossible to employ them on such hills as these.

The Redeemer could not have selected a more suitable spot as the scene of the parable, not only as to the fact of the place being the noted haunt of the most desperate robbers, but also as to the gloominess of the prospect. To stop to pick up a man here, bleeding in his wounds, would be doubly merciful, as the deliverer must know that the robbers were near and he might himself be the next victim. Travellers have been and still frequently are robbed and murdered amongst these mountains; but it is only when they refuse to take an escort of the tribe of Arabs to which the district belongs. To take one from any other tribe is tantamount to a declaration of war; and war, in such a case, they are certain to have; for parties are continually lurking amongst the hills, and the news of the approach of travellers flies over them like electricity, and a large opposing force is soon collected together. Lord Nugent was in this position; but he was not at the time aware that his sheikh was not one of the right tribe. He had with him 16 men, some on horseback, and the rest on foot, all armed to the teeth; but they had soon to sound a retreat; for muskets were fired from so many parts of the hills at once that it would have been madness to attempt to proceed. Lord Nugent, however, and his companions at once threw themselves upon the protection of the strangers, and they were then as safe as if they had been in their own country. This Arab law of hospitality and protection, as I have elsewhere explained, is rarely, if ever, violated; and I believe firmly, notwithstanding that an American writer has endeavored to throw doubt upon the fact, that

the more confidence you repose in these wild sons of Ishmael, when partaking of their hospitality, the more safe you will be. So it was with me. I had only, as I have shown, one poor Arab with me, but, as he was of the right tribe, I was as safe as if I had had a thousand of them; whereas, had I had a hundred men of any other tribe, blood must have been spilt. Each tribe has its ruler, or sheikh, called in the Bible, "king;" and these exist now as they did when the Bible was first penned. Robbery does not appear to them a dishonest work, unless they violate their noble rules of hospitality to accomplish it; and then it is considered degrading. They welcome the stranger with calm dignity, and would die sooner than desert him. (p. 452.)

About half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, there is a ruined khan; and it is by no means improbable that the Redeemer had this place in view when he spoke of the wounded man being taken by the good Samaritan to an inn.

Sir F. Henniker, in 1820, was stripped of everything, and left for dead, his servants having fled and left him to his fate. He was afterwards conveyed to Jericho.

In these narrow passes, poor maniacs sometimes roam, and they are often so "exceeding fierce that no man may pass by that way." (See Matt. viii. 28.) A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but who is well known to some dear friends of mine, was on one occasion riding on horseback with his son, somewhere in Palestine, when they came to a narrow pass, and there saw a deplorable object in the way. It was a poor maniac, with a club in his hand. The gentleman looked at him, and believed he was saved for the moment by his European dress, which took the poor creature's attention, so that he passed in safety; but the next instant the maniac sprang upon his son, who was riding behind; and a most deadly encounter ensued; until at last, by striking the maniac over the eyes, he was blinded by the blood which flowed as the effect of the blow, and they were thus enabled to get away. The gentleman said he could himself have easily escaped, as he had a good horse; but his son was not so well mounted. When they reached the next caravanserai, they told the porter what had happened; but he said he was not surprised, as that very man had murdered many. Yet these poor maniacs are looked upon as saints, and allowed to be at large. It was the same in the time of the Lord Jesus on earth; and it may be interesting to know that it is so still.

My readers must pardon this digression.

Being too weak to retain my seat on my mule while descending the hills into the plains, I dismounted, and supported my-

self by the animal's head; but, on reaching the bottom, I again mounted, and we wended our way across the space. Our guide had so many names for places, that I could not retain half of them, nor indeed did I trouble much about them, for the only one which at all interested me was the ruins of the house of Zaccheus the publican, as Abdallah was pleased to call some old walls; though I should not think he had much authority for his assertion. The ruins were probably those of an old monastery.

In about half an hour, we arrived at the stream, having passed by many foundations of buildings, and over millions of pieces of earthenware. Here we alighted, and partook of some refreshment; and truly refreshing I found it, particularly the cool waters of the brook, for I had tasted nothing, not even a drop of water, for nearly eight hours; and what with the heat of the day, the exercises of my mind, and the fatigue of my body, I was so weak and faint that I could hardly stand; yet I was as happy as a child in the full vigor of health, and as calm as the air in which I was enveloped.

Being considerably strengthened by my dinner, cold though it was, I left my companions, and followed the upward course of the stream, until I came to the spring-head,—a fountain of what the easterns call *living* water. I have seen many springs in the valleys of Scotland and Wales, but have no recollection of ever seeing one so powerful as this. The waters were gushing forth, not in mere bubblings, but as though they were in earnest. The fountain was overhung with wild fig and other trees. One tree was literary black with fruit; but the figs were all dropping off, as there was no one to care for the fruit. The banks of the stream also were lined with trees and green bushes, which, to me just then, looked paradisaical; but I am always in ecstasies when I see a clear running stream or a living spring, and have often gone miles to see only an ordinary waterfall. Indeed, I cannot pass along a turnpike road, and see the water from a spring or surface-drain flowing through a pipe into a common horse trough, but I almost involuntarily stop to admire it. Here, however, on these plains of Gilgal, there was no deception about the loveliness of the whole. The water was as transparent as glass and the stream abounded with fish, while the notes of the cuckoo and the nightingale were heard a little way off.

Is this fountain mentioned in the Bible? Yes. It is the very spring into which Elisha cast salt, when the waters were healed; (2 Kings ii. 21;) and there is no better water in the world. It is called the Fountain of Elisha.

On returning to my companions, Abdallah scolded me for leaving them, as, he said, I might have been murdered; but I desired him to be silent; as I had not felt the slightest fear. Travellers have, it is true, been sometimes robbed and ill-treated here; but I was in too happy a state of mind even to think of such a thing.

We now started for the village, supposed by some to be on the site of Jericho, while others say that the city stood a little way off. As there were two Jerichos, Old and New, perhaps both are right; but these differences of opinion gave me no concern, as it was enough for me to know that these were the plains of Jericho, and that somewhere not far off the walls had stood which fell down flat at the sound of Joshua's rams' horns.

We had soon to turn out of our way, as we suddenly found ourselves in a marsh, our mules' feet sinking deep in the swamp. This was caused by the overflowing of the stream, or rather because there was no human hand to bank up the waters, and rightly direct their course.

These plains must at one time have been exceedingly fertile. Josephus ascribes this to the peculiar nature of the water, and says, "It affords a sweeter nourishment than other waters do." No traveller who has seen them, not even the infidel Volney, doubts the fact of their having been all that the Bible says of them; but now they are for the most part left to run waste. Situated about 1,500 or 2,000 feet below the mountains, the climate may be said to be tropical, and the soil is excellent. Cotton, indigo, sugar, tobacco, everything, in short, which grows in Egypt would grow here to perfection. Yet, such is the desolation of these plains, surrounded as they are by all the elements of prosperity, that the wonder is, not that they could ever have been what they have been represented, but that they could ever have become what they now are. Joshua cursed the city: "Cursed be the man that buildeth this city. He shall lay the foundation in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." The meaning of which is, "He shall lose all his children while the city is being built." And this really befel Hiel, who presumed to brave the curse. (1 Kings xvi. 34.) Jericho is called, in Deut. xxxiv. 3, the City of Palm Trees; and history informs us that the plains once abounded in palms; but now there is not one, except it be a solitary wild one near the Fountain of Elisha.

Herod the Great frequently resided here, and died here. He showed his cruel disposition to the last; for, while on his death bed, he summoned about him all his nobles, and then caused them to be shut up, charging his sister to have them

all put to death the moment he expired, that there might be an appropriate mourning all over the land; but his sister, as Josephus says, did not obey his orders, but set them at liberty.

As we drew nearer to the village, we saw several lots of barley growing, and one man at work amongst the crops. The people, however, never attempt to grow much, as sometimes the Arabs beyond the Jordan come down in a body and carry off the corn, just as it is ripe. Near the village there is a Turkish fort with several Turkish soldiers; but Abdallah said the Arabs from the desert would sometimes come in such numbers that the soldiers shut themselves up in their fastnesses.

At length we arrived; but of all the miserable places I had ever beheld, or have even now ever beheld, this village is the most miserable. The cottages are merely mud walls, with dried leaves and branches of trees for roofs. These were intended only to keep out the sun, for a heavy shower of rain would speedily sweep through the whole. There are no windows nor any doorways except a hole about as large as the entrance to a decent-sized pigsty. No Irish mud cabin that I have ever seen was half so wretched. And had we to take up our temporary abode in one of these? Yes; for our "Christian" guide had told us our tent would be unnecessary, as we should have good lodgings; therefore we had disposed of it. However, I was not in a mood to be angry, so quietly resigned myself. "And which," said I, "is to be *our* happy home?" "Dat!" replied Abdallah, pointing to one just before us. I looked, and saw a woman beating out a donkey; and then she quickly returned to fetch a goat; and then she got some dried branches; and then she bustled about and began to sweep out the dirt which the donkey and goat had left; and then she looked (for she was unveiled) as if she had performed some extraordinary exploit; and then I laughed; and then she looked wonderfully pleased; and then quickly retired, calling out, "Tyeeb, tyeeb!" (Good, good!) doubtless imagining that I was as pleased as she was; but she was wrong; for it struck me as being somewhat cruel to turn a couple of quadrupeds out of their quarters to make room for bipeds, and no less cruel for the bipeds to be compelled to occupy their places. However, it was no use making any trouble of the matter, for that would not have mended it; so we dismounted, and took possession of our tenement. The poor woman, we found, might have done her work better, as she had left in the place a large quantity of decayed rubbish, which the animals had refused to eat and had trampled under foot. Having a small kettle with us, Abdallah soon made tea, which, though it was

getting dark, we thought would be quite as sweet if taken outside our hovel as inside; and then I strolled through the village.

The people were the most squalid of any I had anywhere seen; and no wonder; for I was assured they lived on herbs, rarely tasting even barley bread more than once a month. I saw some women sitting round a large pan, and eating out of it, dipping into it, of course, with their fingers. The mess was composed exclusively of herbs, the greater portion of which appeared to me to be sorrel, (green-sauce,) with a little salt. Can anything be thought of worse than this? One woman was smoking, not tobacco, but herbs; and for two whole hours I do not believe she had the pipe out of her mouth, except to refill it. When I retired, I left her apparently as far from leaving off as when I first saw her. My very heart ached for the poor miserable wretches. Wretched they are born and wretched they die. They tried hard to persuade me to give them the price of a sheep; but my finances were too much exhausted. I, however, gave them all the money I had about me, as I knew there was no place on the road to Jerusalem where I could spend any.

The lips of the women were all dyed blue and their chins tattooed. I greatly wished they had been veiled, like the Egyptians, for they looked pitiable objects.

Several girls were shelling a hard nut called Zaccum, from which oil, or balsam, is extracted. It is said to be excellent for wounds. The nuts are pounded in a mortar and then put into hot water; and the oil rises to the surface.

I now returned, and entered the donkey's palace. I found Mr. T. fast asleep; but I was soon convinced that there was no sleep for me. Abdallah had, it is true, brushed round a square place on the mud floor, and then spread my quilt and placed my carpet bag for a pillow, which looked comfortable enough; and I felt my heart drawn out in gratitude to God for his mercies toward me. But the vermin was beyond all endurance. T. rolled about, and yet slept on. Fatigue had mastered him for the time being. I threw myself down, and, doubling myself up, covered my whole body, head and all, with my rug; for, cockroaches, crickets, and other creeping things were continually dropping from the leaves which formed the roof. And as for fleas, there is nothing in all Egypt to equal them. The frogs in the marshes were croaking by thousands; and all sorts of noises except the barking of dogs, prevailed throughout the night. There was not a single dog in the village, as there was nothing there on which dogs could live; and yet human beings were eking out their miserable

existence,—*vegetating* with a witness; at any rate they were *vegetarians*. Instead of these annoyances making me angry, as, I fear, on some occasions much less would have done, I felt doubly thankful to the Lord that mine was a happier lot; and those words, "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?' were still resting with weight upon my mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JERICHO TO THE DEAD SEA AND JERUSALEM.

THE JORDAN.

About 4 o'clock in the morning, I aroused my companion and suite, and we were soon afterwards on the move. I could feel that my clothes were swarming with vermin; but I quietly rode on until daylight, and then stripped. I would recommend any one who wishes to learn early rising to visit Jericho.*

We soon left the wild meadows of Jericho, and entered on a sandy desert, reaching the banks of the Jordan in less than two hours. That part of the plain which is now sand might easily be again cultivated, as there is an abundance of water near; but the "pride of Jordan is spoiled." (Zech. xi. 3.)

The point of the Jordan at which we arrived is the one in which, as is believed by the Greeks, Jesus was baptized by John, when the Holy Ghost descended upon him like a dove; though the Latins will have it that it was a little more to the north. Here also the Israelites are believed to have crossed, when the waters were driven back, and stood on a heap, (Josh. iii. 16,) a circumstance which could not have arisen from any "natural cause supernaturally applied;" but was the effect of a direct miracle. Thence too it was that Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire, his mantle resting upon Elisha.

The water was rushing down with great force, though the river was not then very high. When there is no flood at all, the current is, of course, not near so strong. Here the pilgrims who visit Jerusalem at Easter come in a body to bathe, men and women rushing in indiscriminately; and it frequently happens that several are drowned through the force of the current. There are sometimes as many as 3,000 in one party, and the wild Arabs have often a rich harvest in *picking up* stragglers. When Dr. Olin was there, the governor of Jerusalem accompanied the pilgrims, and 13 camels with their baggage were stolen, and two Italians were stripped quite naked; but falling in with some Bedouins from the other side, the governor threatened to beat them to death if the lost property were not restored. This had the intended effect, as it was all brought back during the night.†

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* I counted no less than 150 punctures on one wrist, and my whole body was in the same state; for the fleas in the east always bite through my skin, and leave a mark as if pierced with an awl.

† Dr. O. gives a graphic description of the pilgrims, who had assembled to the number of 2,500, not only as to their variety of dress, but also as to their mode of living. There was the Egyptian dining upon an onion and a doura cake, the Syrian with his hands full of curds, the Armenian feasting on pickled olives or preserved dates, the Cossack devouring huge pieces of boiled mutton, and the European and American seated around a box, serving the purpose of a table, covered with the usual variety of meats demanded by the pampered appetite of civilised man.

The pilgrims often take with them shrouds, which they dip in the river, and preserve for their burial or that of their friends.

I was afraid to venture into the river; but I had a good wash, which was worth something. The river here is not much, if any, wider than the Irwell at Manchester or the Cam at Cambridge; and certainly not so wide as the Ouse at Bedford, nor half so wide as the Thames at London Bridge. Still it is a noble river, having its source in the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, about 12 miles north of Cesarea-Philippi, passing through the Lake of Gennesareth, and emptying itself, after a course of about 160 miles, into the Dead Sea, after the rate of six millions of tons a day. The river has two banks, an upper and a lower one. When it is full to the upper bank, which is the meaning of Josh. iii. 15, &c., it is much wider; and this is always the case shortly after the "latter rains." The water is turbid, but sweet and good. The banks are lined with willows, tamarisks, oleanders, and other trees, and green bushes fill up the spaces between.

On the other side of the river, is a vast field of mountains,—the mountains of Moab and Ammon; and mountains they are, in the true sense of the word; but it is impossible to say which is Pisgah, as the chain does not vary much in height. Neither can it be said which is Peor, on which Balaam stood when the king of Moab wished him to curse the Israelites; but this must have been on the other side, as well as Pisgah, though some writers have labored to show that Pisgah was on the west side of the Jordan.

Bashan is in the plain beyond the hills, running toward the north, and is said to be still a suitable place for cattle, (Deut. xxxii. 14,) a very fertile and beautiful land.

Abdallah, with his usual and unfailing knowledge, pointed out what he called the spot on which the house of Rahab had stood; but he knew a great deal too much for me.*

* Some writers have expressed surprise that the spies sent by Joshua should have taken refuge in the house of a harlot, and others have endeavored to prove that Rahab was not a harlot but an innkeeper, or one who had charge of a caravanserai; but there can be no doubt that she really was what she is called in the Bible, a harlot. It must not, however, be forgotten, to say nothing of any Diyine agency in the matter, that she was the only woman who would have dared to open her doors to the spies; and hence it was that, knowing this, the king of Jericho sent to her immediately he heard that spies had entered the country. But the woman would not give the men up, any more than Lot would give up the angels who had gone "under the shadow of his roof." (Gen. xix. 8.) They had eaten of her bread and cast themselves under her protection, and that was enough. The "scarlet line" was probably the rope by which she let them down from the window.

Some travellers have busied themselves in looking for the stones which Joshua set up; but this is labor in vain. Jericho and Gilgal have passed through many phases since Joshua's time, and the stones must have disappeared long ago. When Joshua says, "And they are there unto this day," he refers, of course, merely to the day on which he wrote the account.

We now proceeded to the Dead Sea, our way being over sands and sandbanks, totally destitute of verdure. Numbers of pelicans were strutting about, but they flew off as soon as we neared them. Occasionally we saw a solitary one, moping alone, as though it had lost its way. Probably such were referred to in Ps. cii. 6. The scenery on both sides was mountainous and wild.

In about an hour and a half we reached the Dead Sea. We had not followed the course of the Jordan, as that would have been too circuitous, but had crossed the sandy waste.

It has been generally believed that the whole of the Dead Sea covers the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah; but this has been proved to be incorrect. The lake certainly has not always been as extensive as it is now, but there can be no doubt that from the Creation, at any rate from the Flood, there ever has been a lake here. Besides, there is nothing said in the Bible which warrants us to conclude that the sites of the cities were covered with water after they were destroyed by the fire which was rained down from heaven upon them. On the contrary, in Gen. xiv. 10, we read of "slimepits," that is, pits of bitumen, into which the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fell, *as they fled* toward the mountains; and as these "slimepits" are now only to be found at the bottom of the sea, on the south, it is clear that Sodom and Gomorrah could not have been situated there; and it also proves that the lake must now extend farther south than it did then.

Dr. Robinson places Zoar on the south-east of the sea, in the land of Moab, while other writers place it at the north, or north-west. So again some say that Sodom was on the south-west and Gomorrah on the north-west, and that Admah was to the west of Sodom and Zeboim to the south-east of the sea; but all these opinions are speculative, and not worth following up. I am content to know that these cities were somewhere within a few miles of the place where I stood, and that, in accordance with the word of God, they exist no longer. Near the south-east end is a place called Ain-Jiddy, which was probably the ancient En-Gedi.

There is no doubt that, at the bottom of the lake, there exists, as I have hinted above, an extensive bed of asphaltum, large

quantities of which are often cast up to the surface by earthquakes; and some writers, who would wish to make it appear that every miracle recorded in the Old Testament was the result only of "natural causes supernaturally applied," have argued much to prove, from this circumstance, that the cities were destroyed through the ignition of this asphaltum; but if it were so, I cannot see how the brimstone and fire could have been *rained from heaven.* (Gen. xix. 24.) Perhaps, however, these acute reasoners can. Dr. Robinson, (a Doctor of *Divinity* by the way,) with his usual ingenuity, says, "The country, we know, is subject to earthquakes, and exhibits also frequent traces of *volcanic* action. It would have been no uncommon effect of *either of these causes* to heave up the bottom of the ancient lake, and thus produce the phenomenon in question. But the historical account of the destruction of the cities implies also the agency of fire. *Perhaps both causes were at work;* for volcanic action and earthquakes go hand in hand; and the accompanying electric discharges usually cause lightnings to play and thunders to roll. In this way we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand!!"* And this from a Doctor of Divinity! Tom Paine could not have written anything much worse.

The Arabs who accompanied Dr. R. gave him an account of one piece of the asphaltum, which was so large that it looked like an island as it floated on the water. When cut up, it sold for £500. Sulphur and nitre are also frequently found on the shores, and of these the Arabs make their gunpowder.

It has also been supposed that before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the Jordan flowed directly along the valley into the Red Sea; but it has been satisfactorily ascertained that this never could have been the case, as the Red Sea is considerably higher than the Dead Sea.

In all the accounts which writers have given of the nauseousness of the water, there is not a shade of exaggeration. I drank a small quantity, perhaps a quarter of a wineglassful, really not more; and this not only acted unpleasantly medicinally upon me, but my mouth was not quite free from the taste of it until the next day. A piece of black stone, which abounds near the shores and has been frequently mistaken by travellers for as-

* In a note on a previous page, I partially recommended Dr. R.'s work to my readers. I now regret having done so, for the more I search into it, the more I find the writer imbued with semi-infidel principles, and the more incorrect I find him in many of his accounts. Perhaps the only point on which he is throughout correct is the distances of the various places from each other; but even here the work is clogged with so many unknown names that it is difficult to follow the writer.

phaltum, though perfectly dry when picked up, turned my keys quite black, on putting it into my pocket. I still have this piece by me, less a few fragments of it which I have given to friends. On putting a piece of this into the fire, it cracked like a lump of cannel-coal, which is well known in the north of England, and emitted a peculiar smell, something between pitch and sulphur, perhaps partaking of both. Its appearance altogether is greatly like the cannel-coal.* A piece of it was submitted to the Microscopical Society at Hull, when the members of the Society unanimously pronounced it to be lava.

I did not try the buoyancy of the waters by bathing in them; but I think most travellers who have tried it agree in saying that it is impossible to sink themselves. Those travellers who have found it otherwise always tried near the mouth of the Jordan, where, of course, the water is half fresh, and, consequently, not a fair test. Those who were never able to swim in other waters could here swim with ease. This buoyancy of the waters is caused by their specific gravity, arising from the strong solution of salts which they contain, principally muriate of lime, magnesia, and soda; and this is also what causes their extreme nauseousness. Though I did not, as I have said, bathe in the lake, I struck the water with my hand, and it so resisted the stroke that it seemed more like mud than water; yet it was transparent as glass. I wiped my hand on my pocket-handkerchief, but for some time afterwards my fingers seemed as if covered with a weak solution of gum.

I have read in more than one book that no animal can live near this sea; and, indeed, that if birds were to attempt to fly over it they would die in the passage; but this is an idle tale. I myself saw many birds flying over and about it. It is, however, true that no fish have yet been found in it, except near the mouth of the Jordan, having been carried down the stream; but even these were either dead or dying.

It is a wonder to many, as it once was to me, how the waters of this lake, which is not more than 50 miles long and 12 miles broad, supplied principally by the Jordan, should perpetually retain their nature. No outlet has yet been discovered for them; so that it is clear the amount of evaporation must be equal to the supply from the Jordan, the Arnon, and other streams, as well as the rains from the mountains. Of this, however, there need be no wonder, as the lake is encompassed

* Dr. Johnson spells this canal-coal; but it ought to be cannel-coal, being a corruption of the words candle-coal. It has nothing to do with canals, as it was used long before canals were thought of. In the Penny Cyclopædia it is spelt as I have given it.

on three sides by mountains, which serve to reflect a burning sun, and as it lies in its own "deep caldron" 500 ft. below the level of the Mediterranean and 3,000 ft. below Jerusalem. The height of the water varies much, being, of course, higher during the rainy season than during summer.

In the Bible, this sea is called the Salt Sea, the East Sea, and the Sea of the Plain. The Arabs call it Bahhr Lout,

THE DEAD SEA.

(the Sea of Lot.) The mountains of Moab are on the east, and those of Judea on the west.

The air around was so sultry that it considerably affected my breathing, and in every breath I took I seemed to inhale a bitter vapor. As no other traveller that I know of has mentioned such a sensation, it *might* be fancy; but I do not think it was, and have no desire to try it again. It was probably caused by the steam that arose from the waters, which I am by no means the only one to have noticed. It had the appearance of hot water in a pan.

An Irish traveller, named Costigan, had a small boat taken to the Dead Sea, for the purpose of exploring it; but, having neglected to take with him a sufficient supply of fresh water, he was seized with a fever and died. His remains were interred in the Armenian cemetery on Mount Zion. Through the carelessness of his servant, his diary was lost.

I remember, when in Nubia, seeing a fine plant which the Arabs called Oosher, or some such name. It bore a fruit as round as an orange, and of a pale colour. On pressing the fruit, it burst, and "went off" like the noise of a pop-gun. The inside was filled with a silk-like fibre, or like a spider's web, and the stalk yielded a milky juice like that of the dandelion. I did not, of course, try it, but it is said to be rank poison. This fruit is believed to be what is referred to in Deut. xxxii. 32, as the vine of Sodom. Dr. Robinson states that he found it in abundance on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.

The shores of the sea are as sterile as aught that can be conceived. How can they be otherwise, surrounded as they are, by high limestone cliffs, with a burning sun above and a salt lake beneath? On the south of the lake is a hill, called the Salt Mountain, which is formed of rock salt, but too bitter to be used. Indeed, all the hills around are encrusted, more or less, with salt and sulphur, sparkling under the beams of the sun. The hues with which the hills are *beautified* have been spoken of by many, and not without good reason; for the variety of tints is marvellous; while the clear waters below dazzle the eye like diamonds. The whole scene is desolate, dreary, and death-like enough; and yet I called it lovely, and was sorry when Abdallah told us we must be going, as we were still nine hours from Jerusalem. I unhesitatingly pronounce this prospect,—the fantastic mountains, with their varied tints, the extended lake with its clear sparkling waters, the boundless heavens above, with their unclouded sun, and the utter sterility of everything around below, as *unmatchable.*

"Lovely it is not," says Dr. Robinson; "yet magnificently wild, and in the highest degree stern and impressive."

We now turned toward the west, to return to Jerusalem. Most visitors to the Dead Sea tarry a night at the Greek Convent of San Saba; but my time would not admit of it. Abdallah, who, to give him his due, was an excellent guide, said he would take us another way, that we might see the "tomb of Moses." The Bible says no man knows where Moses was buried; but the Arabs fancy they know better. However, as it was a matter of indifference to me which way I returned, so that I arrived at Jerusalem before sunset, I desired him to lead on.

Our way lay over limestone hills, similar to those of the "Wilderness of the Temptation," forming, indeed, a portion of that wilderness, no living thing, not so much as a beetle, being visible, until we arrived at the alleged tomb of Moses. A mosque had been erected near the site, but it was, if I remember right, then in ruins. I was not allowed to enter the open court, as I was a "Christian;" but my "Christian" guide walked in, and soon joined the Bedouin "guard" and the muleteers in their Mahometan devotions. I was not, however, surprised at this, as I am quite sure he was just the man to do anything for a loaf of bread. On coming out, I tried to convince him that this could not be the tomb of Moses; but he turned upon me and called me an infidel. "Well, Abdallah," I said, "you are a pretty *convert*, certainly."

The hill all about the tomb was strewed with a black mineral similar to the black stone which I picked up at the Dead Sea, only much harder and not so brittle. It is capable of bearing a high polish, and is cut, squared, and engraved by the Bethlehemites for sale to the pilgrims.

Passing over the mountains, ascending and descending like ships on a stormy sea, we many times caught sight of the Dead Sea, gradually appearing less and less, until it died away in the distance, and we saw it no more.

After a most wearisome ride, we reached Bethany, entering it on the north side; and this time we went through the village. Here Abdallah was able to point out, in his way, the house of Mary and Martha; but I have not much faith in the stones and mortar of a house nearly 2,000 years old. The tomb of Lazarus, at the mouth of which the Redeemer stood, when, with an almighty voice, he called, "Lazarus, come forth," I viewed in a different light. It is hewn out of a rock, and is, beyond doubt, an ancient Jewish sepulchre. A flight of 26 steep steps, cut out of the rock, lead into the

chamber, which is large enough for more than one body, and probably belonged to the family. Even earlier than the time of Eusebius, this was considered as the tomb which it has ever since been represented to be; and no other of so great antiquity has been found anywhere near.

Bethany now contains only about 20 families, all poor enough, though, the houses being built of stone, the village has a far different appearance to that of Jericho.

We now wended our way to the top of the Mount of Olives. Here is a church said to be built on the spot whence the Redeemer ascended up into heaven; but Luke says expressly, "He led them out as far as Bethany; and while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." It is true that, in Acts i. 12, we read that, after the ascension, the disciples "returned unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet;" but this is by no means a contradiction of the previous statement, as the direct road from Bethany to Jerusalem was over the Mount of Olives; and this is what the passage means. Indeed, as the Acts of the Apostles were penned by Luke, it is not likely that he would or could have been left to contradict himself. Was it on this very way that the multitudes spread their garments, and exclaimed, "Hosanna to the Son of David?" In all probability it was, as the direct road to Jerusalem has ever been over the Mount of Olives. Bethany was often visited by the Redeemer, and there many of his mighty works were done.

Up this mount David fled from the face of Absalom, as recorded 2 Sam. xv. Poor old man! He had stood against whole armies, Goliaths and even wild beasts falling before him; but he could not stand against his son! "O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The olive trees on the mount, for there are still many there, were in full bloom, and there were many patches of corn below in full ear. From the summit I had a full view of Jerusalem, but it looked diminutive, as I was on too elevated a spot. About half way down, however, the case was altered. Here it is said is the point whence the Redeemer viewed the city, when he wept over it, and whence also he pronounced its doom. (Luke xix. 41, &c.)* The city was not at my feet,

* How exactly the predictions of the Redeemer were verified is well known to every one who has read the history of Jerusalem. In the reign of Nero, in the year 66, A.D., the war broke out between the Jews and the Romans, which was indeed caused by the perpetration of the most abominable actions by that cruel tyrant. The Jews submitted to much, until Florus, who had been made governor of Jerusalem by

but almost on a level with me, the deep ravine of Jehoshaphat lying between. Every street is, from this spot, to be distinctly traced, and I was struck with the difference in their appear-

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Nero, seized the treasures of the temple, and then all obedience to the Romans, on the part of the Jews, was at an end, and the war commenced. The Jews were at first victorious, and succeeded in expelling the Romans from the city; but their victory was only temporary; for Vespasian, the Roman general, arrived with his son Titus and an army of 60,000 men, and, attacking all the fortified places in Galilee, slaughtered 40,000 Jews, and took 1,200 prisoners, amongst the latter of whom was the celebrated Jewish historian Josephus. On the death of Nero, Vespasian was declared emperor, but the war was continued by Titus. On the 20th of April, 70 A.D., he commenced the siege of Jerusalem, and in 15 days broke through the external wall, (that is, the third wall, which had been erected during the reign of Claudius,) and, in less than three months, nearly 116,000 Jews in the city had perished. Still the survivors in the interior of the city held out, believing that God would yet appear for them, though the Christians, as I mentioned a few pages back, had fled to the mountains, in obedience to the warning of their Lord. (Luke xxi. 20, 21.) So vigorously did Titus press the siege, that, according to Josephus, who was an eyewitness, numbers of Jews perished through famine, and the most horrid barbarities were practised. Then it was that Maria, a woman of distinction, put her own child to death and roasted it, to satisfy the cravings of her hunger, boldly offering the insurgents one half after she had devoured the other. The news of this soon reached Titus, and he "called the gods to witness that he was guiltless of such cruelties;" and he at once determined to destroy the city. On the 10th of August, the porches were burnt down, and Titus and his army entered the inner courts of the temple. Still that Roman general wished to spare the temple; but it was too late. A soldier threw a flaming brand through the golden doors which led to the chambers on the north of the holy of holies, and, as if directed by a higher hand, in an instant the whole was in flames. Titus now declared that the time of mercy had gone by, and the Jews were condemned to indiscriminate massacre. It was not, however, until the 8th of September that the Romans completed the entire conquest of Jerusalem. Josephus says that 1,100,000 Jews died during the siege, besides 12,000 who subsequently perished from hunger, and 97,000 who were taken prisoners.

It is remarkable that this, the second temple, was destroyed on the corresponding day and month with those on which Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the first temple. When Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, that conqueror compelled the Jews to purchase the water of their own wells and the wood of their own trees; which was precisely what Jeremiah had foretold, as expressed in Lam. v. 4. Darius gave Nehemiah permission to rebuild the temple, and Xerxes renewed it. This was what caused the Jews to support the Persians against Alexander. (See Chapter V.)

When Christ was crucified, the Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and on our children;" and how fearfully this imprecation was verified the above account painfully shows. The expression, "His blood be upon his head," is more than once used in the Bible. It was indeed an ordinary expression of the Jews, when a man had been lawfully put to death, to show that they were not guilty of his blood. The blood which

ance, the vicinity of the bazaars being all life and activity, while in the other localities I could hardly see a human being. "How does the city sit solitary!" The houses present an appearance of sameness, similar cupolas, or domes, surmounting all; but the Church of the Sepulchre, the Armenian Convent, and especially the Mosque of Omar, stand out in grand relief. I fixed my eye on "Pilate's house," and traced the street (Via Dolorosa) as far as Calvary; but I had no time for reflection, as the day was drawing to a close, and we had to proceed.

The road, or track rather, pursued a somewhat winding course until we reached the bottom. What is that enclosure at the corner, surrounded by that stone wall, overlooking the Kidron, and so carefully preserved? The Garden of Gethsemane! Yes, the Garden of Gethsemane! "It is," as Mr. Fisk says, "a place of loneliness and seclusion, overhung by the Mount of Olives on the one side, and the western heights of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the embattled walls of Jerusalem on the other. It is just such a spot as a soul desiring to be alone with God would choose, when the shades of evening were gathering over it."———

I entered it, not having a doubt as to its identity. I believed I was alone, and enjoyed a few moments of sweet reflection.

O to think that it was *here*, yea, even while his disciples were asleep, that Jesus was in an agony of soul, and sweat great drops of blood! And all for those very disciples who could not watch with him a single hour! And all for millions of his creatures, as sinful and weak as they!

The Garden still contains eight olive trees, all very ancient, and probably offshoots from stems which were in the Garden 1,800 years ago; for it is well known that the boll of the olive will send forth shoots which will live for centuries after the tree has been cut down. After walking amongst them, I raised my hand to break off a small branch from one of them, and *then* I found I was not, as I had supposed, alone; for two friars, whom I had not seen, sprang up, and frantically hallooed. I decamped, having seized only a few leaves, the friars following at a full run, until I reached the wall, which I scaled, and thus joined my companions. Now, I confess I did wrong in

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was found on the sword was sometimes wiped on the head of the slain; which circumstance may perhaps explain the expression. Probably Hosea had the custom in view, when, speaking of Ephraim, he says, "Therefore shall he leave his blood upon him." (xii. 14.) On the occasion of the crucifixion of Christ, the Jews reversed their ordinary imprecation.

trying to break a piece off the trees; for surely, if it were a pleasure to me to have a twig in my desk, it must be more so to the thousands who visit these gardens to see the trees flourishing and undisturbed.

Near to the Garden is a building believed by some to be over the Virgin Mary's tomb; but it is more probable, as I showed on page 125, that she was interred at Ephesus.

We now crossed the Kidron, and, winding upwards, entered Jerusalem by the St. Stephen's Gate, having been travelling nearly 13 hours, 11 of which I had been on my mule. I was completely exhausted; but my anxiety to reach Malta, that I might hear from home, buoyed me up, and made me adhere to my resolution to leave for Beyrout next morning, if possible. On giving my orders to this effect to Abdallah, he seemed half petrified, perceiving how exhausted I was; but I told him that point was for me to decide. All he had to do was to obey, and get ready. We had spoken for the mules before we left for Jericho, and I had expected all would be in waiting; but I found myself again thwarted.

In the course of the evening, one of the governor's officers called to see me, and inquired how much we had paid the doctor at Hebron; and on my again naming the sum, as we had done when we first entered Jerusalem, he desired me to write it down, telling me at the same time that we ought only to have paid a dollar (4s. 2d.) each, and that that sum was all that the doctor had entered on our papers. As Abdallah spoke English unusually well, I took the opportunity of telling the officer, through him, what annoyances we had met with on the road, at Nackell, Daheriyeh, &c. He was evidently much irritated, and desired me to write down every particular, except about Nackell, which, he said, belonged to Egypt. This I did, in a faithful manner, my Scotch companion and myself signing the paper. I then asked the officer what would be done in the case; when he replied that a troop would be sent for the sheikh of the Bedouin tents, the governor of Daheriyeh, and the doctor at Hebron, and they would all be punished. Whether this were done or not I cannot say, as I had no desire to stop to see.

Another disappointment now sprang up. My guide told me that the mules were all out at grass, and that we could not possibly start for Beyrout the next day. I told him in that case I would change my route, and, instead of going through Nazareth, as I had intended, would go by way of Jaffa, which was a day or two the shorter road, where I would, if possible, take a boat for Beyrout; and by this means I should be able

to rest on the Lord's Day, as I had purposed doing had I had more time and gone the other route. Most travellers go by way of Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee; and this is by far the more interesting way; but as my only alternative was either to give up that or miss the steamer at Beyrout, I unhesitatingly chose the former.

This night, though I was a little plagued with vermin, I slept for full 10 hours. I had not had such a night for years.

The next morning, (March 18th,) being a prisoner at large, I again strolled about Jerusalem. I went to the back of Mount Calvary, that is, outside the Church of the Sepulchre, but saw nothing particular, except an ancient arch, two pillars lying prostrate in the street, and a heap of rubbish of all sorts. Hardly a human being was to be seen.

In the course of the day I had the pleasure to learn that my teskari was obtained, that my mules had arrived, and that everything was ready for an early start next morning. Our consul told me he hoped the road would be safe; but, as the pasha of Jerusalem had lately been discharged, and as his successor had not yet been sent from Constantinople, the people between Jerusalem and Jaffa were all arming, and he was afraid some parts, particularly the village of Abou Goosh, were preparing for a disturbance. My only reply was that I was sorry to hear it, but go I must; and I felt a humble confidence that the Lord would be with me still.

CHAPTER XL.

JERUSALEM TO JAFFA AND BEYROUT.

I must now abruptly leave Jerusalem. If my readers have, in the perusal of my hurried remarks, realised only one-tenth of the pleasure I experienced on the spot, they have had a feast which no man has a right to expect more than once in his life; but I have no reason to anticipate that they have experienced anything of the kind. My *first* view of Jerusalem was one of disappointment; my *last*, one of admiration, sympathy, gratitude, and regret. Every spot pointed out to me had excited renewed emotions in my mind, and I had over and over again felt my heart throb at the recollection of the sacred incidents which each place called to my recollection. I can, nevertheless, sometimes scarcely believe that I have explored that hallowed spot.——"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" Before 7 o'clock in the morning of March 19th, I was on my way to Joppa. Another look, and I bade Jerusalem adieu for ever.

The morning was cold, cloudy, and threatening. Going out at the Bethlehem Gate, outside which were already several lepers, begging, in two hours I came to a spot little better than a desert. The mountains were barren, but still had a magnificent appearance. In about an hour I reached a valley containing some wild fig trees, Shechem being on my right. Passing a village, I crossed the dry bed of a stream, and then arrived at the brook from which David took his pebbles.* Here I dismounted, and also took up a stone, taking care that, like David's, it was a *smooth* one. Not that this was the exact spot in which the battle was fought, as that was considerably to the left, in the Valley of Elah, (*i. e.*, the Valley of Turpentine Trees;) but this brook runs down the valley. The place well answers the description given in the Bible, the two armies being on the hills opposite to each other, with the valley between them.† Ramah, the birthplace of Samuel, was a little on our right, and Bethel some distance beyond.

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* I have often thought of the circumstance that the stones which David selected were *smooth* ones, and yet only *one* was necessary to slay the great Goliath. This sank into the giant's forehead quite as deep as a *rough* one would have done; nay, probably deeper than a rough one *could* have done. If some of us, who are too apt to be hasty in our expressions and sarcastic in our remarks, could only ever remember this fact, adding to it Solomon's wise expression, "A soft *(smooth)* answer turneth away wrath, but grievous *(rough)* words stir up anger," we might not only avoid the infliction of many an unnecessary wound on our friends, but also often preserve the peace of our own minds.

"Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall, as manna did
On some nigh-fainting heart."

Goliath's height was about 9 ft. 4 in. There was an Irish giant, named O'Brien, who stood 8 ft. 4 in., and the King of Prussia had a guard who stood 8 ft. 6 in.

When Job says, "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook," he refers to a dry watercourse with its smooth pebbles, which, when the sun shines upon them, look like a stream of water; but, on nearing it, the traveller finds he has been deceived. (See also my remarks on the Mirage.)

† It was the practice amongst the Arabians, and still is amongst some of the Bedouins, according to Burckhardt, that, when two hostile tribes meet, one goes forth and challenges another from the opposing tribe. "O horsemen, horsemen," says he, "let such a one come and meet me;" but sometimes the challenger challenges the whole host, like the Philistine, daring any one of them to single combat. And often, by agreement, the fate of the whole army is made to depend on this single combat. This is an excellent plan, and had I my way should prevail universally, as well as amongst the Bedouins; and, moreover, the combatants should always be the rulers who caused the war.

The next place pointed out to me was Emmaus, standing on a hill, to which the two disciples were going when they were joined by their Divine Master, after his resurrection. "Did not our hearts burn within us," said they, "while he talked with us by the way?" There appeared to be many buildings there, but my guide said they were in ruins. The country all round is very hilly, being part of "the Hill Country" of Judea.

In a little less than three hours from the time of my leaving Jerusalem, I came to the village of Abou Goosh, a *governor* who had been a notorious robber, and who had put all law and power at defiance, until subdued by Ibrahim Pasha, and sent a prisoner to Damascus. The valley in which it is situated is lovely and fruitful. Dr. Robinson thinks this may have been the ancient Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of God remained for 20 years. It is now called Koriah. The ruins of a Greek church lie near this village. Every man whom we met hereabouts had with him his musket and other arms, but I received not the slightest molestation. Indeed, my guide told me it was the Greek pilgrims, whom we met in shoals, going to Jerusalem, who had most to fear. Six poor Greeks, who had been to Jerusalem, and who were returning to Jaffa on foot, to take boat for their own land, asked to be allowed to travel with me, as the inhabitants would not dare to touch them, if they could pass as my servants. I told Abdallah they looked far more forbidding than even the armed natives, but he could do as he pleased. A small present to him from them secured *his* good graces; so they followed as my attendants until we reached Ramlah.

Early in the afternoon we entered upon one part of the plains of Sharon. Nothing, I think, can exceed the richness of the land. This part of the plain is not flat, but undulated, and well cultivated around Ramlah; and the crops were most abundant.* But thousands of acres are left to run wild, and are "like a wilderness." (Isa. xxxiii. 9.) Strangers, especially Englishmen, whose lands are so highly cultivated, may well be "astonished" at this, (Jer. xviii. 16,) as the land is capable of producing to an unlimited extent. Wheat, we are told, pro-

* Some writers say that the corn does not grow half so high in Palestine as in England. This may be the case, but I much doubt it, as I think I should have noticed it if it had been so. I saw barley in Egypt growing as high as my shoulders. I do not remember that I saw any oats growing in the east, except one small field in Egypt; but none are required, as the horses are fed principally with barley. I noticed this particularly while travelling from Jerusalem to Beyrout. In England, we consider that barley would be too heating for our horses.

duces seventy fold and doura a hundred and in some parts many hundred fold.

At 3 o'clock I arrived at Ramlah,* the Arimathea of the New Testament. Here lived Joseph, who begged the body of Jesus. (Matt. xxvii. 57.) A mosque now stands on the site of Joseph's house, having been erected from the ruins of a Christian church. Gardens, groves, and plantations surround the place. There is a convent here, at which travellers may rest; but the word "rest" was not in my dictionary. I pushed on. Dr. Robinson doubts whether this be the place that it is represented to be. He also doubts the identity of Emmaus, and many other places. His principal reason for objecting to the site shown as Emmaus seems to be that it is threescore and ten furlongs from Jerusalem, while, in the Acts it is said to be threescore only; but it says *about* threescore.

In less than another hour I came opposite Lydda, (Acts ix.,) which is "nigh unto Joppa." The road now lay along lanes of gardens, with millions of oranges, nearly ripe, on the trees, literally filling the air with their perfumes. Prickly pear, fig, pomegranate, almond, and other fruit trees also abounded. Flowers, in immense variety, even at this early period of the year, covered the plain. Not only do the rose, the narcissus, the white and orange lily, and the carnation, rejoice together here; but there is also a highly fragrant species of perpetual flower, the name of which I have not been able to learn. And this led us to Joppa, now called Jaffa.

I gave myself up unreservedly to the deliciousness of this ride, for such a one I had never had before nor have ever had since. I was the more delighted, as I had not been prepared for it, having no expectation of such a treat.

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* On the left of Ramlah, to the borders of Egypt, and all along the sea-coast, was the land of the Philistines. It now consists principally of huts, or "cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks," built of dry mud. (Zeph. ii. 4—6.) The nearest way to Egypt, from Jerusalem, is through this country, Gaza, more than 40 miles distant, being the first town to which the traveller comes after he leaves Ramlah. But Gaza, ancient Gaza, is one field of ruins. "Baldness has come upon it." (Jer. xlvii. 5.) Many of the ruins have disappeared in the sands, but innumerable pieces of broken pottery, marble, &c., clearly mark the site. The present town which goes by the name of Gaza is situated much nearer the shore than the ancient city was. It contains about 15,000 inhabitants. Gaza has now no gates; but the places of the ancient ones remain. One of these is shown as the gate whose doors and bars were carried off by Samson. The "hill before Hebron," to which he carried them, is about 40 or 45 miles off. The land all around is said to be exceedingly fertile. Askelon, Ashdod, Gath, and Eklon also lie in that direction.

I entered the gate, which is remarkably handsome, at 5 o'clock, having been rather more than ten hours in coming from Jerusalem. The governor was seated with some attendants near the gate. We saluted each other as I past. Numbers of men were squatted about the streets smoking, as is always the case in eastern towns. I went direct to the Latin Convent, where an acceptable room, though full of cobwebs and very dark, was allotted to me.

After partaking of some refreshment, I went with Abdallah to engage a boat for Beyrout; but as it blew a little fresh, no one would undertake to go. I therefore put up for the night.

Jaffa, the Japho of the Old Testament and the Joppa of the New, is built by the sea side, and forms a commanding position; but it is abominably filthy. It must at one time have been a place of some importance, as piles of ruins, marble pillars, &c., are to be seen all round. Here Noah is believed to have built his ark, and here Jonah embarked for Tarshish.* It was also the port used by Solomon to receive the timber from Tyre for building the temple, and by all the kings of Judah, to connect the city of Jerusalem with foreign countries. A few years ago it was destroyed by an earthquake, and thousands of people were buried alive.

I was shown what were called the ruins of the house of Simon the tanner, in which Peter had the vision of the sheet knitted at its four corners. I see no reason to doubt its *position*, as it answers the New Testament description; but the *building* itself is more questionable. The house of Tabitha, whom Peter raised from the dead, is a little way off.

On the following day I again endeavored to hire a boat, and offered a large sum for one; but no one would venture. As evening approached, I increased my offer, when one man came forward, and said he would take it. We went to the

* When Jonah embarked at Joppa, he made up his mind to go to Tarshish, believed to be Tartessus, in Spain. The ships used in those days, and even in Paul's days, were not like the ships of Europe, but just such as those still used in the east; being neither more nor less than large fishing boats. It was one of these that I wanted to engage. Had I had more time, and been as well up to travelling as I am now, I certainly should have gone to Nineveh, as I was not more than 500 miles off. I am well acquainted with a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Layard when he explored the district, and sent so many invaluable monuments to the British Museum; and his description, each time he gives it, almost sets me on a flame. What an amazing and yet awful proof of the truths of the Bible the ruins of Nineveh are! According to Jonah iii. 3, the city and suburbs were three days' journey (say 40 miles) round.

British Consul's, (who, by the way, was an Arab, and could not speak a word of English,) to have the contract ratified, when the boatman drew back and would not seal it. I had now not an hour to lose, and became exceedingly anxious; and therefore reluctantly engaged mules, to set out the next morning. Before fixing upon the price, my nice guide called the muleteer aside; but, knowing that his object was to induce him to ask a larger sum than was just, that he might have his share, I would not suffer him to say a word except in the hearing of the consul. During the whole of this transaction, we were attended by many noisy men, all of whom seemed to know better than myself what I ought to do; for the Arabs never will allow you to make a bargain quietly or alone. They seem to spell every word you utter, and carefully pry into your hands every time you take them out of your pocket. They have no business of their own to mind, and therefore fill up their time in minding other people's. Gladly would they have done my bidding for a penny; for they stand idle all the day now, as when the Redeemer was on the earth, "because no man hires them." It took full two hours to come to terms with the muleteer, every Arab, who is a shade higher than a common servant, being so fond of wrangling.

Our consul's house was built of stone, but the entrance to it was up a number of steps outside, like going into a loft. There was no glass to the windows. It had a mud floor, full of holes, and all the furniture it contained was three or four old wooden chairs, a deal table, shabby dirty ottomans, and four twopenny prints, representing the seasons. There were two maces in the room, and the Royal Arms were over the door. The consul himself was dressed in a dirty red cloak, and had on a fancy turban. And such was the representative at Jaffa of Queen Victoria! He receives no pay as consul, but is exempted from all Turkish burdens, and also charges a dollar for every contract he draws up. He was an Arab-Greek Christian.

As the Arabs never do at 6 o'clock what they can put off until 9, I was unable to get my muleteer ready the next morning before the latter hour, being three hours after the time fixed. I was sorry enough to be travelling on the Lord's Day; but I felt that I had no alternative. I had been anxious to leave early, that I might have to myself as much of the day as possible, for our first stopping place was to be at a place called Mahharlet, only six hours from Joppa. Had I been able to start at 6 o'clock, I should, of course, have arrived by noon; whereas, as it was, I did not get in until 3.

The road lay on the edge of the Plains of Sharon, along the coast of the Mediterranean, or "Great Sea." In some parts it was over sands, into which the feet of the mules sank deep; in others it was almost like a desert; and in others like a rude park, with stunted oaks; but the plains on our right were in a good state of cultivation, often reminding me of my own land; while the deep-blue waters of the sea rolled and dashed along the shore on my left. The wind continued to blow fresh, and, indeed, did not cease for more than a week afterwards; so that it was well I had not waited longer for a boat. Several short but heavy showers fell during the day. The Plains of Sharon extend all the way from Jaffa to Mount Carmel.

We forded a stream, which Abdallah said ran from the Sea of Galilee; but here he was at fault, as it was clear it took its rise among the hills not far off on our right. The stream is sometimes not passable, during heavy rains; and I could see no bridge.

In about six hours from Jaffa, we reached our destination, Mahharlet, or Mahhalid, which Mr. Buckingham thinks may have been Antipatris; but Antipatris was certainly more inland, and nearer to Lydda.

The houses at Mahharlet, being built of stone, looked inviting, particularly the one in which we were to take up our lodgings; and I congratulated myself on the prospect of continued comfort; for in the convent at Jaffa I had met with but little to disturb my rest. Ascending by a flight of steps outside, I was shown my room; but I soon found it was not to be mine only. The floor was not boarded, nor paved, but simply of dry mud; and at the farther end of the room was a mud divan; that is, a raised platform, formed entirely of earth, instead of a divan, or sofa. On the left of the room was a door, which led into another room, in which were the female part of the establishment; and under the whole were the stables, belonging to the Turkish post. Abdallah soon brushed the accumulated dirt from one corner of the divan, and then spread upon it my quilt; which, of course, meant that that was to be my berth.*

* This was a mark of honor, for the corner seats, corner beds, and corners of the divans or couches, are always occupied by the most distinguished persons. Thus, when the Lord said, "The children of Israel shall be taken out that dwell in Samaria, in the *corner* of a bed," he meant that even the most honorable should not escape. (Amos iii. 12.) So again in Nehemiah, (ix. 22,) where it is said the Lord divided the lands into *corners* for the Israelites. The meaning of which is, that the Israelites possessed the lands and were *honored* as the lawful owners.

Having, with, I trust, a grateful heart, partaken of a little cold fowl, I went out, to enjoy a walk alone. I found some of the houses built of mud, with nothing but turf, or peat, for the roofs, and the whole village, which lies about a mile from the shore, with the hills of Samaria on the east, seemed to be surrounded by a fever-breeding marsh. Here I saw a man chastising his son. Having shaken him well by the shoulders, he took him by the hair of the head, and threw him on the ground, and then stamped violently upon his stomach. He afterwards took a thick stick to strike him, but the boy managed to escape. Several women stood by, and seemed to enjoy the sight. I shook my head at the man and said, "Battall;" (Bad;) when he seemed half ashamed, and the women ran away.

After I had paced about for nearly two hours, I returned to the house, and found the inmates all on the *qui vive*. It appeared the governor of Acre, with his suite, was coming, and they were making preparations to receive him. Abdallah played his part well on his behalf; for he brushed away at another part of the mud divan, without heeding that I was being half smothered; nor would he cease, until I forcibly took the rude besom out of his hands. When "his Highness" was introduced, he made directly up to me, saluted me *à la Turk*, and then took possession of the place prepared for him next to me. We were friends immediately, and ate our bread together. He also took several pinches of snuff out of my box, and seemed highly amused that it should make him sneeze so. He said he had never taken any before. Though I never take snuff myself, I find a box very useful when travelling. It secures one many a good office from persons to whom one could not well offer money. The governor was a fine, well-made man, and had a benevolent-looking countenance. The Turks have highly esteemed the English ever since the siege of Acre. One traveller denies this, and says they are ungrateful; but I must speak as I found them. I met with the greatest civility everywhere in Turkey, and think the said traveller must have been himself at fault.

While taking my tea, there were no less than 13 men in the room, all smoking away out of their long pipes; and there was also a wood fire on the floor, without any way of escape for the smoke, except the doorway, the room having neither chimney nor window. Two or three of the women of the house, contrary to all rules of eastern decorum, seemed determined to have a look at me, and made trifling excuses to come into the room; but their visit was transient, just as though they had come to see a lion and found he had broken loose.

At length the time for sleep came. Without undressing, I threw myself on my quilt, and dozed; but it was only momentary, for, greatly to my surprise, I found that this night was to be a counterpart of the one I had had to endure at Jericho. I bore it as long as I could, and then jumped up and lighted a candle; when for the first time I discovered that just by my side was a large dust bin, the dust in which was literally alive with vermin. I started to go outside, but stumbled over the poor Turks and Arabs* who were sprawling on the floor, and plunged over shoetops into a hole of filthy water. After standing outside for some time, it began to rain; so I took a stool, which was the only piece of furniture in the room, and seated myself in one corner, having my candle burning. "His Highness" was very restless. Awaking up and missing me from my place, he stared with astonishment about the room until he fixed his eye upon me, and then burst into a loud laugh, for he well knew what was the matter.

On this stool I sat until 4 o'clock. I then awoke my dragoman and the governor. We took some coffee, and in an hour were on our way towards Cesarea. It was not quite dark, as the sky was tolerably clear; but we missed our way and got on to the marshes, our mules sinking up to their fetlocks. However, we soon righted ourselves, and proceeded.

In about three hours we reached Cesarea, where Cornelius the centurion and Philip the evangelist resided, and where Paul made Felix tremble. The city was built by Herod the Great, and is reported to have been a magnificent place, containing many sumptuous palaces and stately edifices. Josephus says "it was built of white stone, and was adorned with the most splendid palaces and private dwellings, and had also a harbor, having within it two stations for ships." "This harbor," Dr. Keith says, "formed one of the most wonderful

* There were 12 of these poor fellows. They all lay on the mud floor, without any covering but their bare cloaks. As they lay tolerably still, I imagine their skins must have been case-hardened. They were packed close together, to keep each other warm. We often in England say, "As close as three in a bed;" and here there were a dozen; but *what* a bed! Solomon says, "If two lie together, there is heat; but how can one be warm alone?" Now, as the people in the east who have beds, always sleep in *separate* beds, no two persons, not even man and wife, sleeping together, I used to wonder what Solomon meant; but there can be no doubt he referred to the custom, which was generally practised, of the aged and infirm having young, healthy persons with them in bed to keep them warm, and even, as they supposed, to impart *vital* heat! It was so in the case of David and the young damsel, as in 1 Kings i. 2—4: "And let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king *may get heat.*" This was recommended by the doctors.

works of antiquity, built as it was of stones 50 ft. long, 18 ft. broad, and 9 ft. deep, and which were placed 20 fathoms deep. The mole built by the sea side was 200 ft. wide, with towers of sufficient strength to break the force of the severest tempest. A quay encircled the whole haven, and around it was a street of polished stone. There was a lofty temple, visible at some distance from the sea, in which was a statue to Cesar and another to Rome. Its glory soon ranked with that of the first city of the Roman empire, until its king, arrayed in royal apparel and seated on his throne, addressed the people in such lofty strains, that they shouted, 'It is the voice of a god.'" But he was smitten of God, and "eaten up of worms." *

When I saw it, Cesarea was one mass of ruins. Marble pillars, huge stones, &c., met the eye at every turn, and hills upon hills of ruins lay in every direction. In one place it appeared as if a rich colonnade had fallen in a mass, the white marble pillars lying in the ruined wall, horizontally, and pointing toward us like so many cannons. Part of a wall was standing, nearly 24 ft. thick. But an accurate description is out of the question. "Its palaces, churches, temples, forum, theatres, walls, moles, all its polished houses, and many of its mighty towers, now lie in undistinguishable masses of undefinable form." All these desolations and destructions must not be attributed to the Saracens and Turks, as there is no doubt that the Crusaders had a large hand in them.

There is not now in Cesarea a single human being. It is often visited by wild boars, but not often by wild Arabs. The ruins abound with scorpions.

Having stayed here a short time, and picked up a few fragments and some old coins, we proceeded onward, and in about three hours more reached Tanturo. It now began to rain in torrents, and the governor entreated me to remain for the day; but this I could not do, as I had not an hour to lose. We therefore shook hands and separated.

For some hours it rained incessantly, and the winds from Mount Lebanon, the tops of which I could descry covered with snow, blew furiously. In one instance, I and my mule were blown into the water.

Our road lay through well-cultivated fields, with an abundance of cattle, though but few habitations were to be seen.

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* This was Herod Agrippa, the brother of Herodias. It was he who put to death the apostle James, and shut up Peter in prison, on the occasion when the doors were opened by the angel. (Acts xii. 1—19.) Herod left a son, Agrippa, and two daughters, Berenice and Drusilla. (See Acts xxv., xxvi.)

Now we began to ascend a hill, winding and winding in our course, and having in view a large stone building near the summit. That hill was Mount Carmel, and the building was the Latin Monastery. By 4 o'clock we had arrived at the monastery, and in a few minutes more I was under a hospitable roof. I was greatly exhausted, and drenched to the skin, notwithstanding that I had on a Macintosh coat, as the rain had run down my back. The superior of the convent was soon with me, and having, as is usual, forced upon me a glass of absynthe, to give me an appetite, showed me into a palace of a room, where I speedily changed my dress, sending my wet clothes into the kitchen to dry. I then took some refreshment, and went to bed. In a few seconds I was asleep; for, to say nothing of my having had no sleep the previous night, nor of the fatigue of travelling, the bed was so comfortable, and so clean, that to have kept awake would have been almost impossible. I had not, however, been asleep long, before one of the monks came to me, and announced that dinner was ready. I told him, in the best Italian I could muster, I did not wish for any, and begged of him to leave me; but he would not, but insisted upon my dressing and accompanying him. I wished the dinner was far enough, but the monk's hospitality was not to be frustrated; so I got up, and went down with him. At the table I met with an English traveller, who had come from Beyrout and was on his way to Jerusalem. To meet unexpectedly with an Englishman under such circumstances, or indeed with any one who can speak the English language, is one of the most cheering things imaginable. My sympathies were soon drawn out, and for a little while I felt almost at home. Having exchanged information as to our respective routes, we did full justice to the table. We had pigeons, fowls, green peas, olives, &c., our hosts telling us over and over again that *all* was produced on Mount Carmel.*

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* It may not be out of place here to mention that the convents in the "Holy Land" have been established on the principle of pure hospitality. The monks and friars delight in entertaining strangers, and setting before them the best they can produce; but they themselves are strictly forbidden ever to eat animal food of any kind. Of wine, however, (ours this evening was made from grapes grown on Mount Carmel,) they partake copiously. Travellers may stay as long as they please, and they are at liberty to depart without giving a farthing for what they have received. Few, however, I hope none except the poor, ever do this. The convents have all been several times destroyed by the Turks, but now that the power of those semi-barbarians has been diminished, or kept under by the Europeans, the monks live in peace.

The convent on Mount Carmel is one of the best in existence. It is fitted up exactly like an hotel, with all its comforts. It is a fine square building, and is capable of accommodating many persons.

The next morning, (March 23rd,) having had a sumptuous breakfast, one of the monks accompanied me over the mount. The view from the top is most magnificent. Almond, orange, fig, olive, and other fruit trees grow on the plains in a soil richly covered with corn, pasture, and wild flowers. As I stood on the summit, the "Great Sea" was before me, with Acre, stretching out, as it were, on a low peninsula, into the water; the Mountains of Lebanon beyond on the right, and the ruins of Cesarea on the left; and, behind me, the great plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, with Mount Tabor in the distance, and the hills of Galilee, Samaria, and Judea. "On this side of the Mount," said my friendly guide, as we walked together, "sat Elijah, when he obtained fire from heaven, to destroy the captains and their fifties. Near the banks of that stream (the Kishon) he destroyed the 400 prophets of Baal. There, or near there, he 'cast himself down upon the earth,' and said to his servant, 'Go up now, look toward the sea,' &c." (1 Kings xviii. 42–45.)

Returning to the convent, my guide took me into the chapel, where, under the altar, he showed me the cave in which he said Elijah had resided. A priest was bowing before the altar.

There are other caves on the mount besides those I have mentioned. To some of these Amos referred, when, as the mouth of God, he said, "If they hide themselves in the top of Carmel," (*i. e.*, in the caves,) "I will *take them out* thence."

Carmel is not a lofty hill, not being more than 1,500 ft. at its highest point above the sea; but the chain runs for six or eight miles inland. In former times, this range of hills was fruitful to a proverb; but now it has "withered," little except wild bushes appearing on the summit, the principal cultivation being in the plains and the convent gardens.

The plain of Jezreel is said to be about 15 miles square. It was here that Barak went down with 10,000 men and discomfited Sisera and all his chariots; and it was here that Josiah, king of Judah, disguised himself, that he might fight with Necho, king of Egypt, and where he fell by the arrows of the Egyptian archers.

The whole country, as far as the eye could scan, was clad with verdure, displaying one "beautiful carpet of grass and wild flowers," and proving how vast were its resources for wines and every luxury, as well as for cattle and every necessary.

Such was once the "excellency of Carmel," and such still is the district around.

I was so much overcome by the kindness I had received, the comforts of the convent, and the associations of the mount, that I emptied my purse on departing, and regretted that I had not more with me to give. Abdallah seemed annoyed, but I told him he would have to find money for the rest of my journey to Beyrout. After all, I did not give much more than I should have had to pay at an English hotel.

Our way from Mount Carmel lay still near the sea. Passing through a little town called Hhaifa, fording the river Kishon, and wending our way round the lovely Bay of Acre, on the shore of which I observed many large pieces of sponge lying, washed up by the waves, we arrived at the town of Acre about 11 o'clock.

This town fell to the lot of the tribe of Asher, but they never entirely drove out the inhabitants. The district abounds with olive trees, and it is remarkable that this was prophetically referred to by Moses in his blessing of Asher. "And let him dip his foot in oil," said he; just as, in allusion to the abundance of grapes which fell to Judah's lot, Jacob said, "He (Judah) washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes." Of course I speak here only of the *literal* figures, not venturing to attempt to explain their *spiritual* meaning. The oil of olives is as invaluable in the east now as it was in the days of Israel's prosperity. Before the invention of mills, the oil was extracted from olives by pressing or pounding. "Thou shalt sow," said Micah, "but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but shalt not anoint thee with oil."*

Acre is the same as the Accho of Judges i. 31, and as the Ptolemais of Acts xxi. 7, where Paul touched on his way to Jerusalem. It was one of the principal places on this coast, and some of its buildings are superior to those of any other. The port is bad, but better than that of either Jaffa, Tyre, Sidon, or Beyrout. Here, about 50 years ago, the celebrated Djezzar Pasha† resided, who built himself a palace, with

* The fruit of the olive was formerly beaten off the trees by the owners, with long sticks; and the Israelites were commanded not to go over the trees the second time, but to leave some fruit for the poor gleaners. (Deut. xxiv. 20.) These *gleanings* were always left on the trees until fully ripe, and then, by merely shaking the trees, the fruit would fall. This fact fully explains Isa. xvii. 6 and xxiv. 13.

† The real name of this man was Achmed, but he named himself Djezzar, to express his own character, *i. e.*, *the butcher*. He spread

fountains, the rich ruins of Cesarea serving him for a quarry. To this place, Bonaparte, in the early part of his career, laid siege; but, being defended by the English, under Sir Sidney Smith, the French were compelled to raise the siege and retire, after making 12 unsuccessful attempts to storm the forts. This was called the Siege of Acre, or St. Jean d'Acre. In 1839, Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptians having taken possession of Acre, with other places in Palestine and Syria, the city was bombarded by Napier, in Oct., 1840. Mehemet Ali sent to Louis Philippe, then King of the French, for assistance; but he returned for answer that it would be the worst thing he could do; as, though he might succeed temporarily, it would ultimately end in his entire defeat. The buildings had been so shivered by the English guns that they looked, when I was there, as though they had been shattered by an earthquake.

Pliny and other ancient writers say that it was at the mouth of the river Belus, near Acre, where vitreous sand, that is, sand proper for making glass, was first discovered. Though Acre itself was allotted to Asher, yet this part of the country belonged to Zebulun. Probably the Belus divided the two territories. Moses, perhaps, prophetically referred to this discovery of glass-sand, when, in his blessing of Zebulun, he spoke of "treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.)

From this place, Nazareth lies about 20 miles to the south-east.

The country was still, as we rode on, like a garden, abounding in fruits and flowers; but we at length had to pass over some rocks by the sea-side, which were both formidable and dangerous. The mules stepped with the greatest caution, as they threaded their way on the edges of the precipices, putting their feet into holes in the rocks which had been made by constant use for hundreds of years. Some camels which were before us had to step short, to avoid missing the holes, while our mules had to step a little more out to reach them. This is, I believe, the ancient pass known as "the Ladder of Tyre," said to have been constructed by Alexander the Great. The view from the summit amply repaid me for my fears.

About five or six miles farther on, we came to three reservoirs, or large cisterns, containing a great depth of water.

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terror over the whole country, and caused many flourishing towns to be reduced to mere villages, and their verdant gardens to be given up to the prowling Arabs. With his own hand he slaughtered seven of his wives, because he suspected their fidelity; and was often, in his own person, judge, jury, and executioner.

These, it is believed by some, are the tanks which, in the days of Hiram, supplied Tyre with water; but others think they were constructed by Alexander the Great.

About 11 o'clock in the morning, a thick cloud obscured the sun, and there was every appearance of a deluging fall of rain. I called to Abdallah, who was a little in advance of me, to bring my Macintosh; when he coolly turned round and exclaimed, "Where *is* de rain?" I looked upward, and saw this dense, this "thick cloud," passing off like a vapor, or like smoke before a gale of wind. How beautifully did this open to my mind the force of that passage, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thy iniquities as a *thick* cloud!" for in less than a quarter of a minute there was not a vestige of it to be seen. It served me for reflection and meditation for several hours.

We did not reach Tyre until nearly 7 o'clock. Here, for the first time, I think, for several months, I slept on a boarded floor, though my bed, as usual, was merely my cotton quilt; but I had become used to hard beds, and thought nothing of them. Here too I had the luxury of a little cow's milk in my tea, which was the only time I had had any after I left France. Here also I had a tolerably comfortable night, for the house was comparatively clean.

Nothing can possibly be more desolate than the ruins of Tyre; but, were I to attempt to describe them, my description could only be a repetition of what I have already said about Cesarea, Ephesus, and other places. The prophecies in the Bible respecting these cities, as well as of Sidon, &c. &c., have been fulfilled to the letter. Tyre is now neither a "strong city" nor a "strong hold." (Josh. xix. 29; 2 Sam. xxiv. 7.) Though sought for, the ancient city can "never be found." (Ezek. xxvi. 21.) I counted no less than 200 columns, either whole or broken, lying about the site thereof. Some of them were of granite and others of marble; some were submerged in the sea, and some were literally embedded in the rocks and shingle. "Great waters have covered" the ruins of the ancient city, and her ships have been made to "howl." (Exek. xxvi. 19–21; Isa. xxiii. 1.)

The destruction of ancient Tyre was foretold by Isaiah. (xxiii. 1.) It was accomplished by Nebuchadnezzar, 573 B.C.; but the people had removed with their property to the island, which lay opposite to the ancient city, but which is now joined to the main land, forming a promontory, the sea between the island and the shore having been filled up by sand and ruins; a work which Alexander began when he laid siege to the

island, and which the natural course of events has completed. After 70 years, the place recovered its wealth, as was also foretold by Isaiah. (xxiii. 15–17.) It was taken and burnt by Alexander, 332 B.C., but again recovered. It was finally laid waste by the Saracens, and became, as it is now, little better than a fishing village, "a place for the spreading of nets." (Ezek. xxvi. 5.) The ancient port is fast filling up, so that instead of being, as it once was, a great place for ships and merchandise, only small boats can now enter. There is no trade, so far as I could learn, except that of fishing, and the exporting of "mountain tobacco." This tobacco, grown on Lebanon and the other hills, is highly appreciated in Egypt. Some of the houses look ludicrous enough, being built partly of mud and partly of pieces of richly-carved marble, the vilest and the most costly materials compounded together.

Here lived the Syro-Phœnician woman out of whose daughter the Saviour cast the unclean spirit. "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." "Truth, Lord," said the woman, "yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." (Mark vii. 24–30; Matt. xv. 21–28.) The Tyrian disciples "all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city; and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed." (Acts xxi. 5.)

The present town stands on the peninsula. Dr. Olin calls it "the *shadow*" of ancient Tyre; but we can hardly call mud cottages a *shadow* of gorgeous palaces. He might with more propriety have said it was the *refuse*.

The next morning was very wet; but my watchword was, "Onward!" much to Abdallah's annoyance. In about three hours and a half, we reached a place strewed with ruins,—pillars, pieces of marble, very old fragments, and cisterns, "broken cisterns, which could hold no water." This was Sarfa, or Sarphan, the ancient Zarephath and Sarepta, where Elijah sojourned with the widow, whose "meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail;" and whose son the prophet raised to life. (1 Kings xvii.) There is a mosque a little way off, which the Mahometans believe to be standing on the site of the widow's house.

We forded several streams which flow from Lebanon, and crossed one river, by a bridge.

The plain from a few miles south of Tyre to a little way north of Sidon was the celebrated Phœnician Plain. It is nowhere very wide, the mountains on our right, which mark its boundary, always being within two miles from the sea. The stone buildings on the hills, bristling, as it were, amid gardens

and groves, look pleasingly picturesque. Some of the houses appeared to be covered with vines, reminding me of Psalm cxxviii. 3: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house." In one part the hills approach so near to the sea, that we can distinguish a large number of ancient caves or sepulchres. In another hour, we came to a lovely spring in a mulberry plantation; and figs, vines, olives, and oranges were growing close to the sea. Luxuriant orchards and gardens covered the plain, extending, like a forest of loveliness, far on toward the north, and reaching the foot of the mountains on the east; and, to complete the scene to *my* fancy, streams were rippling through the whole. Gardens, to represent which our Devonshires, our Warwicks, and our Northumberlands, spend so many golden thousands, are here to be seen flourishing in perfection, almost without the aid of man. The earth pours forth its luxuries in abundance, while the indolent inhabitants sit quietly smoking and carelessly looking on. The whole scene was to me most enchanting. If Solomon had this spot in his mind when he penned Song iv. 15, "A fountain of gardens, a well of *living* water, and streams from Lebanon," his allusion was most felicitous. How faithful was the description of this land given by Moses in Deut. viii. 7, 8! And what might the land not become, if God should be pleased to place it in civilised hands!

We now forded a stream, the ruins of a bridge being on our right; then crossed another field of ruins; and we were then at Sidon, our day's work having been comparatively short, not quite eight hours.

As the convent was said to be full, we went direct to the public khan, or caravanserai. Of these khans I have had occasion to speak before. There are many of them, and have been for ages, in every part of the east. Travellers, with or without camels, horses, or donkeys, are freely welcome to put up within their walls. They are usually square buildings, with an open court in the centre. The animals are made to rest in the court, and their attendants usually sleep by their side; while travellers lodge under the roof. A part of this khan was allotted exclusively to Franks, and was superintended by a Frenchwoman, who prepared their food. In other cases, the traveller has to provide himself with everything, not only beds and bedding, but cooking utensils and seats, if he require any; and he must, moreover, light his own fire, and find the fuel, unless he have a servant with him to do the work for him. All that the khans afford is shelter; but how acceptable that shelter is in tens of thousands of instances! Though by no

means all that a European or American traveller could desire, yet it is quite as good as he has a right to expect in that quarter of the world.

It is probable that these caravanserais were referred to by Jeremiah, when he exclaims, "O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place for wayfaring men!" (ix. 2.) The inn in which Joseph's brethren rested, (Gen. xlii. 27,) was doubtless also one of the same kind.

The *buildings* are not all alike; but the engraving will give an excellent idea of the groups which take shelter in them.

PUBLIC KHAN, OR CARAVANSERAI.

Much has been said and written about the remark of the Saviour in Matt. xix. 24: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;" and some commentators think it referred to the small gates which, in some parts of the east, are open exclusively for foot passengers, on either side of the large gate used for vehicles, very much like Temple Bar, London; as, they say, these smaller gates are sometimes called "The Needles." But I must say I was not able to learn that these side gates ever were called "The Needles." I incline to the opinion that at the time the Redeemer spake the parable he was with his disciples in one of these public khans, there being no other resting-place for them; and there seeing the people mending their camel saddles, &c., for which purpose they used a long needle like a straight packing needle, he pointed to them, and said, as it were, "Those camels can as soon pass

through the eyes of those needles as a rich man can enter into the kingdom of God." There is nothing fanciful in this interpretation. Dr. Gill, in his Commentary, says, "the expression was an ordinary one of the Jews to express an impossibility;" and so it might be; but this, to my mind, is by no means a satisfactory elucidation; and probably if Gill had been better acquainted with the manners and costoms of the East, he would have given a more *practical* explanation of the text; as we know that the parables of the Saviour, as well as the addresses of the apostles, were always suited to the circumstances with which they were at the time surrounded.

In my perambulations in the course of the day, I saw several persons dying silk, and others making silk purses. I purchased a purse of a deep crimson colour, and made many inquiries of the people. I saw no other colour but crimson. The whole country, from Sidon to Lebanon, is famous for its production of silk, and has also ever been renowned for its beautiful crimson dyes.*

In the high ground on the south of Sidon, stretching into the sea, stands a citadel, said to have been erected 600 years ago, and the city is enclosed by a wall on the land side. Like Tyre, and indeed all other cities in the east, the streets are narrow and dirty. The houses are mostly built of stone; and this makes it the more provoking that the town should be so filthy. The bazaars were, however, well supplied.

In some of the walls I was shown cannon balls, which had been deposited there by English guns. A good-natured Turk, who went round the city with me, told me that the English had driven out the Egyptians; "but," added he, "they could not have done so if we on shore had not been helping them." There is a causeway of nine arches, leading from the barracks to the castle.

Sidon (now called Saida) is not what it was in days of yore. It is, however, still a place of some importance, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. Until within the last half century, the rich products of Lebanon were all exported from this place; but it has been entirely superseded by Beyrout.

It has been thought, from Gen. x. 15, 19, that Sidon was first founded by Sidon the son of Canaan. There can be no doubt, at all events, that it was a much more ancient city than even Tyre.

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* In Exod. xxv. 4, we read of blue, and purple, and scarlet. Purple is said to have been a deep red, tinged with blue; and scarlet was purple twice dyed. Thus Horace says,

"The wool with Afric's purple double dyed."

As usual, the next morning, March 25th, I was moving with the "eyelids of the morning;" and was soon afterwards on my way to Beyrout. I was really weary of taking notes, and yet I kept myself up to my work, often writing while on my mule.

We had not gone far before we came to a khan called Nabby Yunas, (the Prophet Jonas,) as it was near here, the people say, that Jonas was cast up by the whale.

In the course of the morning I saw what I had nowhere observed before, several black beetles rolling before them to their holes pieces of dung nearly as large as walnuts. I stopped my mule to watch them, and the more I looked the more I was puzzled to know how their strength could accomplish it. They stood on their hind legs, and rolled the dung with their fore legs; and I assert positively that some of the balls stood higher than the beetles which were rolling them. There was only one beetle to each ball. These beetles are, I believe, called the Scarabæus sacer, or Sacred Beetle. They were formerly worshipped by the Egyptians; and representations of them, carved in hard pebbles or gems, were worn by them as brooches and ornaments. Though on the sand, yet all around their holes there was a tuft of green grass, proving, beyond doubt, that the whole district might be easily cultivated.

I also saw an extraordinary procession, and was told it was a Druse wedding. There were several women on camels; and one was on horseback, whom Abdallah said was the bride. She wore on her forehead what is called the tantour, being a tin tube of considerable length, projecting about 15 inches in a semi-horizontal position, "like the horn of a unicorn," and was covered with a light veil. Several other women in the procession also had on the tantour. As Abdallah was a Druse, I wanted him to give me some particulars of a Druse wedding, but he declined doing so.* Some of these tubes are made of silver, and studded with jewels; and some which I saw were perhaps 20 in. long. What the fancy for wearing them sprang from, I cannot say; but there can be no doubt they have been worn by the people of this district from time immemorial,

* The Druses reside on Mount Lebanon, and are amongst the most independent people in Syria. They are nominally under Turkey, but the Turks have never been able really to subdue them. The women are unusually clever with the needle, and make many articles of embroidery. I have in my possession a lady's reticule and a pair of slippers which, for beauty, rival the work of any French lady. The people in this part were noted for their embroidery and fine work even in the days of Solomon.

It is said that the Turks once cut out the tongues of the old people of some parts of Syria, to prevent the Syriac language from progressing.

DRUSE WEDDING PROCESSION.

and that the value of the tubes, or horns, is made the criterion of the wealth of the wearer; just as gold chains and rings used to be looked upon as a mark of respectability in England. Every particle of dress, which was worn 3,000 years ago, with its every shade of colour, from the badger's skin, or sandal, (Ezek. xvi. 10,) to the diadem, or turban, is still in use. The women, I believe, rarely take off the tantour, but, I am told, wear it even at night.

One thing connected with the tantour is particularly worthy of notice; viz., that while some wear it obliquely from the forehead, as I have described, others wear it on the crown of the head, and others almost perpendicularly. The former denotes a *married* woman, the second a *single* or *young* woman, and the latter a married woman *who has children.* So it was with Hannah, as recorded 1 Sam. ii. 1, 10. When Samuel was born, she said, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord; my *horn is exalted*—not merely on my head, though that is a mark of honor among women, (as it shows that God has blessed me with a child) but—*in the Lord,* and that is a great deal better." The same figure is used in Ps. xcii. 10; cxii. 9; and elsewhere.

The engraving opposite, though not exactly like the procession I saw, will still give a tolerable idea of it, and of the tantour.

Mount Lebanon was now in full view before us. The higher parts were crowned with snow, which, in the distance, had the appearance of glass, as the clear sun shone upon it; and the sides were dotted with villages, rejoicing in the heart of mulberry groves.* New beauties appeared in view at almost every turn; yet our road, after the first few miles, was by no means so agreeable as it had been hitherto. We had to toil for several hours through deep sands, which tried the strength of the mules as well as the patience of their riders; until, in about eight hours from leaving Sidon, we ascended a hill, and then Beyrout lay stretched before us. I came upon it unexpectedly, and was therefore the more enraptured. The whole city seemed to be embosomed in orchards and groves, and the suburbs formed one paradise of detached villas and gardens, with the sea majestically rolling into the bay below.

Passing along a lane of prickly pears and oranges, similar to the one leading into Jaffa, we came to some trees which Abdallah called cedar trees. As these were unlike any cedars I had ever seen in England, I told Abdallah he must be mistaken; but he assured me that all the cedars of Lebanon were the same; *i. e.*, having no branches except at the top, where they spread out like a mushroom. Having never visited the cedars of Lebanon, I am unable to speak from personal knowledge, but I find several travellers give the same account of

* The highest part of Lebanon is said to be 9,500 ft. above the level of the sea. The mountain is composed of two ridges, parallel with each other, the western ridge being called Lebanon, and the eastern Anti-Lebanon; but the Jews did not make the distinction. It formed the extreme northern boundary of the Holy Land.

them, though others give a very different one. Lebanon is still famous for its cedars, though by no means to the same extent as in Solomon's days. Mr. Fisk says, "I have seen noble cedars in Europe, the growth of centuries; but compared with those of Lebanon, they are but saplings."

Abdallah led me direct to the Hotel de l'Europe. While dinner was preparing, I went to inquire after the steamer, and found, as it was behind time, it would not leave until the next afternoon. This was annoying, as I had hurried so much to save it; but I soon came to the conclusion that it was better than being too late. After dinner, I went to Mr. Black's, the banker, to borrow some money, as I had not a piastre left, and was in debt to Abdallah. He kindly offered to let me have £100, if I wanted it; but I took only about as much as would carry me to Malta.

My next business was to send my letter of introduction to Mr. Eli Smith, the American missionary, as I knew he would be able to give me much information. I then wrote up my journal, and retired to rest.

March 26th.—Slept well last night, but rose early, to enjoy the balmy freshness of the morning. Mr. Smith called soon after breakfast, and invited me to dine with him; an invitation which I gladly accepted. His house was some distance from the town, but situated in a lovely spot. Indeed, the whole district was lovely. If I had aught which, without repetition, I could say of charming plantations, shaded groves, fruitful orchards, delicious vineyards, and fragrant gardens,—*paradises*, I would say it of Beyrout and its environs. When I speak of gardens, however, I must not be understood as meaning such gardens as we have in England, with neat gravel walks, and flower-beds tastefully laid out with box or sea-pink borders, displaying all the neatness of a lady's drawing room; for the gardens in the east are of a totally different character. The trees are different; the flowers are different; the arrangement is different. Indeed, arrangement there often is none, the trees being jumbled together like trees in a wood; and yet the gardens are beautiful, and seem to have grown more so every time you visit them.

So far as he had it in his power, Mr. S. was as kind to me as his countryman, Mr. Buel, had been at Athens. It is not probable that this book will ever meet his eye, as I know not where he may now be; but I should be ungrateful if I did not thus publicly acknowledge his kindness.

Beyrout is supposed to be the Berothai mentioned in 2 Sam. viii. 8, and the Berothath in Ezekiel xlvii. 16. It now con-

tains about 15,000 inhabitants, and carries on a brisk trade. The products of Lebanon and Damascus are exported hence.*

The missionaries at Beyrout have, I believe, been more successful than those in any other part of Syria. Their labors are extensive and their reward encouraging, principally amongst the various sects of professing Christians,—Greeks, Romanists, Armenians, Maronites, &c. I repeat, that the American missionaries have more energy and zeal than the English. At Beyrout they have a printing office, which I inspected, and found everything in excellent working order. From this office they issue books in many languages. It would be folly to suppose that all are read; but many of them are, and these must at any rate cause the people to think. Speaking of Smyrna, the Scotch missionaries say, "Not a single instance of the conversion of a Mahometan has occurred. * * * The Spirit seems at present withheld, and the opposition of man is great." But of Beyrout they say, "They have a regular Arabic service every Lord's Day, attended sometimes by more than 100 hearers, who are chiefly Christians of the

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* I longed to visit Baalbec and Damascus; but it was impossible. The way lies directly over Lebanon. The ruins at Baalbec are said to be well worth a visit, being only two days' journey from Beyrout. There can be no doubt that it is the "Baalath in Lebanon," mentioned 2 Chron. viii. 6.

"Perhaps," says one writer, "no spot on the globe can present a spectacle so beautiful as that which is unfolded from the apex of Mount Lebanon. A boundless horizon, glowing and radiant, is spread out before the view, and the eye expatiates almost without interruption from the waters of the Mediterranean to the confines of the Persian Gulf. On such a scene, the spectator loses for a while all sense of individual weakness. His faculties feel as it were an enlarged vitality, and he dwells with a rapturous delight on the splendors by which he is encompassed, till their united glories torture the imagination, and the sense aches with gazing."

The people of Damascus are still amongst the most bigoted of the Mahometans. Before the establishment of an English consulate there, it was not safe for a Frank to visit the city. There was a footpath raised in the principal streets a little above the ordinary road; and even in the early part of the consul's time, it was death for either a Christian or Jew to walk upon it.

Damascus is said to be so charming a spot, that the people believe the Garden of Eden was situated there. It is recorded of Mahomet that when he drew near to Damascus, and saw its richness and beauty, he refused to enter it, saying there was only one paradise for man, and he had chosen his in the future world. The city is believed to contain 100,000 inhabitants.

Antioch lies about 170 miles to the north of Beyrout; Tarsus, Paul's birth-place, to the north-west of Antioch; and Derbe and Lystra west of Tarsus. Derbe was the birth-place of Gaius and Timothy, and at Lystra Paul was stoned.

Greek, Latin, and Armenian churches. They have very efficient Sabbath schools for the young, and their week-day schools are attended by 60 boys and 40 girls."

CHAPTER XLI.—BEYROUT TO MALTA.

Burning with desire to go on board the steamer, as though my very life depended upon it, I left Mr. Smith's as soon after dinner as I decently could, and returned to the hotel. Here I had my last altercation with Abdallah. The waiter brought up my bill, charging me 70 piastres per day; but I told him I should pay no such money. "O," said he, "that is what Abdallah assured me you would pay." Upon hearing which, Abdallah came forth, for he had been concealed within hearing, and said I *must* pay it; but I coolly altered the figures from 70 to 50, remarking, at the same time, "That is 40 for the landlord and 10 for the servants." Abdallah was half wild; but I told him if he said another word I would have him taken to the police office. The waiter thanked me and said it was very good. Abdallah then affected to cry, and said he hoped I would give him "a character." "Certainly," I said; and forthwith sat down to write him one:

"This is to certify, that Abdallah accompanied me from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, and from Jerusalem to this place. I found him well acquainted with the country, able not only to point out accredited spots, but also some which he must have himself discovered, as no one else has ever heard of them. Travellers may do very well with him if they will keep the key of their own purses, otherwise they may find that all their money has changed hands by the time they reach their journey's end. Abdallah says he is a Christian, and this ought to be a strong recommendation; but I found him the most barefaced knave I ever had to do with.

"Beyrout, March 26th, 1847." "J. GADSBY."

This "character" I carefully sealed, and told him to give it to Mr. Gray when he reached Jerusalem. He cordially thanked me, and then accompanied me to the boat.

At 4 o'clock I went on board; and no event of my life ever gave me more pleasure than did the simple putting of my foot, on this occasion, on the gangway ladder. My pleasure had, however, well-nigh been marred. I had not been long on board ere I heard some one calling out my name; and, turning to ascertain whence the voice came, I saw a Government officer, with two men, in a boat. "Dear me," I said to myself; "what's the matter? Is anything wrong with my passport?" But I made up my mind, be wrong what might, as I *was* on board, not less than two of the men should haul me off; and I pre-

pared to run below. Again was my name called, and again I looked; and then I saw in the officer's hand five or six letters. How soon the scene changed! "Is Mr. Gadsby on board?" "I'm the man," said I; "what is there to pay?" "Two dollars." "How did the letters reach you?" "They have followed you all the way from Egypt." "Ah, very well. Here's the money." A bason of water was then held out to me, by one of the men. I put the money into it, and the letters were thrown on deck; for, as the steamer was in quarantine, any one touching it would have been put in quarantine also; and even my money had to be thus cleansed with water before it could be handled.

My reader will naturally suppose that on quitting the "Holy Land," at any rate on viewing its shores as I stood on the deck of the steamer, and on gazing upon the majestic Lebanon, with its snow-capped summit and its luxuriant beauties, my mind was occupied with most delightful reflections; and so it was, but not such as my reader might suppose. My eye was directed *westward;* and not all the beautiful panorama before me nor even the rich associations of the country could turn it away. I first reckoned up the days and then the hours when I might reach Malta; and then, in rapid succession, followed Avignon, Paris, Marseilles, Boulogne, and London, until I fancied myself almost at my journey's end.

About half-past 6, the paddles were put in motion, and we were off for Alexandria. The wind was high, and, being abeam, the steamer rocked like a cradle. I think I was the only passenger who was not ill. I read my letters a second time, and then went to my berth, sleep quickly succeeding.

In 46 hours we reached Alexandria, but we ought to have arrived in much less time. As we were still in quarantine, I was unable to go on shore, though we were detained 50 hours. Several persons put off in boats to see me, and one, at my request, brought me a large jar of Nile water; which was very acceptable, as the water on board the steamer was not good.

A number of Moors came on board, as deck passengers to Malta, whence they would proceed to Gibraltar and Tangiers. They had been to Mecca on pilgrimage. We had also on board a Circassian, one of the people whom Russia has hitherto so ineffectually labored to subdue. He had on a conical hat with a fur border, yellow shoes, and a snuff-colored loose tunic, with fur down the front. He wore a belt, in which were inserted 16 bone cases, each containing a cartridge. I asked him what they were for, when he replied, they were "to play music for his enemies,"—the *Dead* March, I suppose he meant. The

captain took away his pistols, telling him he should have them again when he arrived at Malta. There was also with us a Hindoo, from India, who retained full possession of his religious superstitions. He would not even drink water unless he had himself drawn it from the cask. Besides these, there were on board 10 Americans. They, with myself, constituted the whole of the cabin passengers. Five of the Americans slept in the same cabin as myself; and I have no desire to have more agreeable companions than four of them were.

The weather was delightful all the way from Alexandria to Malta, the thermometer in the shade ranging about 65°, with a clear blue sky and a gentle refreshing breeze; and we made about 10 knots an hour.

The sailors used the poor Moors most shamefully, sousing them with water, running against them with their scrubbing brushes, and so forth, until I spoke to the captain, and had it put a stop to. The Moors were so pleased that one of them wanted to make me a present of a pipe, but I refused to accept of it. This man had with him a little boy, about three years of age, whom, during the whole passage, he was teaching to smoke. I gave the little fellow a couple of figs. The father thanked me, and then took them from him and ate them himself. Another of the Moors had with him a black slave. On one occasion I saw the slave take hold of his master's nose, and ring it until it bled. I expected something desperate to ensue; but soon learnt that it was by the master's desire, as he was suffering from headach; and this was the remedy!

In the evening of April 2nd, we arrived at Malta, having had a pleasant passage. We were soon visited by the captain of the quarantine port, and were equally soon put in possession of the disagreeable news that we had to perform 10 days' quarantine; that is, to be shut up like prisoners in a large building called the Lazzaretto, without being allowed to touch any one until the 10 days had expired. However, we knew that, by paying, we could have every comfort we could desire, as the lazzaretto at Malta is one of the best in the world. My American fellow-passengers and I therefore agreed to mess together, and took our rooms next to each other, each having two rooms to himself. The rooms were furnished with iron bedsteads, but the bedding we had to hire. We engaged a servant to wait upon us, and he, of course, was thrown into quarantine with us, and was subjected in all things to the same restrictions as we were. I had a letter of introduction to the captain of the lazzaretto, but he durst not touch it until it had been fumigated.

My first duty was to send letters home, and my next to inform my friends in the island of my arrival. On visitors being announced, we were accompanied to the reception room by a guardiano, or guard, to see that we did not come in contact with any of them; for, had we done so, all whom we touched would have had to perform quarantine with us. We could converse with each other over a kind of counter, but were not permitted to approach nearer. The *artistes* of Valletta are allowed to go into the reception room, to sell their wares; but the travellers are not suffered to finger the goods until absolutely purchased; and then the money is laid hold of by a pair of tongs and immersed in water.*

Our clothes had to be turned out of our portmanteaus, and exposed to the air every day; and we were enjoined to attend to the cleanliness of our persons,—a piece of excellent advice, but which to me was unnecessary, because, as a hydropathist, I wash myself all over every morning, when I can find water; and I must say, if people generally only knew the importance of attending to the skin, we should not, with God's blessing, have so many fevers and agues as we have.

The quarantine laws are now greatly modified, if not altogether done away with, in Malta; but in Italy they are carried out most rigidly. Formerly, the time of seclusion required was 40 days, as, indeed, the word quarantine signifies; but when in 1853 I returned from Egypt, I had only 22 hours.

Our time passed over quite agreeably. I principally employed myself in reading and writing; but we sometimes took a boat, and, accompanied by a guardiano, rowed about the harbor; and at other times we were allowed to walk round Fort Manoel and the outer parts of the lazzaretto.†

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* Our cook's boy was once plucking a goose while we were waiting in the harbor for pratique, when he accidentally let it fall into the water. It floated, but no person durst touch it, as any one doing so would have been thrown into quarantine. At last a noose was slipped round its neck, and it was pulled on deck. How very absurd such a regulation seems! We were not allowed to send any note on shore, but we wrote our orders on a board, and the board was conveyed, instead of a note. Paper is considered to be *infectious*.

† On one part of Fort Manoel, some Americans once sketched the American flag, with its stripes and stars, and wrote over it, "The Flag of Liberty;" and, by way of retaliation, some Englishman sketched a slave chained to the flag, and a man standing over him with a lash. It was rude in the Americans sketching their national flag in such a way, and silly in the "Britisher" chaining a slave to it, as it is well known the northern states of America are much opposed to slavery. The value of the slaves in the southern states of America is said to be 800 millions sterling, as much as all our national debt.

At length the tenth morning arrived.* Soon after sunrise the doctor came to visit us, and, after asking us a few questions, gave us pratique; in other words, set us at liberty. Boats were soon brought over for us, and we went to our respective hotels. The gentleman whom I mentioned in my third chapter as connected with the London Missionary Society, kindly invited me to stay with him; but I was determined to proceed homeward the next day, and, therefore, had no time for friendly gossip.

CHAPTER XLII.—MALTA TO ENGLAND.

The next morning, April 14, 1847, I went on board H. M. steamer "Spitfire," and about noon was on my way to Marseilles. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the weather, so that we all flattered ourselves we should make a splendid passage; but in the evening it became very foggy, causing us to slacken our speed; and the next morning the wind rose right ahead of us, and so continued. Early on the 16th, we were opposite the bold coast of Sardinia, making our way to the Straits of Bonifaccio; and these we passed about noon. In the Straits I saw an immense number of porpoises, the appearance of which is said to be a certain sign of foul weather. It was so in this instance, at least, as well as in several other instances, which I can distinctly remember. Just as we had passed through the Straits, it blew so hard that I was glad to throw myself on my back in my berth, to prevent sickness, which is a much surer preventative than all the nostrums that are advertised by quacks or recommended by the faculty. I was soon asleep, and I slept for some hours. Upon awaking, I was surprised to find we were in still water and that the engines had stopped; but I soon concluded that we were at Marseilles. When daylight arrived, however, I found I was mistaken. It had, it seemed, blown so hard that the captain had "made a fair wind of it," turned round, and run into Ajaccio, in Corsica. A French steamer, which had been ahead of us, had set us the example, having run in before us.

* I say the *tenth* morning, because, though we performed nominally ten days' quarantine, yet in reality it was only eight days. We did not land until nearly 9 o'clock in the evening of the first day, and we were liberated at 6 o'clock in the morning of the tenth day. The same mode of expression still exists all over the east which existed in the days of the Redeemer on earth. Thus the Redeemer is said to have lain three days and three nights in the sepulchre; whereas, he lay only one *clear* day; but it was the mode of expression used by the people, and its meaning was well understood by them.

After breakfast, we proposed to the captain that we should go on shore; but he said he understood the antipathy of the people to the English was so great, as Ajaccio was Bonaparte's birthplace, that it would hardly be safe for him or the officers to land in their naval dress. He, however, consented to put out a boat for the passengers; and he then went below. In a few minutes he again appeared on deck, though I at first hardly knew him, as he was in plain clothes. The officers quickly followed his example, and we all went on shore together.*

The houses of Ajaccio are all built of stone and really good. Some of them are very lofty, six and seven stories high. The room in which Napoleon was born is homely enough; but no other house in Corsica can boast of having sheltered so great a man. The streets are good, and contain several fountains, constructed of granite. The scenery around the town is most striking. The sides of the hills are all richly cultivated, being

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* In an earlier part of this work, I spoke of the levity of both officers and men on board the French war steamers. We find no such laxity of discipline on the English. The men are there treated as mere machines, and are not supposed to have a thought beyond the orders of their officers. I remember, when on board the "Volcano," in 1846, while it was blowing hard, one of the officers sent a man aloft to take in one of the sails. As the man was longer about his work than the officer thought he ought to have been, he called out to him to let go one of the ropes, which he pointed out. "If I do, Sir," the man replied, "the yard arm will come down upon you." "*You* come down, you lubber," roared the officer; and he forthwith put the poor fellow on the black list; that is, made him drink his grog out of a pint bason, with five parts water. I told the officer I thought that was rather hard, as both he and I might have been killed. "That was no business of his," said he. "All that the men have to do is to obey orders." I was thankful, however, for my part, that the man had *not* obeyed orders *that* time.

I will now give an instance in which a subordinate *did* obey orders with a witness. I once travelled with an intelligent officer who was on board Her Majesty's steamer, "Spitfire," when she ran ashore off Ithica, two or three years before. The master had retired to his cabin, and, being short of hands, had left the ship in charge of the quartermaster, ordering him to steer N.W. Some time afterwards the look-out espied "land ahead." The quartermaster, however, took no notice of it. The engineer then went up to him and told him he was just on the land. "I've nothing to do with that," said the fellow; "my orders were to steer N.W., *and N.W. I'll steer.*" The engineer then ran below, and got all ready. In another instant the ship struck, when the engineer stopped the engines. It would have been "against the rules" to have done so before. Now, though it was the quartermaster's duty at once to have announced to a superior officer that there was "land ahead," yet his only punishment was two years' extra service, before he became entitled to his pension; that is, that he should serve 23 years instead of 21. The steamer was much damaged, but not lost.

covered with olives, figs, vines, myrtles, &c.; and their summits were crowned with snow.

On returning to the steamer, we found the wind had increased, and the barometer had fallen to 28 inches. I never saw so wild, so terrific-looking a sky. The wind howled, nay, bellowed, fearfully; and hailstones came down like marbles. The captain told us we might take our rest, as he should not attempt to leave before the next morning. The wind was N.W., and consequently came over the Pyrennean mountains and across the Gulf of Lyons. When from that quarter, it always blows strong, and causes what the sailors call "a nasty sea."

Early on the morning of the 18th, we weighed anchor, and left the harbor. The wind had gone down, but there was still a heavy swell on the sea. By daylight on the 19th we passed Toulon, the principal French naval arsenal, which the English destroyed in 1793, though they were afterwards driven out of the place by Bonaparte; and in a few hours more we were at Marseilles.

Having had my passport examined and having endured the ordeal of the customs house, I made my way to the diligence office, and in the evening was *en route* to Lyons. It would have been an easier way to have booked only to Avignon, and then to have proceeded up the Rhone; but this would have required an extra day, as the steamers did not then travel in the night.* I was told that I should arrive at Lyons in about 32 hours, which would be in time for the steamer to Chalons; but, as this would not have answered the purpose of the diligence proprietors, the driver detained us a few miles outside of Paris for nearly two hours, and thus threw us half an hour too late. I was, however, determined I would not proceed in any conveyance of theirs, and therefore booked by rail to Roanne, whence I went on by diligence to Orleans, and thence by rail to Paris, through St. Germain, Varennes, Moulins, Nevers, Briare, and other towns; this journey occupying 48 hours. The same evening I left for Havre, and the next morning went on board a steamer for Shoreham, where I arrived in nine hours; and then proceeded, by the London and Brighton Railway, to town. Being too late for the last train on the Eastern

* On returning home in 1853, I learnt that there was a steamer running which was called the *English* boat. It left Avignon at 3 o'clock in the morning, and reached Lyons in 17 hours, making about 12 miles an hour against the stream. The engines were high pressure, and the steam was kept "blowing off" the whole distance. The French people were afraid of it at first, and there can be no doubt that it was extremely dangerous; but I found it convenient, and patronised it.

Counties line, I took a cab to Cheshunt, and reached home about midnight on April 25th, having had 140 hours of incessant travelling, night and day, from Marseilles.

I may easily be believed when I say I was completely exhausted; but I had, with the blessing of God, gained so much strength during my tour that I felt equal to anything; and I had besides increased 23 lbs. in weight, being 14 lbs. heavier than I had ever in my life been before.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LONDON TO GIBRALTAR.

On the 27th of November, 1850, I left London for Southampton, by the South Western Railway, and took my berth on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company's boat, the "Iberia," for Gibraltar.

We left with a fair wind, which, to me, was quite a novelty, as, on my previous trip, I had experienced little but adverse gales. The wind continued in our favor until we had nearly crossed the Bay of Biscay; and then it veered round, and went right ahead of us. Everybody has heard of the Bay of Biscay, and of its rough sea. It is said to be one of the most dangerous passages in Europe; but I do not think it is half so bad as the Gulf of Lyons. A little while previously, this very steamer had been nine days and eight nights in crossing the bay. They were given up by the people at Vigo and Lisbon, and I should think they must have given themselves up. To avoid the swell of the sea, we had to keep a little to the east, as though running into Corunna, where, in 1809, the battle of Corunna was fought, in which Sir John Moore lost his life; and then we steered along the coast until we turned the point and passed Cape Finisterre. We were now fully exposed to the roll of the Atlantic; but, on the fifth morning, we safely entered the Bay of Vigo, in Spain.

As the captain told us he should not venture out of the bay until the wind dropped a little, we all went on shore. The air was delightfully mild, and the atmosphere clear. There was no one in the town who could speak English, except our consul and his family; and he told us there were no residents with whom he could associate. The town is small and poor, but it is a useful port, in consequence of its exports, conveyed from the interior. The consul said the country abounded with game, but he did not often venture far from home, as the people were not to be depended upon. I went to the "hotel," (pardon the libel,) and into two or three of the houses, as I always like to see everything. There appeared to be a great

lack of furniture and comfort, but an abundance of dirt, though not so bad as in the east. Beef and mutton, I was told, sold for 2d. per lb.; hares were about a franc, or 9¾d. each, and rabbits might be had for the powder and shot necessary to shoot them, as there were thousands of them, and any one might have them who knew how to pull a trigger. Our consul said that a family with only £100 a year could live well; but he, I believe, has £500, though the governor of the town has only £130, such is the liberality of the English tax-payers.

We had with us on the steamer an English merchant who resided in the interior of Spain; and he told us some curious tales about the Spanish brigands, or robbers. He was once attacked on his way home, when all his money was taken from him, except a trifle to pay for refreshments; and the brigands then gave him a ticket to show, as his passport, to any other band who might stop him, that they might let him pass unmolestedly; and this, he said, they generally did; a trait in their character which may, perhaps, be termed, "honor among thieves."

The next day we left for Oporto, but the sea ran so high that the captain said it would not be safe to go in; so we passed it, and made for Lisbon.

We had on board a Roman Catholic priest, who spoke English well, and also a Portuguese gentleman, who spoke "a littell" English. On entering the river Tagus, the priest pointed to Cintra, where, he said, was a monastery, containing 1,200 monks. I asked him how they were supported, when he looked as if he wished he had said nothing about it. The question led, however, to a discussion, in which the captain took part. The priest argued well, and kept his temper, until the Portuguese gentleman said he was sure some things which the captain and I had said were true, and he desired to know more; which made the priest more angry than our remarks had done.

We had also on board a poor Portuguese captain who had been washed overboard some days before, and who had been in the water, supported only by a plank, for 36 hours, until he was picked up by an English steamer. He said his family would all be in mourning for him, but he was going to cheer them up.

In the evening of the 3rd, we arrived at Lisbon, and I went on shore for the night. The Portuguese gentleman took me under his care, and conducted me over the city; but it was too late to see much.

About 10 o'clock, as we were going to the hotel, we heard some one roaring out in English, "Who'll help me? who'll help

me?" accompanying the question by most horrid oaths and imprecations. On running to the spot, we found it was an English sailor, from one of the men-of-war in the river.* He was in a state of intoxication, and had, it appeared, been insulting the police; and they, in their turn, had felled him with their batons, or some other weapons. We had him conveyed to the guardhouse, and begged of the soldiers to take care of him until morning; which they promised to do.

In the morning, before breakfast, I walked round the town alone, as my Portuguese fellow-traveller was not up. The fish market was groaning, as it were, under its abundant supply; but the vegetable market was only scantily supplied. Ripe oranges had not made their appearance, and were not indeed expected for several weeks. Lisbon oranges are excellent; but they are not often met with in England. What I mean is, that hundreds of chests are sold as Lisbon oranges which were never near the Portuguese coasts; and hundreds are sold as "*real* St. Michael's and Lisbon," before a single orange has left either the Azores or Portugal.

Scores of persons were carrying water from fountains, supplied by an aqueduct from the interior of the country, as there are but few wells in the city.

Lisbon is said to contain upwards of 300,000 inhabitants. How they all live is to me a mystery.

Some of the squares in the city are truly magnificent, far surpassing anything we have in England. The Black Horse Square is superb. Its appearance is somewhat like Greenwich Hospital, on an enlarged scale and extended elevation. The buildings in the new town being modern, the streets are more regular than those of ancient cities were. Many of the houses are five and six stories high, and, having balconies and verandahs outside the windows to the very top, the effect is pleasing and good. Some of the buildings are covered with glazed porcelain; but this must be painful to the eye when a Portuguese summer's sun is shining upon them. Most of the streets are much better paved than those of Paris, and cannot be fairly called dirty, except by those who have never been much out of England. If the houses in some of the streets of Aberdeen were a story higher, and had balconies and verandahs to the windows, the streets would have more the appearance of Lisbon than those of any other city I can just now call to mind.

* We have generally several men-of-war lying in the Tagus, not only to protect our trade, but also to be ready for any emergency, should they be wanted in the Mediterranean.

In 1755 the whole lower town was destroyed by an earthquake, and 30,000 persons were buried beneath the ruins. This occurred a few years after Whitefield was there, and that ever-memorable man gave a vivid account of it in his little tract, entitled, "Whitefield at Lisbon."

As there appeared to be a good deal of trade going on,* the quays being full of life, and as the country round is proverbially beautiful, I thought I could very well spend a month there. The hotel was comfortable and the charges reasonable. To my breakfast in the morning, I had a fried sole; and I must say I have never relished soles since, though I have had them fresh out of the water from our own coasts; for the flavor of this was so delicious, and the flesh so tender, that I have never met with its equal. On mentioning this circumstance to the captain, he said there were no soles in the world like the Lisbon ones; which convinced me, had I needed convincing, that it was not mere fancy on my part.

It was a lovely summer's morning, yet the 4th of December! The people in England were shivering with cold, while I was revelling in sunshine, and enjoying the beauties of the Tagus;—not beautiful either, if compared with the Rhone river, the Salamis gulf, or the Bosphorus straits. The country looked naked, there being scarcely any trees, as the land is kept clear for vines; but even these are beautiful to an English eye.

About midnight on the 5th, we reached the lighthouse on Cape St. Vincent. We doubled the Cape, and then made for Cadiz.

The lighthouse of St. Vincent is, perhaps, one of the most useful in the world. Ships arriving from the Atlantic always make for it, and are then at no loss to know where they are. It is like finding a solitary finger post in some of our agricultural districts, the index on which, *by accident*, has not been quite obliterated.

We entered the Bay of Cadiz early in the morning of Dec. 6th. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails had never been

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* The Portuguese government is weak, grasping, and idle,—exacting to the last degree. Were it not for England and France, the present monarch could not hold the throne for a year. Not many years ago, during the civil war between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, several steamers, fully equipped, worked their way up the river to seize the town; and they could and would have succeeded, had not the English men-of-war quietly taken possession of them. Yet, notwithstanding this, the government, to support its own luxury, a little while afterwards nearly doubled the import duty on English goods. Cutlery, for instance, was charged 3s. 6d. per lb. weight; so that a pair of scissors, weighing less than 2 oz., would be taxed 5d.

out before, I persuaded him to go with me to see the cathedral and the city generally. We called first upon our consul, to deliver the letter bags, and desired him to have his bags ready in two hours. The night at sea had been cold and stormy, and it was then quite cold enough to be comfortable, the sun not having been long up; yet our well-paid functionary did not ask us to have even a cup of coffee. How different would have been the treatment of the "barbarous" Turk or the "wild-ass" Bedouin! We therefore adjourned to a café, and had some chocolate.

Cadiz is a pretty city, more imposing than even Lisbon. The houses are all high, and faced with balconies and persianas (outside Venetian blinds.) The streets are narrow, but straight. Narrow streets are, indeed, indispensable in these warm parts, to protect the inhabitants from the sun's rays. The public squares were filled with orange trees, the perfume from which was delicious. The cathedral is a noble building, and the roof is supported with marble columns standing on alabaster bases.

On the north side of the bay is the district in which sherry wines are made.

About four hours after leaving Cadiz, we passed the Bay of Trafalgar, where the great battle was fought between the French and Spanish fleets, on one side, and the English, under Nelson, on the other. Here Nelson received his death-wound, while standing on the deck, giving orders.*

* The French under Admiral Villeneuve, and the Spaniards under Gravina, ventured out with a number of troops on board, Oct. 19th, 1805, and on the 21st, about noon, the action began off Cape Trafalgar. Lord Nelson ordered his ship, the "Victory," to be carried alongside his old antagonist, the "Santissima Trinidad," where he was exposed to a severe fire of musketry; and not having taken the precaution to cover his coat, which was decorated with his star and other badges of distinction, he became an object for the riflemen placed purposely in the tops of the "Bucentaur," which lay on his quarter. In the middle of the engagement, a musket-ball struck him on the left shoulder, and passing through the spine, lodged in the muscles of his back. He lived just long enough to be acquainted with the number of ships that had been captured; and his last words were, "I have done my duty; I praise God for it!" The mighty spirit of Nelson was epitomised in the signal which he hoisted on commencing this action—"England expects that every man will do his duty!" a sentence that not only testified the pure Spartan love of country which animated his own breast, but proved the philosophical act which inspired him to strike upon the strongest chord that could vibrate in every surrounding bosom. His remains were brought to this country, and buried with unprecedented honors in St. Paul's cathedral, where a suitable monument has been erected to his memory. In this great engagement 20 ships of the Spanish and French fleets were either destroyed or captured, which was the exact number that Nelson had predicted.

In the evening we arrived at Gibraltar.* As it was quite dark, rockets were sent up from the shore, to pilot us to our anchorage; and I then retired to my berth, where I slept both sweetly and gratefully.

Early on the morning of the 7th, I called upon a commercial gentleman whom I had known in London, and who had gone to reside at Gibraltar on account of his health. I wished him to recommend some lodging-house to me; but he insisted upon my taking up my abode with him; and I was, therefore, soon comfortably housed.

Gibraltar is a high rock, projecting about three miles from north to south into the sea, and is the most southerly point of the continent of Europe. It is connected with Spain by an isthmus of low land, the southern part of which belongs to the English, the northern to Spain, and the central to neither, being called *neutral* ground. If convicts escape from Gibraltar, and succeed in crossing the neutral ground, they are safe, as the Spanish authorities will not give them up. The muskets of the sentries are, however, always loaded with ball, and the sentries must fire on any convict who is seen endeavoring to escape. Our officers often go across the lines into Spain to hunt and shoot; but they are compelled to go well armed, as kidnapping is by no means uncommon.

As you look upon the rock from aboard ship, nothing can be seen of the batteries; but they look terrific when one walks amongst them. There are, I believe, upwards of 900 guns, all of which, in case of alarm, could be brought into play in a

* Gibraltar has been justly called "the key to the Mediterranean." The straits being only about 15 miles broad, it is clear that the power which holds the rock and bay must also command the passage from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. Like all other fortified and important places, it often changed hands, until, on the 24th of June, 1704, it was taken by an English and Dutch fleet, under Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. From that time to the year 1779, several attacks were made to drive the English out, but all proved unsuccessful. In 1779 a siege commenced by the combined fleets of France and Spain, which lasted between three and four years; but so bravely did the garrison, under General Elliott, defend the place, notwithstanding that they suffered the greatest privations both from famine and disease, that the enemy's fleets were at last destroyed. This success was owing principally to the red-hot shot which were fired upon the ships from the batteries, setting the ships on fire. Some of the battering ships were of so formidable a construction that the heaviest balls rebounded from them. When a boy, I remember to have heard it said that the French covered their ships with bales of cotton, to resist the balls from the forts; but I cannot find any authentic account which mentions this circumstance; so presume it was not the case.

few minutes; and as all are converging, many could be made to bear unitedly upon any given point,—a ship, for instance. In the Alameda, or public gardens, about half way up the rock, there is one battery of 21 guns which is called, "The Snake in the Grass." It is so concealed that an enemy could not see it until its murderous fire was opened upon him.

Leading from one side of the rock to the other, there are two galleries, or tunnels, formed, I believe, by the English, and cut right through the rock. From these galleries are port-holes with heavy guns, frowning over the neutral ground; so that, in case of an attack from that quarter, the enemy could be cut to pieces, while the men in the galleries could not be touched.

The rock abounds with caves, the most important of which is St. Michael's. The entrance to this cave is about 1,000 ft. above the sea. It consists of a spacious hall, the roof of which is apparently supported by massive stalactite pillars; and below this is a succession of other caves. I descended into some of these, and should have gone lower, but our lights went out.

The streets and buildings of Gibraltar are far inferior to those of Malta; but no beggars are permitted to be seen in them. There is no harbor; so that the ships are compelled to anchor in the open bay, and are, consequently, liable to damage during storms.

The markets are well supplied with everything,—fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables. Oranges were only eightpence per hundred when I was there.

Bread is quite as dear as in England, but butchers' meat is cheap. Both bakers and butchers are licensed by the Government. The former are compelled always to have on hand 200 barrels of flour each, and the latter a large reserve of bullocks and sheep. Besides which, seven years' provision is kept in the Government stores. These precautions are to provide against famine, in case of a prolonged siege.

Nothing of consequence is produced on the rock, except in gardens, all being imported from Barbary, on the opposite coast, or brought in from Spain, over the neutral ground. A small octroi duty is levied at the gates on each article taken in by the Spaniards.

As it was moonlight when I was there, I often walked up to the Alameda, to hear the firing of the 8 o'clock gun. The effect was thrilling. The echo traversed the bay, from point to point, like peals of thunder, until it died melodiously away among the Spanish hills. Simultaneously with the firing of

the gun, the bugles sounded, the drums beat, and the bells rang; and soldiers were seen, in every direction, running for their lives, lest they should be shut out of the barracks; but in a few minutes all was over, and everything quiet as death.

One morning I visited the convict establishment. Here I saw men who had been "transported beyond the seas," as the judge at our assizes expresses it, living, as compared with our agricultural laborers, in idleness and luxury. The work they have to do is by no means so exhausting as that of an English "hedger and ditcher," and yet they are each allowed weekly, 7 lbs. of bread; 2 lbs. of salt pork; 2¼ lbs. of fresh beef; 2 lbs. of peas; 1½ lb. of vegetables; 7 oz. of cocoa; 7 oz. of sugar; 3 oz. of salt; and nearly a pint of rum. There are about 700 convicts, consuming weekly nearly 80 gallons of rum.

The inhabitants of Gibraltar can hardly be said to be free. Immediately that the gun fires, announcing sunset, the drawbridges are pulled up and the gates closed; and no one is allowed to pass in or out afterwards until sunrise next morning. This precaution is indispensably necessary to prevent "a surprise" during the night; but even the English residents are kept down by the present governor with so despotic a hand, that they are not so much as permitted to hold meetings; neither is any newspaper allowed to be published except the Government *Gazette*, which gives no news, only the rates of exchange and the state of the markets. The soldiers of the garrison are so rude and dissolute that it is not safe for a female to be seen in the streets after dark. There is, perhaps, no place in Europe so deplorably depraved as Gibraltar; and yet few dare to publish the fact. Prostitution and villany rival each other. If I may judge from what I saw in the streets, I should say that some of the finest women that Andalusia can produce are brought into the town by our officers. While there, I sent a letter to the *Daily News*, in which I exposed the system of government, the treatment to which the inhabitants are subjected, the rapacity of the police, and the licentiousness of the garrison. This letter was translated into French and German, and inserted in several of the continental papers. It gave so much offence to the officials, that, as my friend informed me by letter, they declared if I ever went to Gibraltar again, I should not leave the place alive, or at any rate unmaimed; but every word that I wrote was true, *too* true; and I here publicly declare it to be scandalous that the Home Government should tolerate such excesses.

My intention had been to remain at Gibraltar three or four days, and then to proceed to Malta; but the gales from the east,

called Levanters, blew so unremittingly, that I could not get off for 12 days, as no steamers could come in from England. I at last said I would take the first boat that arrived, whether going to Marseilles, Italy, Sicily, or Malta; and I kept my word. On the following day, the Liverpool screw steamer "Genova," bound for Genoa, came in. I took my passage by her, having then decided to go on to Rome immediately from Genoa, so as to be present at the Romanist festivals at Christmas; but this I was unable to accomplish, as I shall show presently. On the 18th of December, I went on board. The vessel was called a good boat, but I never wish to see her again. I tried another of these Liverpool screw steamers in 1853, from Alexandria to Malta; and I am satisfied I shall never try another, unless compelled. They are altogether unfit for an invalid. Not only do they roll about, if there be the slightest wind, but the table is served with the coarsest food and in the rudest manner.

We soon doubled the rock, and proceeded along the coast of Spain, passing, on our left, Malaga, Carthagena, Alicant, Valencia, and Barcelona. The coast is bold, and we could distinctly see the respective towns as we passed them. Thus far all went on well; but no sooner had we passed Barcelona, and entered the Gulf of Lyons, than we encountered the most terrific gale I ever in my life experienced. On the morning of the 20th, a sea struck our windward side, carrying away our quarter deck bulwarks, staving in one of the boats, and nearly washing away the man at the helm. The captain rushed on deck, and ordered the ship to be "kept to;" that is, to keep her head to the wind, so as to meet the waves, and prevent them striking her side. We now pitched head and stern, and rolled about in a most alarming manner. I even wished myself on board the "Volcano," bad as that had been, as described in my second chapter. The speed of the engines was slackened, so as to just keep us from being driven back; for, to have kept them at full speed, in such a sea, would have been certain destruction. The continual battering of the waves against the ship were like the heavy strokes of a great sledge hammer. In the evening, we attempted to take tea; but vain was the attempt. We were all holding fast by the table, which was, of course, fixed firmly to the ship, when we heard a noise like thunder. A sea had broken over us, and, in another instant, the water rushed in, smashing the cabin window to shivers, carrying away the companion, that is, the bulk head at the top of the cabin stairs, and almost deluging us. We were all drenched to the skin, and not only the saloon but also

our sleeping cabins were nearly two feet deep in water. For a few moments it seemed as if we were going down, and the screams of some Spanish women on board thrilled through my very heart. As the vessel rolled from side to side, the water splashed into the lower berths, and covered the bedding, washing out carpet bags, portmanteaus, clothes, books, and everything that was lying loose. The captain's dog swam backwards and forwards, and hardly knew what to do with itself, howling the whole time. My fellow-passengers and myself were wading knee-deep in water, and the poor stewardess, who, instead of taking care of the ladies, had been ill all the way from Gibraltar, put her head out of the ladies' cabin, and exclaimed, "I wish to goodness I was dead!"* A young Scotch-

* On board a steamer we necessarily meet with a variety of character; and, as a rule, I should set it down as our own fault if we did not derive a considerable amount, not only of information but of instruction; if, in a word, we did not become wiser during every voyage. We ought indeed to be able, like the bee, to

"Suck honey from a weed,"

and to find

——"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In Dec., 1852, I was going from Malta to Alexandria, when I had, for fellow-passengers, one prince, five clergymen, several captains going to India, and one doctor. Was it possible to have such companions, and not increase one's little stock of knowledge? There were 30 of us altogether, and only 16 berths to divide amongst us. "Steward, steward, steward!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once, "Which is to be my berth?" "The table or the floor," replied the steward; "which you like best; for the berths are all full." And so it was, that every two feet in width of the table, and of the floor around the table, were speedily occupied with a mattress and its sleeping occupant.

We had on board, on this occasion, three men, the quartermaster, boatswain's mate, and another, who were in the "Birkenhead," when she struck off the Cape of Good Hope in 1852, when no less than 500 soldiers who were going to the Kaffir war, at the Cape of Good Hope, were lost. I felt considerable interest in conversing with them, as I never in my life read any accounts so harrowing to me as those of the loss of the "Birkenhead" and the burning of the "Amazon." The quartermaster was in the water for 31 hours. He stated that he was as calm and collected then as he was at the moment when he was speaking to me, though he considered that it was all over with him, and though he saw hundreds of poor fellows perishing in the water. He with others endeavored to get down the paddle-box boat, but the breaking of the steamer had so wedged the boat that it was impossible to move it. He then exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy on my soul, for it's all up with my body." He, however, clung to the wreck until the great mass of the soldiers were clear of her, as he knew if he jumped into the water while so many were struggling in it, he could not have got away. The ship then parted, and in doing so released the paddle-box boat, except at one end. He soon, however, cut the rope, and the boat floated

man, one of the passengers, tried to assure her there was no danger, yet he was himself pale as death, and he trembled from head to foot. The captain hurried on deck, knocking everybody out of his way as he splashed through the water, and the stewards were paddling about, without knowing what steps to take.

In a short time, the captain returned, and said he had made all as secure as he could, and he could do no more. "Bad," said he, "is the best; for the water has broken into the engine room in the same way as into the saloon, and if another sea strike us, we shall fare worse." He then turned to me, and said, "You may bless your stars that you are in a good boat;" but my eye had long before been directed beyond the stars; and I said if it depended only upon either the boat or my planet, there would be no hope of our arriving safely. One man had, it seemed, been washed overboard; but he caught hold of a rope and pulled himself on deck again; and another man had been so dreadfully bruised that he was rendered unfit for duty. The men at the helm had with difficulty saved themselves, and the captain then had them lashed to the wheel, to secure them. He had also caused to be thrown overboard a considerable number of casks of tallow, which were on deck,—a step which I told him he ought to have taken much earlier; but his reply was, that, had he done it before damage had actually occurred, he could not have recovered his insurance; so the lives of passengers and crew were to be placed in jeopardy for the sake of a little paltry insurance.

One thing the captain said was certain, namely, that it could not possibly blow harder, as it was a regular West India hurricane. "Indeed," he added, "I have been several times to the

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bottom upwards. He, with Ensign Lucas and nine soldiers, got upon it, and remained on until a sea came, and, washing over them, turned the boat right. She was, of course, full of water, but they all succeeded in getting into her. Lucas afterwards left her and swam to the shore. While in the boat, they saw numerous sharks amongst the poor fellows who were swimming. They distinctly saw the sharks pass by every man who had on his blue dress, and seize those who were naked; for some had stripped themselves that they might be the better able to swim. How dreadful it must have been to see them taken down by the sharks, one after another! The poor fellows in the boat dropped down one by one, until all perished; so that our quartermaster had nine dead soldiers with him in the boat. At last another sea came and carried him on to a rock. When he reached the shore, he saw a cart passing, and begged of the people to give him some water. They, however, refused to do so; but he seized a bottle, and drank off about half a gallon. The people then, seeing he was really destitute, gave him some wine and a little bread.

West Indies, and never witnessed anything like it;" and I heard him tell the steward he would never venture out in that boat again.

I changed my clothes as quickly as possible; but I nevertheless took a severe cold, of which I did not get quit until I arrived at Malta.

The next morning, the captain would have me on deck to look at the sea, holding me firmly by one hand while I held to the ship by the other. The scene was awfully grand. The waves were rolling higher than the top of our masts, and it seemed as if each succeeding billow must swallow us up; but the captain said so long as he could keep the ship's head to the wind, she would ride well. No person who has not witnessed a storm like this can form the most remote idea of its nature. The steamer looked like a mere stick on the water, rising and falling with the raging billows. I stayed only a few minutes, and then returned to the saloon.

About midnight, I went to my berth, but could not close my eyes. Two hours afterwards the captain came in and told me I must not be alarmed if another sea broke upon us, as he was going to "risk it," and "take her off;" that is, to turn the ship's head, and put the ship in her proper course, though a wave might any moment break over our windward side, and clear the decks. We had then been "lying to" (the ship's head to the wind) for 48 hours, and we were, the captain said, running short of coals. Providentially, nothing serious again occurred. In the afternoon we came in sight of the French coast, the next morning passed Nice, the gigantic Alps towering aloft in the distance, and in the evening, Dec. 24th, arrived at Genoa, having seen something of the "wonders of God in the deep," and had a voyage which, until the day of my death, whenever reflected upon, will call forth shuddering and yet grateful recollections.

Had there been a steamer going at once to Civita Vecchia, for Rome, worn out as I was, I would certainly have gone on board; but I learnt that there would not be one until the 26th. I was, therefore, unable to reach Rome in time for the Christmas festivals. On that day, (26th,) I left by the Sardinian steamer, the "Lombardo," for Leghorn, and thence to Rome, where I remained several days, and afterwards proceeded to Naples, and from Naples to Malta. As, however, I spent much more time in Italy in 1853, on my last return from Egypt, I shall leave my account of Italy for a separate chapter.

I arrived at Malta on the 5th of January, 1851, and remained there until the 14th, when I left for Cairo and Thebes

my account of which places I have already given. Again in 1852 I visited Malta, having travelled, as on my first tour, over France; and then proceeded to Cairo, Thebes, and Nubia, returning in the spring of 1853.

I am sensibly conscious that "my wanderings" are somewhat confused, having felt considerable difficulty in incorporating my three tours; but I must leave them as they are, and crave my reader's indulgence.

CHAPTER XLIV.—MALTA TO ROME.

On the 18th of April, 1853, accompanied by Mr. G., who was with me on the Nile, and a Mr. M., from Somersetshire, I left Malta in a French steamer, bound for Italy. The next day we arrived at Messina, in Sicily, where we remained a few hours; but, so suspicious is the Government, that it was not without some difficulty that we obtained permission to land; and even then a guard was sent with us into the city to take care of us, as we were "dangerous characters."

Messina can boast of several excellent buildings and one or two good streets. It contains between 60,000 and 70,000 inhabitants, and carries on a brisk trade in the spinning and weaving of silk. It also exports various wines and fruits, and a large quantity of kid skins. Like all other towns in the Mediterranean, Messina, viewed from the harbor, has a most pleasing appearance, the buildings being lofty and built of stone and partly covering the sides of hills. The harbor is one of the best in the Mediterranean, and is more than two miles in circumference. The country around presents a beautiful and varied prospect of mountains and woods, and the whole district is exceedingly fertile.

About 100 miles to the south of Messina is Syracuse, where Paul "tarried three days;" (Acts xxviii. 12;) and between Catania and Messina is Mount Etna, which so frequently pours forth its volcanic fires.*

* The base of Mount Etna covers an area of nearly 90 miles in circumference, and is calculated to be upwards of 10,870 feet above the level of the sea. Travellers differ as to the size of the crater, or mouth, some calling it three miles and others four in circumference; and the depth is said to be about 600 or 800 feet. In 1693, a violent earthquake in Sicily killed 60,000 persons, and the cone of the mountain sank considerably. History records no less than 60 eruptions of this mountain, the last of which occurred in November, 1832, when the burning lava spread over the country for several miles, destroying cultivated fields and luxuriant gardens. From the recesses of the mountain were vomited forth the purest streams of fire and a burning torrent of smoke.

Many travellers ascend Mount Etna; but as I well knew it would be beyond my strength, I did not make the attempt.* Those who do ascend, even though in the height of summer, pass through all the gradations of climate, from an Italian sunshine to the Arctic regions. The valley at the base is burning hot, while the summit is covered with ice and snow.

The Straits of Messina separate Sicily from Calabria, the most southern part of Italy. "The view over the straits, the opposite coast of Calabria with its towns and villages, and the lofty Appennines behind them, and on the other side the low promontory of Faro, with its tower advancing into the sea as if to meet the Italian coast, form a splendid landscape, which is one of the finest even in the Mediterranean, a sea whose shores are remarkable for a variety of beautiful scenery."

Kidnapping by banditti is by no means uncommon in Sicily, though not of so frequent occurrence as in former years; but few persons venture to travel in Calabria, as there the people run wild over the hills. About six years ago, an Englishman and an American were kidnapped while taking an evening walk together outside Palermo, on the north-west coast of Sicily. A large sum was demanded by the brigands for their ransom, which was paid by the Government; and afterwards, through the acuteness of the American, who left his marks on a table in the hovel in which they had been confined the whole time blind-folded, the brigands were discovered, and several of them seized and executed.

On the 14th we arrived at Naples, where we purposed staying for several days. The ordeal of the customs house had to be gone through, but as the officers in Italy will pass anything if you will only "bucksheesh" them, travellers need never experience much difficulty. I had not with me a great deal of luggage, however, as I had sent the principal of my baggage by sea. Mr. M. had with him a violin, which was stopped by the officers; and, not having the thought to fee them, we lost

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* "The ascent of Etna is a work of great fatigue, especially in the upper region, both on account of the heat and of the feet sinking and receding at every step in the loose ashes. But, under favorable circumstances of weather, the labor is amply rewarded by the magnificence of the vast prospect, varied as it is by the view of Sicily itself, spread out like a map, by the islands with which the surrounding sea is studded, Stromboli pouring forth volumes of smoke, and by the distant shores of Italy. If to this we add the grandeur of the scenery of the mountain itself, so diversified and majestic in all its features, the splendor of the heavens at night, and of the rising of the morning sun, the whole presents a combination perhaps not to be found on any other spot of the earth."

a full half day in getting it released, and then had to defray the charges, amounting to about 7s. 6d., besides having to go into various rooms in the customs house, to procure the signatures of no less than 25 officials, each of whom keeps a check upon the other; so little can the Government trust its own servants. A gentleman who accompanied us said he once had to procure 49 signatures before he could have some goods released.

As soon after our landing as it was discovered that we were Englishmen, we were, *of course*, beset with lackeys of all sorts; but I brushed them aside and left them to storm and rave as they pleased. Firmness is indispensable in Italy.

Naples is the capital of the Two Sicilies. As is the case all over Italy, the people are kept down by foreign bayonets, the native army not being sufficiently strong, so averse are the Italians to their present rulers. The population amounts to about 350,000. It would have been higher, but 16,000 persons were swept off by the cholera in 1836–7, and 10,000 this year (1854.) No one who passes through the streets can wonder at this, for they are filthy beyond even Constantinople. The lower classes, amounting to at least 40,000, were formerly called Lazzaroni. They lived literally from hand to mouth, and slept in the open air; but the city is now much improved in this respect, though we still see thousands of poor poverty-stricken wretches, who hardly know how to live one hour over another. Hence it is that Naples, more than any other city in Europe, swarms with pickpockets.

In the town are several spacious and massive palaces, and some rich and elegant churches. The theatre of San Carlo is said to be the largest building in the world. By paying the door-keeper, I one morning obtained admission by a private door, when there was no performance, and was struck with the magnitude of the place. It contains six tiers of boxes, and it looks as though either our Drury Lane or Covent Garden theatre could be deposited in the centre. The boxes alone will seat nearly 2,000 persons.

"The town is abundantly supplied with provisions of every kind; fish and shell-fish are plentiful, as well as vegetables and fruits. Snow, of which a great quantity is used, especially in summer, for cooling the drink and for ices, is brought from the mountain Castellamare, where it is kept in large reservoirs. The great street of Toledo is thronged with people and carriages at all times of the day and until late at night, or rather until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, when fashionable people retire to rest. It is decidedly the noisiest street in

Europe, as the people are in the habit of vociferating at the top of their voice; and others must do the same in order to be heard. The motley groups which are seen mixing pell-mell in the streets, the crowded balconies above, the numerous venders of provisions, the acquaiuoli, or sellers of ice water, at the corners of the bye-streets, the life out of doors, which is a general habit in this country, all render the streets of Naples, and especially that of Toledo, most curious to a foreigner."

Many of the houses are seven stories high. I often saw the people drawing up meat, vegetables, &c., in baskets, and letting down their money in the same way.

The Museum is one of the richest in the world. It contains a large number of ancient bronzes, vases, and mosaics; besides an invaluable collection of ornaments, instruments, pans, and other household goods, dug out of the ruins of ancient Herculaneum and Pompeii. The library and the galleries of paintings also claim the attention of visitors; but to give any detailed account of them would be foreign to the object of my work.

The Royal Promenade may, for splendid equipages, be said to rival our Hyde Park. It is 2,000 yards in length, and the walks are adorned with parterres, fountains, and orange trees.

In the church of St. Gennaro is preserved some blood believed by the people to be the blood of Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, with which the bishop professes to perform a miracle every year. This is only done, however, it is said, on a certain day in the year. When Murat was King of Naples the blood would not liquefy; but Murat planted two cannons opposite the church, and told the bishop he would blow it down unless he performed the miracle. The bishop protested it could not be done; but at last, seeing that Murat was in earnest, he contrived to succeed. The miracle consists in the blood becoming liquefied instead of remaining congealed,—a feat easily enough accomplished by chemical means.* A year or two ago, Dr. Cumming exposed the trick at Exeter Hall, London, and showed how the blood was made to flow, which he accomplished by means of æther, &c.; to the no small amusement of his audience; yet thus are the Italians duped.

In the vestry are 45 statues of solid silver, some of them life size and others three-quarter size.

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* The story goes that when Januarius was martyred by the Pagans, the bishop (*arch*-bishop, I mean) carried his blood into the city, and that immediately four evils, war, pestilence, hypocrisy, and famine, all ceased. If they did, the three former must have soon returned, for the city is full of them to this day.

In the small church of St. Severus are two statues in white marble, which struck me as being equal to any in Italy. One is "Modesty," which is veiled, and the other is "Deceit," which is a figure throwing off a covering of net-work, all being beautifully carved out of the solid block.

The manufactures of Naples consist chiefly of jewels, corals, gloves, and cameos; and of these the people export largely.

The Bay of Naples is said to be unequalled by any other view in the world; but those who have so said have not visited Constantinople, as it will not bear comparison; though no lover of rich scenery will regret having been to Naples; as the landscape is superb.

About a mile and a half from Naples is the Campo Santo, an immense cemetery, consisting of 365 vaults, or pits, one of which is opened every day for the reception of the dead, which, after the performance of the funeral ceremonies at the different churches, are promiscuously thrown in without any covering. The decomposition of the bodies is assisted by the use of lime, so that at the end of a twelve-month, the bones only remain.

A short time before I was at Naples, the Government had forbidden the wearing of broad-brimmed hats, or "Kossuths," as we call them in England, inasmuch as all who wore them were considered to be Revolutionists; and the people were also ordered to cut off their beards. The English residing in Naples paid no attention to the order; and one day a policeman took hold of the beard of an Englishman, and said, "This must be cut off;" but the Englishman knocked him down. Another policeman came up, but he was served the same. At last John Bull was overpowered, and taken to the police office; but our ambassador had him speedily released.

On the 16th an English gentleman who resides at Naples accompanied us to Herculaneum and Pompeii. As there is now a railroad* the whole distance, the journey is easy; but, partly that we might see the country and partly that we might see the people in the villages, we took a fly as far as Herculaneum. We had three horses abreast, each having his head decorated with cocks'-tails feathers. Italian life in the villages is the very opposite of Arab life, the former being all activity and enjoyment, the latter a dull monotonous listlessness. The people in some of the villages through which we passed had more the appearance of an Irish mob than civilised

* A railroad is in Italian called "Strada di Ferro," the literal meaning of which, in English, is, an Iron Street,—not a bad description.

A NEAPOLITAN PUBLIC CONVEYANCE.

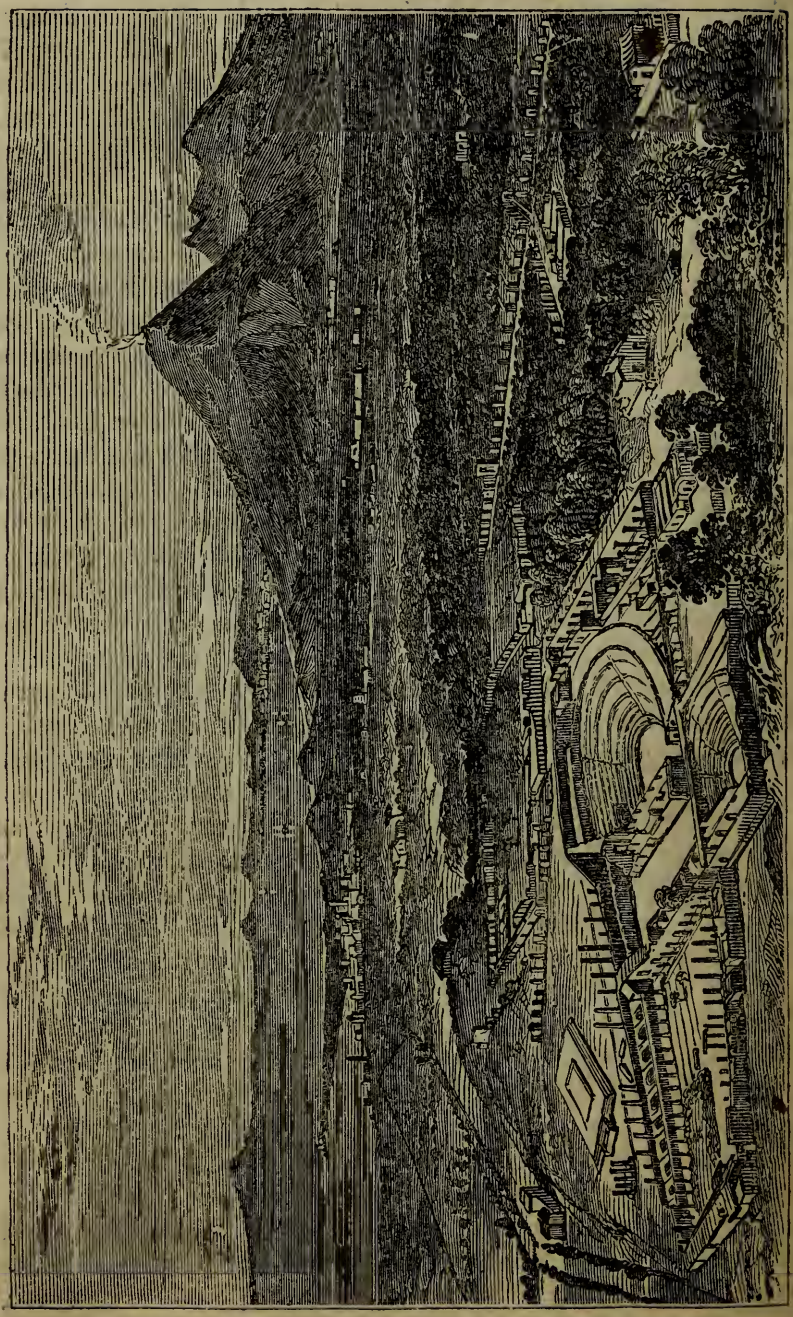
beings. They were all rags and dirt. The engraving above gives a faithful description of a Neapolitan p ublic conveyance, several of which I saw.

As every one of my readers must have heard or read more or less of the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were buried by an eruption, or eruptions, of Mount Vesuvius, it would be tedious to say much about them in this work; and yet, as I visited them both, I cannot pass them over altogether.

Vesuvius, like Etna, has ever been, and still is, active in eruptions. The last occurred in 1850, when the burning lava extended for seven miles, rushing into the sea, and filling up a large portion of the bay. In 1737, the solid contents of an eruption, which also passed into the sea, were estimated at 33,587,058 cubic feet; and in 1794, at 46,038,766 cubic feet, being greater than the size of the mountain itself; but this can easily be explained by supposing that Vesuvius was "merely the channel, not the food, of the internal fire." Had this fire no vent, it would be alarming to conjecture what must soon be the fate of Italy. But the eruption which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii occurred in the year 79 A.D. Six years earlier than this, the mountain gave the inhabitants several warnings, the principal of which was an alarming earthquake, that occasioned considerable damage. The people were, at this time, living in all manner of abominations, as the relics found in the city but too plainly prove. Vesuvius sent forth its thunders; and red-hot ashes and cinders were showered upon the cities. In two hours, it was all over, and Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Pompeii existed no longer. Stones of 8lbs. weight fell upon Pompeii, while Stabiæ was overwhelmed with fragments of about an ounce in weight. What became of the people, no one seems able to tell. It is certain that comparatively few were buried beneath the ruins, as not many bodies or bones have been found.

Vesuvius was smoking when I visited the spot; and as the quantity of smoke had been increasing for several days, there were some apprehensions that another eruption might soon take place. I have not, however, heard of such having been the case. The forewarnings of an eruption are black smoke, rumbling noises, and earthquakes. Some travellers have not only ascended to the mouth of the mountain, but literally descended a short distance into the crater. This can, however, only be done when the mountain is quiescent. A Frenchman once threw himself into the smoking abyss, and his body was shortly afterwards seen hurled upwards into the air.

The pumice stone, which is so useful for many domestic and other purposes, is neither more nor less than the cinders thrown up by volcanic mountains.



RUINS OF POMPEII, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS.

It is remarkable that while Pompeii was principally overwhelmed with ashes and loose fragments, Herculaneum was buried with lava. It was not until nearly 1,600 years after the eruption of 79, that the city was discovered. A man was sinking a well, when he suddenly fell into an open space.

This turned out to be the theatre, the steps and seats of which are still perfect. The Neapolitan Government some time afterwards commenced the work of excavation, and many valuable antiquities were found; but as the lava is almost as hard as iron, and as the ashes under the lava filled up the parts excavated as fast as they were cleared, the work was at last abandoned. We descended into the theatre, having candles and a guide. There are 60 or 70 steps of modern construction, and 33 ancient ones, just as they existed before the eruption. In another part, a whole street has been excavated; and here was a prison, in which were found several skeletons, in irons. While the inhabitants generally were fleeing from destruction, the poor prisoners were left to their fate. There are iron bars to the prison windows, and there is also the stone on which criminals had been beheaded. The week before I was there, a house had been excavated, in which were a variety of kitchen utensils and two skeletons; and a small idolatrous temple had also been opened, in which were found the bodies of two priests.*

I cannot call to mind anything that I ever beheld, not even the indescribable ruins of Karnak nor the gigantic pyramids of Ghizeh, which filled me with so much awe as I experienced while walking along the ghastly streets and death-like ruins of Pompeii. It is true that only about one-third of the city has yet been excavated; but there is quite enough to fill one's mind with dread. Here is the theatre, capable of seating 5,000 persons; there the forum, surrounded by pillars, pedestals, and ruins of arches, temples, and other public buildings. Now we reach the court of justice, a building 200 ft. long and 80 ft. wide; and now a kind of Exchange, 130 ft. by 65 ft., with a double gallery and a portico in front. Yonder is the amphitheatre, 430 ft. long and 335 ft. broad; and a little nearer to the former are the public baths, in excellent preservation.

But it is not individual buildings which give Pompeii its solemn appearance. It is its general aspect,—its *whole*. As we pass along the narrow and roughly-paved streets, streets

* In the opinion of some of the most able writers, it was no single eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum, but a series of eruptions. Distinct layers of volcanic matter are, it is true, found; but this does not, in my opinion, establish the truth of the notion that there must have been consecutive eruptions; because, as the mountain is not the *food* but merely the *channel* of eruptions, the various kinds of lava or thin volcanic matter must necessarily have been vomited forth in the order in which they were supplied by the respective feeders. Now might gush forth a cloud of ashes, now a volume of red-hot cinders, and now a torrent of burning lava.

which, having been cleared of the ashes, retain the same appearance as they had 1,800 years ago, we have on either side of us about 100 houses and numerous shops and fountains. On this side was a money changer's, and there stand the jars in which he kept his cash; and on that was an oil shop, a wine seller's, and a baker's. All these, as well as houses of a worse character, are clearly to be recognised by their marks, cut in the stone. The rooms of the houses are mostly small, but neat; and many of the walls are covered with frescos, in excellent preservation. The upper stories and the roofs appear to have consisted principally of wood, and these were all destroyed. I have in my possession a large piece of carbon, or charcoal, which I took out of one of the walls, the wood having formed the bond-timber.

In one of the gardens, which is said to have belonged to a theatrical gentleman, are numerous little marble statues and a miniature stage, all of marble, with marble steps; and there is also a fountain, supplied by means of lead pipes and brass taps, soldered together in precisely the same way as our plumbers do their work now; so that it would appear our modern *artistes* in this department have made little or no progress for the last 2,000 years. Perhaps the workers in lead and brass had even then arrived at perfection.

In a vault below the house of the governor, the skeletons of 17 persons, including the governor's daughter, in her jewels, were found. They were leaning against the walls, and the marks of their bodies are still visible. This vault, or rather subterraneous gallery, extends some distance underground. Doubtless here the poor creatures thought they would be sheltered from the fiery shower; but they were buried alive, and remained undiscovered for nearly 1700 years. The jewels, with many other invaluable relics, are now deposited, as I have already mentioned, in the Museum at Naples.

The ancient walls of the city have also been traced. They are about two miles in circumference, with six gates and twelve watch towers.

It is said that the British Government once offered the King of Naples £200,000 to be allowed to excavate the remainder of this ancient city; but, though the king hardly knows how to pay the expenses of one month over another, he was either too dignified or too proud to accept of the offer. The Goldsmiths' Street has not yet been discovered. When it is, it is expected to yield a rich harvest; but this, I think, is exceedingly problematical. So comparatively few articles of even less value have been found in the houses already disinterred, that

it is not probable the people would leave much gold and silver when they fled from the scene of the catastrophe.

The engraving on page 564 will give my reader a miniature idea of the ruined city, with its roofless houses, its standing columns, and its death-like streets.*

I must not omit to mention the cemetery, or street of tombs, situate outside the north-western gate, and part of which has been excavated. Here stand a large number of tombs, lining the road on both sides, making the death-like city still more deathly. Many of the tombs are really handsome.

While picking up a few fragments of the tesselated pavement in one of the courts, I had the misfortune to prick my finger; and I soon afterwards found it was poisoned. My hand swelled to so great a degree and the pain was so excruciating that I became seriously alarmed, for I knew not what kind of poison might have been inserted, seeing that it occurred in such a place as Pompeii. I applied several things which were recommended to me and which were suggested by my own little knowledge of the "healing art;" but it was not until I arrived at Florence, about 10 days afterwards, that I succeeded in inducing suppuration, and obtaining consequent relief.

On leaving Pompeii, the English gentleman I have already mentioned as residing at Naples and who accompanied us, asked me what I thought of it. My reply was, "It is awfully wonderful." He turned quickly round, looked me in the face, and then said, "That is the most striking description of it I ever heard."

On the 17th of April, I went to the English Chapel, where I heard a Gospel sermon, but a good deal of Puseyistic music and singing.

On the 18th, I again visited various parts of Naples, and in the afternoon went on board the steamer for Civita Vecchia, still accompanied by Mr. G. and Mr. M. We were ordered to be on board at 3 o'clock, but, as is usual in Italy, the steamer did not leave for several hours afterwards; and it was 9 o'clock before we had our *dinner*.

We had a beautiful passage, and arrived at Civita Vecchia about half-past 7 the next morning. It was nearly 10, however, before we were permitted to land, so much time was required by the police to examine our passports. At last we saw a boat put off from the quay, and soon afterwards several

* The Pompeiian Gallery in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham shows rather a court as it is supposed to have existed at Pompeii before its destruction, than as it now exists.

officers came on board. All the passengers were then ordered abaft the funnel, and then made to march rank and file past the officers while they counted us. This is invariably the case at Civita Vecchia and one or two other of the Italian ports. Had there been one passenger less than was certified in the captain's bill, the officers would have taken it for granted he had died of plague on the passage, and would have refused us pratique. I remember on one occasion, I think it was at Leghorn in 1850, we had to be counted three times over; that is, we had three times to pass, like sheep, "under the hands of him that telleth them;" (Jer. xxxiii. 13;) and still there was one short. The captain swore and implored; but it was of no use as we could not land. At last, on going into the cabin, an ugly little Italian was discovered fast asleep in one of the berths. He had been on deck all night, and thought he would take advantage of the berth being temporarily vacated to revel for a few hours in sheets and blankets. He was soon produced above board, to the great relief of us all.

Civita Vecchia, as I have elsewhere explained, is the port of Rome, though 36 miles from the city, just as Leith is the port of Edinburgh. Here the baggage of passengers undergoes but little examination at the customs. A small charge is made for each bag or portmanteau, and both passengers and baggage are then set at liberty. Conveyances are usually ready to proceed at once to Rome, the journey occupying from six to ten hours, the time depending upon the hands into which the traveller falls; for tricks are as common in the Papal States as they are in France or Egypt.

There is nothing particular to note on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome. Formerly the carriages were often attacked by banditti, but since Rome and Civita Vecchia have been occupied by French soldiers, robberies seldom occur.*

On arriving at the Gates of Rome, the travellers are waited upon by two or three comparatively well-dressed personages, who, though generally above asking for "bucksheesh," are never above detaining the carriage until they have received some. On my first visit, (Dec. 28th, 1850,) two of these worthies came to the carriage door at least half a dozen times,

* I read in the papers in 1851, that two Englishmen were travelling with other persons in a carriage from Genoa to Leghorn, when several bandits on horseback ordered them to stop. One of the Englishmen, having a double-barrelled gun, shot one of the brigands dead. As the fellow was falling from his horse, his companions tried to save him, when the Englishman shot another of them also. As this was a warmer reception than had been anticipated, the other brigands galloped off.

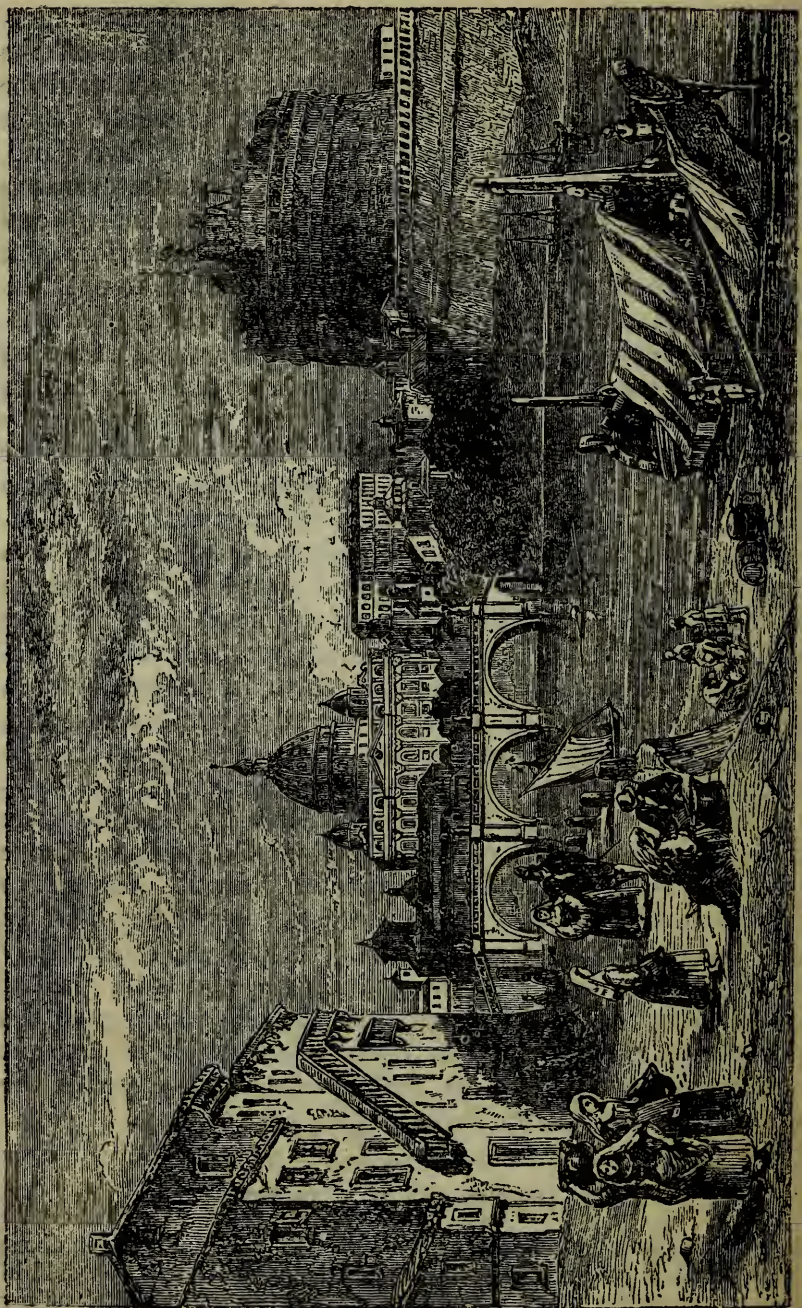
on various frivolous pretences, and at last sent an under-strapper to say we must have all our baggage taken off the roof and examined, notwithstanding that it had been paid for and "plumbed" at Civita Vecchia, and that this would detain us at least two hours, unless we would hand over two scudi, (about 8s. 9d.,) to the poor "gatekeeper." This, however, my fellow-travellers (an Irish gentleman and two ladies) and I positively refused to do. A ladder was therefore put against the carriage; but, seeing that we heeded it not, the demand was suddenly lowered to two paoli (10½d.) each passenger, and, included in that sum, the driver was to take us direct to our respective hotels. To this we readily agreed, as it was well worth the money to be escorted to our temporary abodes without change of carriage, or being made to endure the annoyance of porters. Having given the money, two soldiers came to the door, and said, "Senty, senty;" ("Sentries, sentries;") and then, having given them a trifle, two others came, and said, "Poor sojey;" (soldiers;) and these were followed by, "Pulliss, pullis;" (police;) and then by postilion, and guard, and gatekeeper, and porters; strongly reminding me of the old stage-coach days in England, when a portly landlady used to stand on the steps, while coachman, guard, waiters, boots, and porters were pecking at, if not plucking, the departing or newly-arrived travellers.

On my second visit to Rome, (April 19th, 1853,) the officers told us we must all go into the police office, as one of our passports was missing. My companion, Mr. M., who spoke Italian fluently, endeavored to convince them they were in error; but it was all to no purpose. They were *certain* they were right. At last I recollected myself, and said, "O! I know all about it." I stepped into the office, and gave the senior officer two francs; (1s. 7d.;) when, quick as thought almost, he discovered that he had *accidentally* overlooked the missing passport; and we were speedily on our way.

CHAPTER XLV.—ROME.

So much has been, and is still constantly being, said and written about Rome, its people, government, religion, and oppressions, that it would ill become me to occupy much space on the subject. Indeed, most of my readers must be pretty well informed in the matter, though they only read occasional newspapers. I shall endeavor, therefore, to confine myself principally to my own experiences and observations, incorporating my account of my two visits in the best way I can, and bearing in mind that I have only a few pages to spare.

"This large and magnificent city, the capital of the Roman States, is nearly 13 miles in circumference. The Tiber, which divides the city into



FORT ST. ANGELO, WITH ST. PETER'S, ROME.

two parts, is a deep and navigable river, though of little breadth at Rome. The churches, the palaces, the country seats, the hills, the squares, the streets, the fountains, the aqueducts, the antiquities, the ruins, all bespeak the ancient magnificence and grandeur of this celebrated city, which, even in its present fallen state, commands the admiration of the world. Rome contains a greater number of monuments of art than any other city in the world. It would require months to see all its beauties, and years to become thoroughly acquainted with them."

Dec. 29th, 1850.—This was Sunday. In the morning I went to the American Chapel, which is within the city. Nothing could be more dry and formal than the discourse I heard, alike destitute of the threatenings of the Law and the glad tidings of the Gospel. It was a mere lecture on simple philosophy, and did not contain a single sentence of even the precepts of morality. I am happy to believe that *all* religion in America is not of the same stamp.

I afterwards went to the English church, which is without the city. There could not have been less than 700 persons present, and there were 24 carriages at the door. These "Lords English" will show off, be where they may. It is remarkable, that while the Americans are permitted to have a place of worship *within* the city, the English are compelled by the Pope and cardinals to go *outside* the gates.

Dec. 30th, 1850, *to Jan. 1st*, 1851, *and April 19th to 23rd*, 1853.—Went sight-seeing, first visiting the churches, or rather Romanist temples. These I wish I could describe. Describe, did I say? The thing is impossible. They are one continued succession of splendor and gorgeous magnificence; not mere "Birmingham" tinsel, like much that is to be seen in Constantinople, but of real sterling value and beautiful architecture. Some are in the form of a Greek cross, ✢, and some of a Latin cross, ✝. Some are circular, some hexagonal, some octagonal. The roofs of some are supported by pillars of marble in endless variety of vein and size; and those of others by columns of granite and porphyry. The floors of several are inlaid with precious stones, and are so highly polished as to require care when walking over them; and the floors of others are of diamond-shaped marbles and mosaics. The altars of many groan, as it were, beneath the weight of silver and gold, of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and jaspers, with which they are burdened; the ceilings and walls are decorated or ornamented to the highest degree; and the entablature of the whole hung with drapery, with the most tasteful display. Had the respective architects and priests been well versed in the luxurious tales in the "Arabian Nights," they could not have more effectually carried out their gorgeousness. And it must not be forgotten that the whole has been wrung from the bowels of the poor deluded people, or snatched from a dying votary, under a pretence of paying for masses, that his soul might be delivered out of the pains of purgatory.

My readers! You, I mean, who remain quietly at home, and think of nothing beyond your daily avocations, *you* know nothing of the iniquities of the Popish system. Would that I had ability and opportunity to lay it before you in its true colors. I have given you a few hints in my third chapter. Read those hints again; but remember, I have only given you a slight glance of even that which appears on the surface. The iniquity is *within*. I could tell you of inquisitions, and martyrdoms, and tortures, and imprisonments which would make your blood run cold. As the Church of Rome has ever been, so she is now,—unchanged and unchangeable, the prisons of Rome at this day too lamentably testifying to the fact. The prisons were full when I was there, and full they still remain. Of whom? Of housebreakers or murderers? No; but of respectable citizens,—men who, having long groaned beneath the Papal yoke, had determined to throw it off, and declare themselves free; and free they would have been, had it not been for the French army pouring into the city, and crushing them by brute force. I remember my guide, an intelligent and honest Italian, (one of the only two honest guides I ever met with, for I never met with more than two,) once making remarks to me, in a low whisper, about the Pope and the cardinals, which

so surprised me, that I said to him, "Are you not a Catholic?" "Hush!" he replied, "de valls can hear you; and dey can speak, and send me to prijon!" And then, putting his mouth close to my ear, after looking about him to see that no one was near, he said, "Yes; I *am* a Catolic to my God, but not to de brigand cardinals! Look, Sare," he continued, pointing to a particular spot in the city walls, beneath which we were then walking; "Dare, (there,) dare, *dare* is de spot vare I stood ven ve fired at de beggarly French." *

There are, I believe, upwards of 40 churches in Rome, every one of which is worth a visit; but there are only three or four which I shall particularly notice, and even of these shall say little or nothing of the architecture.

The Church of S. Bibiana contains a beautiful statue of the "saint" † to which the church is dedicated, and an exquisite alabaster urn, 18 ft. in circumference. This urn surpasses for beauty everything of the kind I ever remember to have seen.

In S. Prassede is shown a pillar, said to be the identical one to which the Saviour was bound when he was flagellated. On reminding the priest who accompanied me that this pillar was also shown at Jerusalem, he said, "Yes, I am told so; but if so, the pillar must have been broken in two!"

S. Pietro in Vincoli, or St. Peter Bound, contains a chain which is said to be the identical one with which Peter was bound, when in prison; and in S. Pietro in Carcere, or St. Peter in Prison, is shown a subterraneous cave, in which it is said Peter was confined. But I do not believe that Peter was ever in Rome at all, at any rate for any length of time. There are no authentic records to prove it, though the Romanists profess to show the spot on which he was put to death, and assert that he was crucified head downwards, in the reign of Nero. Peter is never once named throughout the New Testament as having ever been at Rome; and if he were ever there, it must have been after he wrote his Second Epistle, which was not until the year 66 A.D., the very year in which Paul was put to death.

In S. Giovanni Laterano are statues of the twelve apostles, and several columns of granite, verd-antique, and gilt bronze. There is also a beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, said to contain the ashes of Agrippa. Near to the church is a chapel, the ascent to which is formed by a staircase, or flight of steps, declared to be the very staircase by which the Redeemer ascended to the Judgment Hall in Pilate's house! These steps are of marble; and though it is not probable that there were many marble steps in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of the Saviour, except such as were connected with the temple or the palace, yet the

* In Naples, a pamphlet, supposed to be published under the sanction or permission of the Government, contains the following passage: "The world will never have peace till all the sovereigns united shall be able to destroy this plundering people, (England,) and wipe them away from the nations of the earth—until the English people are dispersed like the Hebrews—until London, like Jerusalem, shall be in ruins and ashes; then Europe will be safe. Let us console ourselves in God. France will do it. The time approaches."

† There is no end to the list of Romanist and Greek "saints;" but some of us English Protestants have not much room to talk when we look over our own list, such as St. George, St. Mary, St. Margaret, St. Ann, St. Martin, St. Bride, to say nothing of other human beings, Evangelists or Apostles though they may have been, to whom our churches are dedicated; all which are but a few removes from idolatry.

throats of the Romanists are so wide that the people experience no difficulty in swallowing down anything and everything,—portraits, tables, pillars, chains, stones, or marble steps. The probability is that the steps were made by direction of the Empress Helena, at the time she ordered the marble tomb and other things at Jerusalem, which have now become almost deified in the Romanist world. These steps are held to be so sacred that no person is permitted to pass over them except on his hands and knees.* As this was an ordeal through which I was not disposed to pass, I was allowed, on paying a small sum, to ascend another way; and here I was shown what the priest said was the Judgment Hall! I think it is in this church also where are a painting, said to be a portrait of the Saviour when only 12 years old, the table at which the disciples partook of the last supper, and a host of other things too absurd to enumerate. Were it not for the solemnity of the subjects, these "relics" would cause considerable amusement; but, as it is, they excite only feelings of pity and sympathy.

The Basilica di Sta. Maria Maggiore, or Mary the Virgin, stands on the summit of Mount Esquiline, on the ruins of the Temple of Juno Lucina. The interior roof is supported by 36 Ionic marble columns, besides the four of granite under the two large arches of the nave. The ceiling was gilt with the first gold brought from Peru. The grand altar, composed of an antique porphyry sarcophagus, is supported by four angels, of gilt bronze, and covered with a superb canopy resting on four Corinthian columns of porphyry, over which are six angels, sculptured by Bracci. The magnificent Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, erected by Sixtus V., from designs by Fontana, contains the tomb of that pope, and is richly ornamented with variegated marbles, paintings, frescos, and basso-relievos. The Borghese Chapel, erected by Paul V., is one of the most magnificent in Rome. It contains the tombs of Paul V. and Clement VIII., both of which are ornamented with basso-relievos. The magnificent altar of the Virgin is adorned with an image placed on lapis lazuli, and surrounded by precious stones. The paintings by the windows over the tombs, and those of the arches over the windows, are by Guido. The Chapel Sforza was built from designs by Michael Angelo. The church likewise contains several curious mosaics, and various tombs by Giacomo della Porta and Algardi. In the square fronting the church is a marble column of the Corinthian order, which is considered a model of elegance.

This church, and that of S. Paolo, or St. Paul, about two miles from the city, attracted my attention more than any other in Rome, except St. Peter's. St. Paul's, indeed, in some respects, exceeds St. Peter's. It contains, I think, nearly 200 pillars of granite, marble, and alabaster. The floor of one of the side chapels consists of no less than 60 kinds of marble, highly polished, and inlaid hexagonally; and the walls are faced with lapis lazuli, alabaster, &c. The church was burnt down in 1824, and is not yet completed since the fire. It is said to be erected over the tomb of that highly-favored apostle. We know that he suffered death, having been beheaded by order of that cruel emperor, Nero. He himself was aware that he was condemned; and hence, when brought before Nero the second time, he wrote to Timothy, "I am now ready to be offered.—Do thy diligence to come unto me.—At my *first* answer, (to Nero,) no man stood with me; but the Lord delivered me out of the

* It was up these stairs that Luther was crawling to obtain an indulgence, when he heard the voice of God sounding in his heart those memorable words, "The just shall live by faith." O what mighty results followed! The great Reformation in Germany.

mouth of the lion;—but *now*, the time of my departure is at hand.' (See his Second Epistle to Timothy, which was probably the last he ever wrote; a knowledge of which fact makes every sentence, as it were, doubly impressive and affecting.)—"But the things which have happened unto me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in (for) Christ are manifest in all the palace." (1 Phil. i. 12, 13.) And this, it is said, was what caused Nero to have him put to death. So long as conversions to Christianity from the old-established Paganism were, as it were, at a distance, Nero was content to have Paul merely confined in prison; but when they extended within the very walls of the palace, to some of Nero's attendants, then he thought it was time to put an end to them. But how futile the attempt!

On the way to St. Paul's, we pass the Temple of Vesta, the Roman Pyramid, and the English burying-ground.

A few words about the Church of St. Peter, and I have done. This is, indisputably, the most magnificent building in the world. The visitor, having read so much in its praise, may be, as I was, disappointed at first sight, as it looks low and unimposing, not by any means equal to our St. Paul's, London. But it is its size which detracts from its height, its extent which causes it to look comparatively diminutive; for, in reality, it is 66 ft. higher than St. Paul's, and the diameter of the cupola 50 ft. greater than the dome of St. Paul's. Including the colonnade, the fountains, and the Vatican, which adjoin, it covers a space of 20 acres. The church alone occupies eight and a half acres, and is said to have cost £12,000,000, which at this time is equal to £36,000,000, and to have taken 100 years to complete. But we must go *into* it to rightly appreciate it. Here is a display of magnificence which never can by possibility even be imagined. Every idea of splendor may be strained, but St. Peter's will outdo it. There are no paintings, but every part of the walls and ceilings is covered with rich mosaics, so exquisitely inlaid that it requires a tolerably close inspection to distinguish the subjects from the finest paintings. The extreme length of the building is 673 ft. and the width 444 ft. It contains nearly 100 marble pillars, 135 statues, 29 altar pieces, and 18 superb monuments. The great altar is situated under an immense canopy, supported by four spiral bronze columns, each 36 ft. high, being nearly four times as high as the room in which I now write.

One thing in this church struck me as remarkably curious, viz., the font in which the emperor Constantine was baptized. It is of porphyry, and measures about 6 feet by 3 feet inside measure, which is somewhat different to the fonts used now-a-days in England. It was not only curious, but instructive, as it shows how people were baptized 1,400 years ago.

The old church is *under* the present one, and is remarkably curious, rich in ancient monuments and tombs. In visiting it, the priests accompanied us with torches.

From outside the great cupola, we obtain an excellent view of Rome, which, I think, greatly surpasses for beauty the view of London from St. Paul's, though by no means equal in extent.

So much for the churches. Should any of my readers ever visit Rome, and then cast their eye again over these pages, they will exclaim, with much truth, "What a beggarly description!"

Nor does Rome abound in magnificent temples merely. Its palaces also, museums, and picture galleries, as a whole, surpass those of every other city in the world. In England and France we see casts of inimitable statues; but the *originals* are at Rome, or Florence. Look at the "Dying Gladiator!" Can a man gaze upon that, as it lies in the Museo

Capitolino, Rome, and not regret that he must at last turn his eye away? Or can he come suddenly upon the "Sleeping Fawn," in the Palazzo Barberini, and not step aside and blush at his own littleness, when he views such exquisite workmanship? If he can, he must himself be the *cast* of a man and not the *original*.

But though I content myself by naming these two statues only, is it because there are no others in the city of perhaps equal merit? Certainly not. There are at least two dozen palaces, each containing a museum within its own walls, and each abounding in works of art. And what makes it better still, all are open to the public, under certain regulations, without any fee being required except a small gratuity to the door-keeper. How differently are things managed in England, especially when objects of interest are under the paternal care of Deans and Chapters!

The museum of the Vatican alone will find you employment for a month, if you can only devote so long a time to it; for here, in fact, are several palaces united,—spacious halls, long corridors, majestic galleries, elegant chapels, all full of valuable paintings, invaluable relics, and exquisite sculpture. You may ascend and descend eight flights of staircases, each wide enough, as near as my memory now serves me, for two coaches abreast; and weary, but not surfeited, you may then regale yourself in the garden,—an *Italian* garden, below.

When I was in the Vatican in 1853, men were busily employed in taking casts of various statues for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This is all very well; but the *originals* are *still* at Rome.

If in our National Gallery in Trafalgar Square an additional painting by Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Salvator Rosa, or Titian, or Guido, or Rubens, be introduced, why, half the artists in the kingdom are mad to run up and have a look at it; but in Italy we see the productions of those masters in every gallery, their pictures in every palace; and each time we see them they are new to the eyes as at first sight, unless indeed they seem to have acquired fresh beauties.

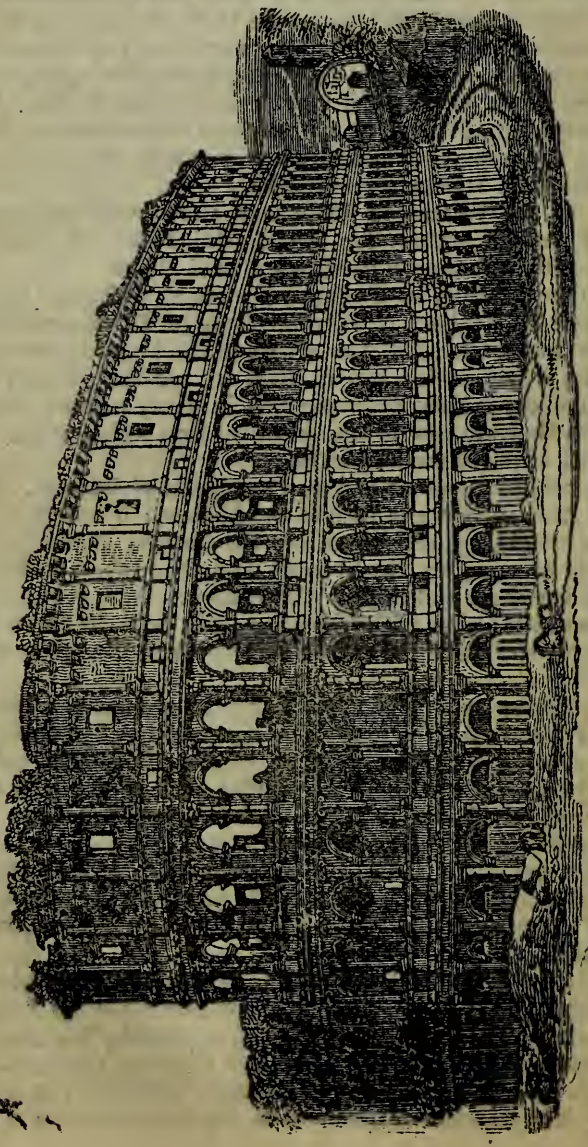
There is, in truth, in Rome no end to the objects of interest. If you are tired of the Ancient, you can turn to the Modern; if weary of paintings, go to the next gallery, and there are the statues; if surfeited with basso-relievos and bronzes, try the libraries, and then take a walk in the gardens, or visit the shops and inspect the cameos. And if this do not make you wonder at the gifts with which man has been endowed by his All-wise Creator, then I say, as I have already hinted, the spirit of man is not in you.

The streets of Rome, many of them really handsome, are beautified with fountains, columns, figures, and obelisks, the former in great variety and the latter covered with hieroglyphics, having been conveyed from Egypt by the Romans, when Egypt was under their rule. The largest obelisk in the world is in the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano. It is 106 ft. high, and originally stood at Thebes.

The triumphal arches of Titus, Constantine, &c., are still standing, and, especially that of Constantine, are truly magnificent. Then there are the ruins of palaces and baths, temples and bridges, &c. &c., which I cannot enumerate.

But one of the most stupendous relics in the world is the Colosseum. This superb building was commenced by the emperor Flavius Vespasian, in the year 72 A.D. It is composed of travertine marble, was externally surrounded by three rows of arches, intermixed with half columns. Each row was composed of 80 arches, and the edifice terminated by a fourth row of pillars. The first row of pillars is of the Doric order, the second

of the Ionic, and the third and fourth of the Corinthian. The form of this immense amphitheatre is oval; the exterior circumference is 1,702 English feet, and the height 163 feet. The space in the centre, termed the Arena, was surrounded by the Podium, on which were placed the seats for the emperor, senators, &c. The space above was occupied by the various classes of the citizens. The seats altogether were capable of containing 87,000 spectators, and more than 20,000 could be accommodated in the piazzas above; making altogether 107,000 spectators. Only imagine for one moment that immense mass of people, congregated together to witness savage games and barbarous feats, such as wrestlers, gladiators, and bull-fights! "But," says one writer, "it was not until the latest period of the Republic that the Romans were debased by the gladiatorial and other shows which led to the use and construction of amphitheatres; and to the gratification of this passion for demoralising public



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

spectacles may be attributed, in some degree, its eventual overthrow, in all but form, and the establishment of the despotism of the emperors. All the powerful in the state, who aimed still higher, sought favor with the people by these barbarous entertainments; and the sums expended and the numbers of men and beasts engaged, and for the most part destroyed, in furnishing them, seem almost incredible."

On a tablet over the main entrance to the amphitheatre is inscribed the very astonishing announcement that the building had been purged from idols and idolatry; and yet, on one side of the gateway, a cross is carved in the marble, with the following inscription: "Baciando la Santa Crocé si acquista un' anno e XL. giorni d'Indulgenza." (If you kiss this sacred cross, you acquire, or shall have, one year and 40 days' indulgence!) The cross was nearly black with kisses when I was there. Was the Pope not right when he caused it to be inscribed that the building had been purged from idolatry? Again, in a small chapel in one of the archways inside the building are these words: "Indulgenza plenaria perpetua." (Plenary perpetual indulgence!) But over the door of the Pantheon is an inscription that exceeds all: "Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis." (A daily perpetual plenary indulgence for the living and the dead!)

O ye worshippers of stocks and stones; ye adorers of cats, snakes, and crocodiles! Can you bring anything worse than this?

I am confident that I never could, as a printer, obtain a livelihood in Rome. I should be so perpetually leaving my work to run to this palace or that, to visit yonder church, or step over to that cathedral, so near at hand, *just once more*, as I should say to myself, to perambulate amongst the ruins of the Forum, or again walk round and round the unparalleled Colosseum, that I should make sorry work of types and grammar.

Nero's Tower is still standing; that is, the tower on which Nero sat and played on his lyre while Rome was in flames. This tyrant's cruelty knew no bounds. He is said to have caused many of the Christians to be covered with pitch, and set on fire in his garden. But mark the judgment of God! Nero made one of his attendants kill him, after having vainly attempted to kill himself.

The river Tiber takes its winding course through Rome, for the length of about three miles; but it is both narrow and sluggish.

The city is entirely enclosed by walls and gates. The French cannon made sad havoc of many of the buildings when they laid siege to the place in 1849, after the people had driven out the Pope. Some of the houses which I saw were completely riddled with shot, though the principal buildings received little or no damage. Indeed, the French labored to spare them, and in great part succeeded.

The Christmas festivities were not over when I first visited Rome; but I said so much about them in Malta, that I shall not go over the ground again. I must, nevertheless, mention one visit that I paid to the Pope's Chapel. This was in 1850. As it was indispensable that visitors should go in full dress, I had to borrow a white shirt, for I had only check ones with me; though I was well off for everything else that was necessary. My guide was stopped at the door, because he had on a frock coat;* while I was admitted into the interior. I was, indeed, close to the Pope and

* I heard of an American who, being stopped at the entrance to the chapel, because he had on a frock coat, took a couple of pins, and pinned up the skirts, so as to make his coat look something like a dress coat, and then slipped some money into the hands of the soldiers at the door, which insured his immediate admission.

the cardinals, a bar only separating us. There were about 20 cardinals present, each attended by a page to hold up his long scarlet train. There were also a number of Swiss soldiers in attendance, forming the Pope's body-guard, as "his Holiness" dare not trust his own Romans. The cardinals all wore white capes.

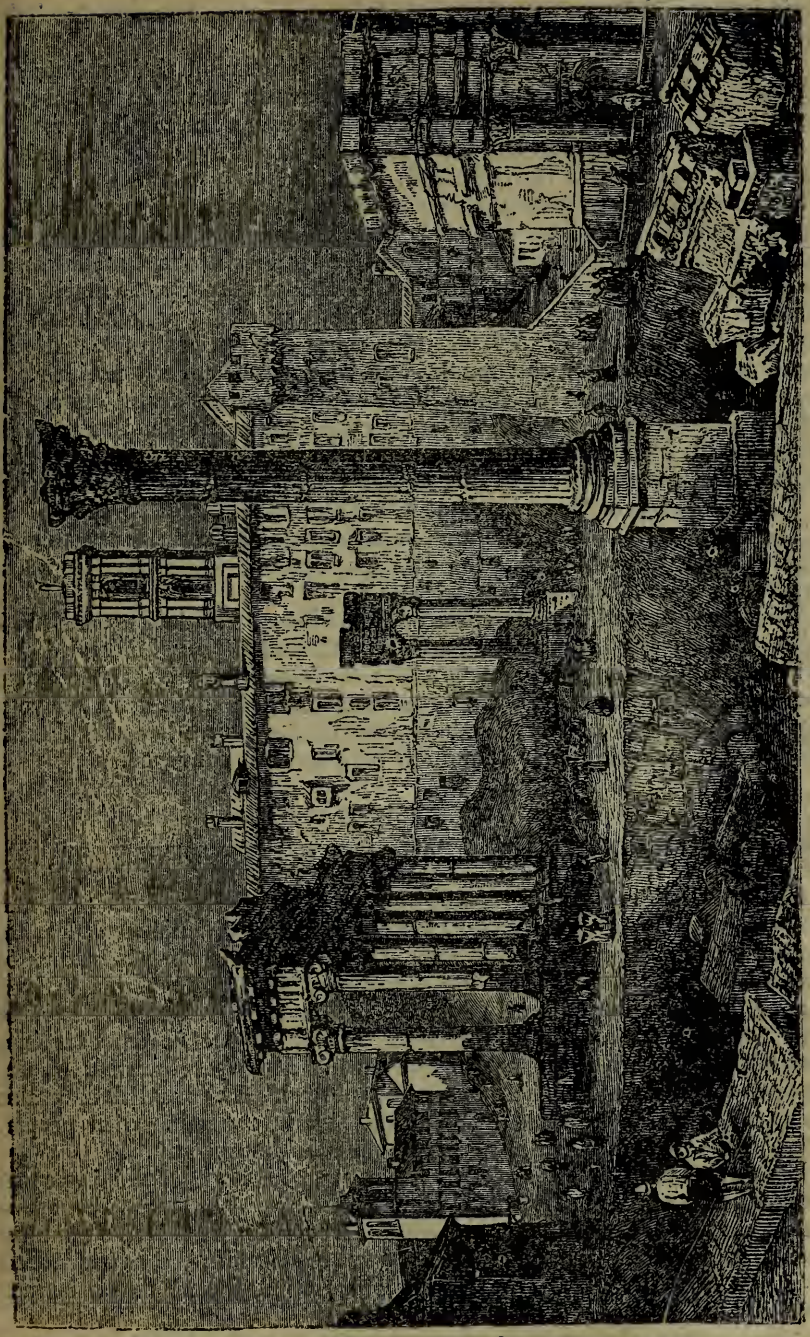
All being assembled, a private door at the farther end of the chapel was opened, when all arose from their seats. First appeared a large cross, then some soldiers, and then the Pope, with his attendants. He wore a rich robe, and had a mitre on his head. As soon as the Pope had taken his seat, the choir struck up; and then the cardinals, one by one, walked slowly round the chapel, dragging their trains along the floor, bowed to the Pope, slowly approached him, kissed his hand; again bowed, retired, and resumed their seats. Then commenced the vespers, or evening prayers. Now all stood up, and then sat down again. Now they took off their skull caps, and then put them on again. Now they bowed, and then they crossed themselves. Now they read, and then they muttered. Now they again marched round the chapel as before; then the Pope "blessed" some incense, and then the performance was over. How strongly did this remind me of the Whirling Derwishes, of whom I have given an account on page 104. If one be worship, so is the other.

I was now joined by a German gentleman who spoke English; and, as my guide told us the Pope and the cardinals were going to the Jesuits' Church, we engaged a fly to go also. By some means or other, our driver got into the middle of the cardinals' procession of carriages, (for they were all in state, with two footmen to each carriage,) and was determined they should not jockey him out of it. I soon saw that he was no more a friend to the cardinals than my guide was, and both of them seemed greatly to enjoy the fun. The coachmen behind kept calling out to our man to get out of the way; but they might as well have called to the fly itself. Then they tried to pass him, now on the off side, and now on the near side; but he was too well up to his work to suffer their horses' heads to pass beyond his hind wheels. I presume we were taken for ambassadors, or courtiers, as many of the people took off their hats as we passed. The Pope's carriage was drawn by six horses, and he was attended by a guard of nobles.

At length we reached the church, which we found jammed full. The Pope and the cardinals entered bareheaded. The Te Deum was sung in true operatic style, a soprano voice taking the solo. The Pope then gave his benediction, and thus ended *this* performance. The church was gaudily decorated, the entablature being hung with crimson festoons, and the altars presenting a profusion of flowers and ornaments. Scenes of this nature may well inspire the ignorant multitude with wonder, just as the paraphernalia of the ancient pagan worship fired its votaries with enthusiasm and fanatical madness. But how different is the simplicity of the Gospel!

I have extended my remarks on Rome beyond the line I had prescribed for myself; but I do not see how I can curtail them. On each visit, I left the city with regret, and still hope, if spared, to visit it again; not as a toil, but for recreation. I must yet mention the Fora, or Forums. These were the places of public business, and where causes were tried. Of these, Rome formerly contained 19 of importance; but they have now, for the most part, disappeared. The engraving opposite will give a tolerable idea of the ruins of the Forum Romanum, as they are to be seen at the present day; but no mere representations can give a just view of either these ruins or those of the Colosseum.

I one day, while in Rome, saw the funeral procession of a rich man. It was formed by dozens of priests, all singing, and carrying lighted tapers;



RUINS OF THE FORUM, ROME.

and another day I saw one of a priest, which was attended by 30 persons, all covered from head to foot with a crimson garment, the only part of

* See the engraving, page 49, Stereotype Edition, in which a man will be seen with his face covered with a *white* garment; but in the funeral procession of which I am now speaking, the whole body was covered with a *red* garment.

their bodies which was seen being their eyes, peering through two holes in the garments.

The Irish have a college in Rome, in which many of their priests are educated. I visited it, that I might see the urn in which O'Connell's heart is deposited. I saw the urn, but it is, of course, hermetically sealed.

I have said that my guide was one of the best I ever had. I might have said that he was the very best. Instead of inducing me to give large gratuities to persons in charge of the respective palaces and temples, in order that he might go shares in the spoil, as is almost universally the case with valets-de-place, commissionaires, and guides all over the continent, he seemed determined, sometimes, not to allow me to give as much as I thought I ought to give. If I took a franc out of my pocket, he would say, "Dat is too mutz. Vy you give more dan necessaire?" All the sights in Rome did not cost me 8s., and I am sure I missed nothing. I inquired for him when in Rome in 1853; but he was from home. In 1851, he called upon me in London, having come to England as commissionaire with a party of Italians to the Great Exhibition; and I was glad to have the opportunity of proving to him that I appreciated his integrity.

The population of Rome is about 150,000, besides 4,500 Jews.

The weather was remarkably fine each time that I was in Rome, though the evenings were cold; and the Italians, who are more used to warm weather than cold, had to wrap well up.*

The proprietors of the diligences in Rome have a regulation which is, I think, well worthy of imitation in England, where it can be carried out. When booking your place, you pay, if you please, two pauls (10½d.) over your fare; and for this sum the proprietors undertake to send for your luggage and call you up in time in the morning. As we left at 5 o'clock, we were faithfully called at 4, and our luggage duly conveyed.

CHAPTER XLVI.—ROME TO FLORENCE.

On leaving Rome, some travellers proceed by carriage to Naples, and others in the same manner to Florence; but, as I did not consider the roads very safe, I preferred the sea. Of course I had first to return to Civita Vecchia. I then took the steamer to Leghorn, where I arrived early in the morning of April 24th, (1853,) but we were not permitted to land until 1 o'clock. In the evening, I went to the Scotch church, a neat building in a pleasant part of the town. It reflects honor upon the Scotch to have so many places of worship abroad. The English have also a chapel here. After service I found the streets swarming with people. The theatres were all open, and the people all alive and gay.

Leghorn is the port of Tuscany. It is a good town, containing some excellent streets and squares. The pavements consist of stones about two feet square, so that the horses are constantly falling, as it is like running upon a flagged foot-path. Leghorn straws are shipped here, as mentioned by me on page 114; but I did not see a single "Leghorn" hat or bonnet worn in all the place.

* The Italian women have rather a novel way of keeping themselves warm in church. They carry with them earthenware stoves, if I may give them that name, in which they have burning charcoal; and they sit with their hands over them, as the priests are going through the prayers. I have seen some women in the churches with ear-drops almost as large as dessert spoons, and with rings on their fingers which might easily be made into narrow bracelets.

The women do not wear bonnets at all, but simply handkerchiefs, or nets, on their heads. The latter look the most graceful. Three-fourths or more, of the women, are dressed in silk, which is comparatively cheap in Italy, as it is produced there; while Manchester printed calicos are relatively dear, as they have to be imported, and pay a heavy duty.

The town contains about 90,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom are said to be Jews.

The Jews' synagogue, which I visited, is a large building in a dirty street. Indeed, the Jews' quarters, go where you will, are always filthy. Their houses in Leghorn are distinguished by red marks. The Jews have ever been sorely oppressed in Tuscany, as well as in many parts of Germany and in Russia.

Unlike all other towns in Italy or the east, Leghorn looks better inside than out. The streets, the Jews' quarter excepted, are unusually clean. and many of the buildings good; but, as the town is built on low land, it does not look so imposing from aboard ship as the towns which are built on the sides of hills, as Messina, Syra, &c. Still, the Apennines, which run from north to south on the background, make up in the landscape for what we lose in the prospect of the town.

All religions are said to be tolerated here; but it will be in the recollection of many of my readers that a man and his wife (the Madiai) were imprisoned by the Grand Duke, as the ruler of Tuscany is called, for merely reading the Bible; and of a Scotch lady, who was also imprisoned by that "enlightened Christian," for distributing tracts. This is Romanist *toleration*.

On the 25th we went to see a coral manufactory. Numerous women were grinding, piercing, and polishing coral beads. Seeing the labor that each bead requires, one wonders how the coral necklaces can be sold so cheap; but in Italy, a woman's time is not worth much.

As I had visited Leghorn in 1850, I persuaded my companions, G. and M., not to linger, but to push on to Florence. We accordingly left by rail early in the afternoon of the 25th, arriving at Pisa in half an hour; and then, after having dined, we took a fly to see the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery. The sun was shining full upon these magnificent structures just as they opened up to our view, and I am bound to say that no effect in the architectural world can possibly be more striking.

Every schoolboy must have read of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and wondered how it is that it does not fall; but those who see it, wonder, as I did, ten times more. It is 190 ft. high, built entirely of marble, and deviates from the perpendicular about 14 ft.; that is to say, the top projects on one side 14 ft. beyond the foundation; just as if I were to put a stick into the ground in a slanting position instead of upright. The exterior is formed of eight stories of round arched open galleries, which are reached by a staircase about 3 ft. wide, in the interior.

The cathedral is a masterly building, erected nearly 850 years ago. It is surrounded on the outside by four rows of beautiful antique pillars, cased with marble of various colors; and the interior, like the churches in Rome, is majestic. The Baptistery is entirely of marble, like the Leaning Tower, of a circular form, and most exquisite. But these three structures, together with the Campo Santo, standing close to each other, must be seen before even the least effective idea can be formed of them. The architecture is inimitable, and their magnitude exceeds belief. They are said to be the greatest wonder in the modern world; and I believe they are. *Here*, painters may throw aside their brushes, for all they can

do to give effect to this scene will amount to nothing. I regret exceedingly that my limits will not allow me to say more.

The lovely river Arno, passing through the town, divides Pisa into two parts, just as London is divided by the Thames, or Manchester and Salford by the Irwell. It is crossed by three bridges, one of which is of marble; and the quays are ornamented with many splendid buildings.

Again taking the rail, we left for Florence. The line runs along a most luxuriant valley, in which vines by thousands were winding round peach and mulberry trees, like serpents. At first, the Apennines seemed close upon us, but they gradually receded, leaving more gentle hills between us and them, on which were terraced gardens, villas, villages, towers, and churches; while the Arno rolled gracefully along the valley. In two or three instances the hills appeared to nearly meet; and then the river was just below us, while the snow-capped Apennines in the distance looked majestically down upon the whole.

In about two hours and a half we arrived at Florence, where, having passed the usual ordeals, passport and police, so annoying to Americans and English, who are not used to them, we made direct to the hotel d'York.

I think I could very well write a Guide Book for Italy; but the question would be, who would buy it? As I fear being tedious to the general reader, I can only say of Florence what I have said of Rome, that it abounds in rich temples and richer palaces. The cathedral has a dome larger than even St. Peter's, at Rome, and, including the cross, is 384 ft. high; and the tower is 280 ft. high. Both cathedral and tower, as well as the Baptistery adjoining, are encased with marble, white and green, exquisitely worked. The pavement of the interior is formed of beautiful and different-colored marbles, and is deservedly much admired; as are also the pillars and balustrades surrounding the gallery. The church is adorned with some fine statues, basso-relievos, and paintings. Here also are a gnomon and meridian line, so formed as to show, like a sun dial, when it is noon. There is a small aperture in one corner of the building; and so soon as the sun shines through this aperture directly upon the meridian line on the floor, it is 12 o'clock.

The Baptistery has three bronze doors, a partial, humble, imitation of which may be seen at the arch, under the statue of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner. Michael Angelo said they ought to have been the gates of Paradise. In the Baptistery, I saw the baptism of a child. The priest *poured* water on its head. In the Church of San Lorenzo is the unrivalled Medici Chapel, "the wonder of Tuscany," the walls being inlaid with lapis lazuli, agates, jasper, chalcedony, and other precious stones. In the Church of Santa Croce lie the bodies of Michael Angelo, the inimitable painter and sculptor; of Alfieri, the Italian poet; and of Machiavelli, the statesman; each, of course, covered with appropriate tombs and monuments. But my attention was riveted to the reclining statue of a Polish lady, in the purest white marble, in the church of S. Lorenzo. Her head is supported by pillows; and death, *death* marks every feature and every inch of the drapery.

The stained glass in the windows of this church is said to be the oldest and finest in the world. The art of staining glass in so perfect a way appears to be now lost.

Belonging to the Church of San Lorenzo is the library of the Medici, celebrated for its fine collection of rare manuscripts, amongst which is a "Horace," in the handwriting of Petrarch. Here also is preserved, in a glass case, the finger of Galileo, pointing towards the heavens. He it was who first openly advocated the system of Copernicus, that the sun

was the centre of our solar system, and that the earth and stars moved round it. So much was he persecuted by the Romish Inquisition for his "heresies," as they termed his views, that he was twice compelled to swear that the system was erroneous; but, after taking the oath on the second occasion, he whispered to a friend, "E pur se muove." (It moves, for all that!)

Amongst the wonders of Italy, I have set down unhesitatingly the Palazza Pitti, or the Grand Duke's Palace. For internal worth and grandeur, our Queen's Castle at Windsor sinks into a mere cottage in comparison. I might also mention the Old Palace, of which England might be proud if she had it; the Royal Gallery, which "contains the finest collection of ancient statues, pictures, basso-relievos, gems, bronzes, &c., in Europe," and from which I had in half anger to tear myself away; the Palaces of Corsini, Borghese, Strozzi, &c.; but I must skip over the whole.

Florence is situated at the foot of the Apennines. The valley is richly cultivated, and the sides of the hills are covered with olives. Figs are also cultivated. Some of the *nobility* who possess vineyards, sell the wine *retail* at their palaces. What would the Marquis of Westminster think, if people went to his palace and asked for "a penn'orth of apples," or "a ha'porth of strawberries?"

The river Arno runs through the city, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which has shops on each side, just as was the case with the old London Bridge. Neither the streets nor the shops are as good as those of Leghorn. The houses are not numbered in streets as ours are, but progressively as they are built; so that if the last one built were 8,000, the next would be 8,001. I saw several numbers, if I remember right, close upon 8,000.

The city is full of Austrian soldiers, as the Grand Duke, in consequence of his despotic character, could not retain his seat a single week without the protection of foreign bayonets; and the Austrians appear to be just the men to uphold everything that is tyrannical.

Florence is not only celebrated for its manufacture of "Leghorns," but also for its works in inlaid marbles, agates, and precious stones. In the Grand Duke's manufactory I saw a table which had been intended for the Great Exhibition in London; but as the commissioners refused to insure its safe return, the Grand Duke would not send it. It is worth £20,000.

The Florentine women wear Leghorn hats, with rims from 6 in. to 10 in. wide, which float in the air as the wind blows. As we walked along the streets, the ladies would run out of their houses, and insist upon putting bouquets of flowers in our bosoms; and we had sometimes to be really rude to them to keep them away.

Before leaving Florence, our passports had to be signed, first by the British Minister, next by the Tuscan Minister for Foreign Affairs; then by the Pope's Nuncio; then by the Austrian Military Commander; and last by the Tuscan Police. The best way in such a case is to give your passport to the landlord of the hotel, and desire him to do all that is necessary; for which a charge is made of from two to five francs. But even then the traveller may not be safe, and he ought himself to see that every signature necessary has been obtained. I have known more than one instance in which travellers have been sent back in consequence of the irregularity of their passports, notwithstanding that they had paid the landlord of the hotel, or a commissionaire, to have them made right. There were two things which I always superintended myself,—my passport and my purse. Without watching the former, you may be sen-

tenced to the luxury of having to go back a score or two of miles; without an eye on the latter, you may find yourself so quickly impoverished as not to be able to move at all, either with or without passport. Such are some of the comforts of travelling.

CHAPTER XLVII.—FLORENCE TO VENICE.

On the 28th of April, we left by rail for Bologna, but the line is only yet opened, I believe, as far as Pistoia. It runs along the foot of the Apennines. We had English engine-drivers, and Englishmen were superintending the works.

At Pistoia, pistols were first made. Hence their name. Here we had to take diligence, and were joined by four Americans,—two ladies and two gentlemen. We soon began to ascend the Apennines, as we had to cross them. This was formerly the most dangerous road in Italy; but the Austrians have done something towards checking brigandism. As the road became very steep, the conductor desired us to walk, and go a nearer way; but I was the only one who seemed to relish the thought, as we understood the distance would be nearly three miles. I, however, left with the conductor, taking an angle on the left, and had no cause to regret the step, for I was charmed with the scenery, and delighted with the bracing air. On reaching the summit, I turned to take a view of the landscape. How enrapturing! Stern winter was under my feet, but in the valley was smiling spring,—fruit trees in blossom, and birds singing amidst a profusion of flowers. Flocks of sheep were grazing over the pastures, and their rustic barefooted shepherdesses appeared to be shareing in their happiness, working at their distaff and spindle the while. Gentle streams, formed by the melting snows, were flowing in every direction, and here and there was a roaring torrent, increasing in noise and volume as it rolled downwards, being joined by others and others, until they unitedly rushed into the Arno in the distance. Leafless trees were around me, but myriads of primroses, daisies, and forget-me-nots, and the budding lilac and almond, within the length of a gunshot. For miles and miles the snow-capped Apennines extended, while on every side were nests of cottages and rural farms. On that side, and on that, and again right before me, a little hill presented itself, projecting, as it were, from the sides of the mountain, like an infant on the knees of its father; and there stood a white stone church, with its lofty tower and glittering spire. The priests know well how to aid their architects in lending effect to their structures, externally as well as internally. Though standing on snow, I felt no inconvenience from cold. The wind, it was true, was whistling over my head, but I stood protected under a bank; and even the wind's howlings above were softened by the notes of the cuckoo below.

I was in no hurry to leave so magnificent a prospect; but the conductor became impatient, and hurried me onward. In a few minutes we arrived at a house of call, where, to my joy, I found a good breakfast prepared; and I am sure I was prepared for it. The diligence did not arrive for some time afterwards; and my fellow-passengers were not a little surprised to find I had stolen a march upon them.

Our way now lay down the eastern side of the Apennines, and I think the prospect was more beautiful than even the one I had just left. Incessant waterfalls and cascades were rushing down every depression of the mountains, all bearing toward the east, until they united in the valley, to form the river Reno. Here was the source of the river,—at first a com-

parative stream, but becoming wider and wider, and deeper and noisier, as torrent after torrent rushed into it, until spacious bridges were required to span it. Suffice it to say, my readers may believe every word they have heard or read of the "enchanting scenery" of Italy.

For miles the road ran along the edge of a precipice, with the river some hundreds of feet below us. The horses dashed along, but, in the Lord's kind Providence, we reached the bottom in safety. And then we were again in the Papal States.

We drove up to a stone building, and had to undergo the personal inspection of a Roman official. Again we proceeded, and then our passports were demanded by some Austrian soldiers. Again we were on our way, and again we had to stop. Then we were driven under an archway, and the gates closed on both sides of us, so that we were regularly imprisoned. "Scaling ladders" were quickly produced and the diligence was "taken by storm." (I wish we could take Sebastopol as easily.) Portmanteaus, boxes, trunks, carpet bags, all were "shot" from the roof into the "magazine" below. The diligence was unshipped, and her cargo examined with fatherly care. Chink, chink, go the passengers' keys, and out jump their wares. But it is soon over; and then, like King John's men, the baggage all marches up again,—a "feat of *arms*" which is speedily followed by the "roar," not of cannon, but of that perpetual Italian word, "Facchino," which, being translated into English, means, "Remember the porters;" and into Arabic, "Bucksheesh." These "pickets" will not let travellers repose in their "camp," but, "popping their rifles," constantly "disturb their rest," putting them to all sorts of trouble, and then want the officers to pay them for doing so; but my answer in such cases invariably was, "Non comprendo;" for I could not comprehend on what principle they expected to be paid, after they had done all to "pick us off" that the "rules of the service" allowed them to do. Having been "repulsed in the sortie, with loss of" temper if not of men, the commander-in-chief next made his appearance, and demanded our "capitulation" and the "surrender" of our purses; but "Andate via," (Go away,) was our reply; whereupon he "put spurs to his" dignity, and said we should be "detained as prisoners;" but his gun was of too "large a bore" and too "long a range," so that he "overshot his mark." Though he "menaced" us in "front and rear," there was too much Saxon blood in our "allied army" (American and English) to fear his threatened "assault," and, with "fixed" principles, we prepared to "charge." At this juncture, the conductor came up with a "flag of truce," and, after a little "diplomatic negotiation," gave "the enemy" half a paul; (2¾d.;) with which he went away satisfied, and "raised the siege!" Such is the degradation of these once all-conquering Italians, who held the world in their power.

The road along the valley, though rough enough as to pavement, and dangerous enough as to occasional torrents, was most luxurious. It was like driving through one unbroken greenhouse. There were mulberry trees by thousands, which are carefully cultivated for the propagation of the silk worms; and not only do the vines twine round them, as I mentioned a few pages back, but the branches are trained so as to extend from tree to tree, hanging in festoons, one above another. I can easily imagine that, when the grapes are ripe, and hang down in clusters, tier above tier, the sight must be most lovely. It is not to be wondered at that the silk worm should be so general in this district, as the waters are said to be peculiarly adapted for the preparation of the silk.

In the evening we arrived at Bologna, and went to the Hotel Brun, where we had as much comfort as any man has a right to expect in that

part of the world. As there was nothing to detain us, we immediately booked ourselves for the diligence next morning.

Before breakfast, (April 29th,) I strolled round to view the town. The cathedral is spacious, but not equal to many that I had seen. Here, too, is another leaning tower, but not to be compared to the one at Pisa. This is, indeed, dangerous. The foundation gave way on one side, while in the course of erection, and the tower has been threatening to come down ever since. The houses are mostly built on pillars, forming colonnades under them. In the market place, I heard a man calling out, "Forbici Inglesi; uno baiocchо;" (English scissors; a halfpenny each;) and, going up to him, I found a barrow full of German-made scissors, of the rudest kind. G. and I bought one each, for the novelty of the thing, to the no small amusement of the vendor and the bystanders.

Bologna was at one time a place of considerable importance, but Popery, whose wand withers all it touches, has blighted it. It still contains about 80,000 inhabitants. There are no less than 14,000 Austrian soldiers in the town. The celebrated painter, Guido, was born here.

At 10 o'clock we left for Venice. The road for some miles surpassed in vines, &c., even that of the day preceding; but large tracts were under water.

In five hours we arrived at Ferrara, where we had to change carriages, and undergo delay. The town is worth a visit, however, *en route*, as it contains some good buildings. The tomb of Ariosto, and the house in which the Duke Alfonzo shut up Tasso, under pretence that he was mad, are still shown. At Ferrara lived the celebrated Cornaro, who discovered that he was killing himself by eating too much, and thereupon restricted himself to 12 ounces of food a day. He commenced his dietary *regime* at the age of 40, and lived to be 104.

We did not leave until 4 o'clock. We soon reached the Po, which we crossed in a ferry barge, by means of ropes, as the stream is rapid; and we were then in the Austro-Italian district. Here we had to undergo a most humiliating scrutiny by the police. Not only our clothes, but even our handkerchiefs, were examined with the most anxious care; and every strip of paper was opened and inspected as though some treasonable dispatch were transcribed upon it. A small box of ointment, which I had procured at Florence for my inflamed finger, (as mentioned on page 567,) was taken hold of, and opened. "Questo?" (What is this?) said the officers. I showed my finger. "Bono." (Good.) But this was not all: even our dressing cases did not escape. I had with me a block-tin tooth powder box, containing charcoal; and this was inserted in another, made to fit close, so as to prevent the powder from working out. The principal officer took off the outer lid, when, behold! the inner box presented itself. He now made sure he had a prize, and pulled off the lid; but it fit so close, and he did it so determinedly, that the charcoal flew all over his face and clean shirt front, greatly to the amusement of two *ill-used* Englishmen who stood by.

Having satisfied himself that we had nothing very dangerous about us, he next assailed our passports, and said they were irregular, ("I passaporti non sono buoni,") as we ought to have had the signature of the Austrian Ambassador at Florence; but we succeeded in convincing him that that was not necessary, as the Austrian Ambassador at Rome had affixed his signature; and we were then "acquitted."

About 9 o'clock we arrived at Rovigo, and put up for the night. Early the next morning we left for Padua, where the celebrated traveller Belzoni was buried; and thence we proceeded by rail to Venice.

The railway carriages on the continent are far superior to ours. Those to Venice are about 36 ft. long, and have a passage down the centre, from end to end, the seats being arranged on each side. As we approach a station, the guard opens the door at one end, and calls out the name of the station; and when we arrive near to the terminus, soldiers and police officers walk in and take our passports, and the guard follows and takes our tickets; so that the train has not to stop for the purpose of ticket-taking, as all our trains in England have.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—VENICE, VERONA, &c.

On emerging from the station at Venice, our ears were greeted with the welcome word, "Omnibus, Omnibus!" To which we quickly responded, "Si, si," (Yes, yes.) We followed the speaker, and were conducted to the side of a wide canal, where we saw a small packet-boat, on which was painted the word, "Omnibus." I was at first taken aback, and said to my companion, "Well, that's a funny omnibus, certainly;" until I recollected that Venice contains neither horses nor carriages, being intersected throughout with canals, all the principal streets being, in fact, not pavements, but water, close to the very houses; and gondolas (boats) taking the place of land conveyances. We jumped on board this omnibus, and were quickly rowed to the Hotel de l'Europe, the steps of which were washed by the water in the canal.

We had three letters of introduction, but found that the parties had all left the city, so that we were thrown, as it were, upon our own resources. We, however, speedily engaged a guide and took a carriage, —a gondola, I mean, and commenced our explorations.

It was truly amusing to be *rowed* from street to street, instead of being driven, the splashing of oars and the singing of boatmen being the only sounds heard instead of the rumbling of carriage wheels and the bawling of cab-drivers.

The gondolas of Venice are all painted black, giving them, with their elevated cabins, a sombre appearance. Formerly many of them were extravagantly ornamented; but the old Venetian Government prohibited any decorations, as some of the people ruined themselves by trying to outdo their neighbors. It was curious enough to see men in livery (*coachmen*) rowing black boats, instead of, as in other parts, driving gilt carriages.

"This city, which is one of the capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, is almost unrivalled as to beauty and situation. It is about seven miles in circumference, and is principally built on two islands, separated from each other by one large canal, which takes a serpentine course, and divides the town into two equal parts. These islands are subdivided by 150 canals, over which there are said to be nearly 400 bridges. The famous bridge Rialto, a single arch, 98 feet in the span, and ornamented with a double row of shops, is, however, the only bridge over the great canal. It was built of marble by Antonia da Ponte, in 1591, and, like the other bridges of Venice, has stairs by which the passengers ascend and descend. The view from this bridge is remarkably fine. To whatever side the stranger turns, his eye will be attracted by buildings of extreme picturesqueness and variety."

The houses are mostly built on piles; so that there is water, not only around them but under them. The water smells very badly. If the people would fill up the minor canals, they would, I think, act wisely.

The fronts of the houses all face the canals, but the backs open into narrow streets.

Those of my readers who have seen the paintings by Canaletto, have seen excellent and faithful views of Venice, with its lively canals and busy quays; and these will convey a much better idea of the place than any description I can give.

Next to the canals, the main objects of attraction are St. Mark's Square and the Doge's Palace. To say that these are all of marble and that the architecture is superb, would be to say but little, and would convey no idea of their beauty. Marble in Italy, as I said in my Introductory Chapter, from the pure white to the jet black, and embracing every shade of color in the rainbow, is so plentiful that it may be figuratively said to run down the streets like water.

St. Mark's Square is paved with grey marble, and is surrounded on three sides by buildings in a good style, the fronts of which have open arcades, forming the public footpaths. The other side of the square is occupied by the church of St. Mark, with the splendid tower in front, and the Doge's Palace adjoining. From this tower, which is 325 feet high, Galileo often made his astronomical observations. When the gas is lighted, the square looks dazzling. Hundreds of pigeons, tame as domestic animals, mix with the people in the square, without fear of being shot. When the clock strikes two, they all congregate to be fed. It was amusing to watch them, coming in, "as clouds," from all quarters.

In the Doge's Palace are some of the most spacious rooms in the world, in one of which is the largest painting ever executed. "It is impossible," says one traveller, "to walk through these splendid chambers, decorated with pictures commemorating the most brilliant achievements and the most signal examples of the ancient power and glory of the Venetian Republic, without feeling sorrow for its present condition." But in ancient days, the most fearful tyranny which ever cursed the world environed this palace with objects of terror.

Our guide was the *sharpest* I ever had to do with. He was almost too much for even *me*, with all my experience and all my fancied acuteness. His *English*, too, was most ridiculous. "Dat's de Pridge o' Sice,* vere dey brot de pigeoners; (prisoners;) and dat's de pigeon vare de pigeoners vare put." "Dat's de place von altar." "Dat's de Popes Clement, and dat's de Five Carls, King Spain."† (Portraits of Pope Clement and Charles V. of Spain.) And then, pointing to a painting on the ceiling, "Dat's de panting *up stairs* King Pippin; him comed vid sixty tousand men and vent back vid ten tousand; *ve* sowed him how." "All de panting by (counting his fingers) von, Tyson; (Titian;) two, Paul Verone; tree, Tintoretta; vore, Angelo; and all the archtectatoor by Palladio." "I alvays do my vaurk vell. I no like see gontelmen pay dair money for nutting;" (nothing;) and so on.

May 1st was to me a day of seclusion. There was no English place of worship at Venice, so I strolled about alone. I turned, and turned, and went over one bridge after another, until I was completely

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* "I stand at Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

† I am sure this will remind some of my readers, as it did me, of Humphrey Chetham's College, Manchester, and the clerical-bibbed boys who go round with visitors to show them the "wonders" of the place: "That's th' clock as nobbutt (only) strikes wonce a yer." "That's th' clog as t' thunder-bowt split, an' never hurt th' woman as had it on." "That's th' cock (a wooden one) as alliss (always) crows when it smells roast beef."

at fault before I recollected myself. My pocket compass, however, soon directed me. In the evening I passed through the square. There were at least 5,000 people in it, with music, and singers, and beggars, and gaily-dressed ladies, and well-dressed gentlemen; and lottery and theatre offices as busy as bees. Venice is a gay place; but, under Austrian rule, it is fast declining.

On Monday morning, I went to the church of the Frari, which contains a monument over Canova's tomb and another over Titian's, in white marble. The latter is the most exquisite, but the former the most impressive. The tomb represents the section of a pyramid, let into the wall, leading into the vault. The doors are half open. "Fame" is carrying in an urn, and mourners are following in procession, with grief portrayed on their countenances. The "Lion of Venice" lies prostrate at the base, and "Skill," or "Talent," is dead, or sleeping All the figures are life size. The monument is well calculated for the moment to direct the mind of the beholder to the certainty of the tomb, however gifted or talented a man may be.

At 11 o'clock we left by rail for Verona. The railway runs over the bay on piles, just as is the case at Fleetwood; only at Venice it is for a much greater distance.

As we approached Vicenza, where large quantities of silk and artificial flowers are manufactured, the country became charmingly lovely. The vines were not only trained in the way I have already described, but they were also formed into bowers and all sorts of fantastical figures. The gigantic Alps were towering aloft in the distance, while the hill sides nearer were studded with villas and beautified with avenues of vines and running streams. The head-dresses of the women were as varied as the scenery. Some had on black hats with scarcely any rim, others straw hats, others handkerchiefs, others a piece of rag merely, tied behind, while others were ornamented with flowers.

On arriving at Verona, our passports were taken from us, and a "ticket of leave," printed in four languages, requiring us to appear at the police office within 24 hours, was given us in exchange. ("Britons never shall be slaves," thought I.) Even the most wealthy citizens are compelled to go, hat in hand, before poverty-stricken police officers, to obtain permission, ere they can go outside the gates of the city in which they reside. I declare I have felt peculiar nervous sensations throughout my whole frame when I have seen persons of the highest respectability cringeing before these Austrian satellites.

The only place that I shall mention at Verona, though there are as many things worthy of notice as in other towns in Italy, is the Amphitheatre. This building is still used. Indeed, there was a performance, in Italian, going on when we went in. We paid about a penny for three of us. The theatre, like most others in Italy, is open to the sky The seats are all perfect, and are capable of accommodating 20,000 persons. As I stood on one of the distant seats, the performers below looked almost like as many puppets.

Anxious to reach Milan with as little delay as possible, we left by diligence at 9.30 in the evening. The night was warm, and I slept a good part of the way.* At 6.30 next morning, (May 3rd,) we arrived at Brescia, where General Haynau caused some women to be flogged for daring to express their political opinions. This was the man who was so roughly handled by Barclay and Perkins's brewers

* The railway is now completed nearly all the way from Venice to Milan. (See the Map.)

when he was in London. "His crimes were a dishonor to the country in which they were performed, a disgrace to the age in which we live, and a stain on human nature." So said the *Times*, and so say I. He is now dead. Here we breakfasted, and then proceeded, our way still being over the Plains of Lombardy, many parts of which, even within these few years, have been so saturated with Italian blood, shed by Austrian bandits, called soldiers, under the direction of cruel despotism. Agriculture, in these plains, is carried to the highest state of perfection. The whole plain is one garden. The neighborhood of Brescia also produces iron and copper, marble, crystals, and topazes.

At Treviglio we dined, and again took the rail, arriving at Milan at 5 o'clock. Two customs officers were sent with the omnibus to the hotel yard, to examine the baggage of the passengers; but about 4d. each passenger settled all disputes, and everything was pronounced *en règle* (quite regular).

We soon made ourselves comfortable at the Hotel Royal, and then engaged a guide for the morrow. This man was the second honest guide into whose hands I had the pleasure to fall. He was simple and intelligent, but groaning under the Austrian yoke. A day of retribution and deliverance for Italy *must* come; and who knows but that it may arise out of the present war?

What England and France were about to allow Austria to get possession of Northern Italy, extending from Venice to Piedmont, I cannot conjecture, as she immediately virtually closed the ports against our manufactures. Venice is still called a "*free* port;" but the *Austrians* interpret the words; and for terms of that sort they have a dictionary of their own, and certainly never learnt Dr. Johnson's.

A river only separates the Plains of Lombardy, under Austrian rule, from the Valley of Piedmont, which belongs to Sardinia. The people of Sardinia have long wanted to rescue their kinsmen, if I may use the term, of Lombardy from the Austrian yoke, and some years ago, headed by the Archduke Charles, made the attempt; but they were defeated; and Austria is now waiting for an opportunity to seize Piedmont and even Switzerland, on the other side of the Alps; but I hope the day for such a wholesale brigandism as that is far distant.

There were two cities in Europe which for years I had panted to see, if it were *only just* to see. These were Venice and Milan; and now my wishes were gratified; nor do I regret one penny of the money that the trip cost me. The cathedral at Milan is alone worth going a thousand miles to see, not as an act of vanity, but to see a specimen of architecture; and when it is viewed in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, the soaring Alps, and the boundless Lombardy plains, we need no paintings, as the Turks would say, to set forth the beauties of nature and art. This cathedral is the largest in Italy, except St. Peter's, at Rome. It was commenced in 1385, and is not yet completed, though ten millions sterling have been expended upon it. It is 490 feet long, 177 feet broad, and 422 feet to the top of the spire. It has 15,000 ornaments, 160 pinnacles, 60 lightning conductors, 520 outside steps, and 7,000 statues, 3,000 more being required to complete it.

In a vault below the church is the tomb of "Saint" Charles Borromeo. His coffin is of pure natural crystal, and over his tomb is the word, "Humilitas;" (Humility;) and yet the whole vault is skirted and ornamented with solid silver, of the richest designs, representing various acts in the life of the "saint." We expressed a desire to have the tomb opened, as we were told we could have, on paying five francs. The priest who was with us immediately lighted half a dozen tapers and placed

them in front, and then put on his surplice. He then turned a wheel, and let down the front of the tomb. And there was Charles's body exposed to view, embalmed, and covered with diamonds and rubies. A cross of diamonds was suspended over it, which was presented by the Queen of Spain, as I understood, and cost £250,000. The tomb and jewels cost 6,000,000 francs, the decorations of the vault 4,000,000; total, with the cross, £650,000. There's *humility* for you! This "saint" was born in 1538, and died in 1594. Finding the Jesuits guilty of the most infamous crimes, he deprived them of their college at Braida. He was canonised ("sainted") by Pope Paul V.

In the church of Ambrose is a brazen serpent which the people believe is the one that Moses set up, and that at the end of the world it will turn round and hiss. Once when the sexton was cleaning it, he accidentally turned it towards the door; upon which the people all ran away, and some declared they had heard it hiss! Still the world was not at an end.

In the church Nostra Signora di San Celso is the painting of the Madonna, about which so much ridicule was excited amongst Protestants, shortly before I was there, by its "miracle-working" properties. Some asserted they had seen it shed tears. There is an inscription outside saying that it is celebrated for miracles.

We visited other buildings, but I pass them all by. After all, the cathedral is only a superbly-magnificent bauble. To my mind there is nothing like a rich landscape,—mountains and plains; hills and valleys; rivers and cascades; and even of these, Italy furnishes an abundance not to be excelled in any part of the world.*

We sent our passports to the police office, and were told they were all right; but we must appear at the office, as the superintendent wished to see "what we were like." Of course we went, because we could not help ourselves. "Were you ever at Milan before?" "Never!" "What is the object of your visit?" "Health and recreation." "When do you think of leaving?" "As soon as ever we can get away." Our guide, however, turned pale, and durst not interpret the last answer, but said, "Mattino," (Morning.) The functionary bowed; my companion bowed; I bowed; our guide cringed; and we withdrew.

There is a street in Milan called the Salt Street, in commemoration of one of the conquerors of the city, who ploughed it up, and threw salt over it. (See Judges ix. 45.)

On May 5th, we left by diligence early in the morning for Turin. In about an hour and a half we arrived at the last Austrian police station, where, making a polite virtue of necessity, we submitted to a final examination. We shortly afterwards crossed the river Ticino, which separates Lombardy from Piedmont, and were then in the kingdom of Sardinia. Our passport and police annoyances were then at an end. We had done with despotic Austria, and were in the country of a free Government. Even the birds seemed to welcome us, as they were cheerfully singing in the plain. I breathed more freely, for I declare I had not felt free all the time from leaving Rome.

The Sardinian States commence on the east at the river Ticino, and extend toward the west as far as the Alps, embracing also the island of Sardinia on the south of Corsica. It was in the Plains of Lombardy and the Valley of Piedmont that so many thousands of Protestants were massacred.†

* It is remarkable that the distance from Rome to the Po is exactly 200 miles, or 1,600 furlongs. How expressive does this fact render Rev. xiv. 20.

† See the "History of the Waldenses" and Milton's immortal sonnet.

At half-past 10, we arrived at Montara, and breakfasted. The people, not only here but in the other towns in Sardinia, seemed lively and happy. Far, far different was it with those we had just left. At 3 we crossed the Po by a bridge of boats, and in another hour and a half passed some ramparts, the river Acqui, and the gates, and were then at Alessandria. Here we were transferred to a railroad, and arrived at Turin a little after 8.

Turin is the capital of Sardinia; but, after visiting the other towns of Italy, we saw nothing in the city worthy of much notice, excepting, perhaps, the regularity and cleanliness of its streets and its Egyptian Museum. The former are washed every night by streams of water let in from the Dora; the latter was collected by M. Drovetti, who was many years consul in Egypt, at a time when antiquities were more easy to be got hold of there than they are now. The city lies in a wide valley, almost surrounded by mountains. It is said to rain almost perpetually there in the winter, except when it snows; a fact which may be easily explained from its peculiar position.

Our guide book said that everything in the city was unusually cheap; but an Englishman in whose hands we placed ourselves, having been introduced to us at Malta, gave us a very different account. He said he paid £70 a year for a suite of only three or four rooms; and even provisions, according to his report, were equally dear. As we paid, through him, 15 francs for a fly, which we did not use three hours, besides five francs more being politely requested for the driver, (which, by the way, we would not give,) and as it would be uncharitable to think that one of our countrymen could have a hand in fleecing us when so far from home, I *suppose* we must accept of his statement in preference to that of the guide book.

The population of Turin is about 125,000. Its manufactures consist of silks, hosiery, woollens, leather, paper, carriages, and arms.

We left Turin by rail for Genoa. At Arquata we were transferred to a diligence, to cross the mountains, as the railroad was not completed. It is now, however, open all the way, a tunnel having been cut through the mountains,—a most formidable undertaking; so that travellers can reach Turin from Genoa in about five hours.

Genoa is described as a city of palaces. I have visited it twice, and think it not altogether unentitled to the appellation, though by no means to be compared with Rome. The appearance of the city from the sea is extremely magnificent. It rises in the form of a crescent, and extends for two miles along the shore, presenting to view palaces and gardens, churches and convents, ramparts and batteries.

Genoa, like the other parts of Sardinia, is called a Roman Catholic city; but, since the revolution, priestcraft there has been at a heavy discount. My guide in 1850 said the men would not allow their wives to go to the confessional. I went to one church on Christmas Day, and found a number of women, but only three men present. Indeed, the Parliament of Sardinia has set to work to reform the Romish Church within its provinces, and is taking possession of many of their unjustly-gotten revenues. But, though the Sardinians are throwing off the dark and despotic influence which the cunning confessor exercises over his deluded penitent, I dare not say that they are becoming Protestants, in the English sense of the word; for though they are protesting against Romanism, I fear they are verging on Infidelity.

For shrewdness, or knavery, in commerce, the Genoese are rivalled only by the Maltese. They vie with, but, in this respect, cannot surpass, each other. Their manufactures of velvet are famous all over the world,

and their work in filigree is quite equal to that of Malta. Indeed, I believe they obtained the prize in this department at the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, though the Maltese had some splendid specimens there.

Leaving Genoa in a French steamer, I arrived at Marseilles on the 8th of May, and thence returned home, via Avignon, Valence, Dijon, and Paris.

POSTSCRIPT.

I am sorry to thus abruptly terminate "My Wanderings;" but I feel that I must keep faith with my subscribers. I promised to complete in 18 Nos., and, to the best of my ability, I have fulfilled that promise. Italy, comprising, as she does, within herself all that is perfect in nature and art, has, I feel, especial cause to complain. My meagre account of her palaces and temples, her villages and cities, her hills and dales, her rivers and cascades, her agriculture and commerce, makes me wish that I had passed her altogether by in silence; as I think that no account would have been better than so poor a one.

But though I say thus much respecting Italy, though she *do* contain within herself all that is perfect in nature and art,—in reality and imitation, in landscape and figure, in climate and temperature, would I therefore exchange for her my own native land? No! Despite her frogs and frosts, her heavy taxes and other drawbacks, I say unhesitatingly with Cowper,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

What can compensate for loss of liberty, civil and religious? What can make amends for the absence of a preached gospel and the society of Christian friends? Yet, if we separate ourselves from these privileges, we must be prepared to share the state of those amongst whom we cast ourselves, be that state what it may; just as Lot lost all his goods and was himself taken prisoner when he separated from Abram, and pitched his tent toward Sodom, because it was "well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord." I often think it was a mercy for Lot that Abram was living to rescue him; and that though he had quarrelled with Abram, and had separated from him because of his own covetousness, yet that Abram was ready to fly to his relief.

But as I upbraid myself for having said so little of Italy, what can I say for having devoted so little space to the acknowledging of the goodness of God toward me, during so many thousands of miles of travel,—"in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea?" Am I the less unmindful of his goodness? I trust not. Oftimes do I look back, at the many mercies I received and the many "Ebenezers" I was enabled to set up, and view them as so many hills Mizar, encouraging me in the way, through the Lord strengthening me.

A man who has been at the seat of war, and knows, as it were, every yard of the ground, will read the accounts in the papers of the movements of the armies, and the siege of this place or the bombardment of that, with much more interest than one who has merely a map to refer to. And so it is with me. Since my visit to the Lands of the Bible, the Bible has been to me a new book. Not only have the manners and customs therein set forth been opened up to me, but I have obtained an insight into the spiritual meaning of many of the figures used, which will, I trust, be refreshing to me, at times, to my journey's end. I had prepared a summary, but I must omit it.

In the course of the work, I have several times referred to an "Appendix," which I should give if I could find room; but such room I *cannot* find. I have in my portfolio notes and memoranda enough for another volume; but I have thrown around it an elastic band, and quietly deposited it in my safe. Should it be my lot ever to visit Egypt again, I may, with the Lord's permission, make that journey one of special observation, and give my friends the benefit of my inquiries and remarks; but as my health is just now better, through mercy, than it has ever been in England for ten winters past, I have no thought of leaving at present. I have found one short sentence which, in friendly conversation with me, Dr. Richard Dawson, of Finsbury Circus, once dropped, of more use to me than all the medicine I ever took in my life. "The great secret in your case," said he, "is to breathe a pure air, and *keep your skin from being chilled.*" I am persuaded that more colds, and inflammations of the chest, are caused by persons overheating themselves, perhaps by running to save a train, and then sitting still, and becoming chilled, than from any other cause whatever. The "Appendix" referred to now (1859) appear in Vol. II.

I beg sincerely to thank my friends for the unexpected and almost unprecedented support I have received at their hands, upwards of 7,000 copies of my work having been already disposed of.

On page 194, I give an anecdote of William the Conqueror. An eminent barrister has sent me a copy of a pamphlet which he wrote some years ago, in which he endeavors to prove that William did not act in the way he is generally believed to have done, as stated by me. I can only say that I have yet seen no reason to change my opinion, beyond the alterations made in my Stereotype Edition.

The correctness of my remarks respecting the value of money in Egypt has been called into question. On page 227, I state that £750 in Egypt will go as far as £1,500 in England. This statement has been doubted; but, after making inquiry of some persons who resided in Egypt several years, as housekeepers, and after carefully making my own calculations, I am prepared to state that £750 in Egypt, taking all things into consideration, would in 1853 go as far as £2000 in England.

One remark which I made on Egypt, I wish to qualify. On page 227, I say that "the Copts, in fact, rule the country." What I meant was that, by their cunning, they so contrived to influence the different officers as to turn them almost any way they pleased. They could cause any man to be discharged or any man to be retained. Let us hope that, under the present pasha, things will be different.

On page 167 of my First Edition, I say, "The Arabs can calculate to a nicety, on certain days, what will be their fate." In the subsequent editions, the sentence stands thus: "The Arabs can calculate to a nicety, on certain days, what will be the state of their crops."

Page 48, line 14, Stereo. Edit.—John xiii. 45, should be John xiii. 4, 5.

Page 105, line 5, Stereo. Edit.—Jer. should be Isa.

Page 217, line 15, Stereo. Edit.—Gal. vii. 17, should be vi. 17.

Page 255, line 2, for "next," read "then."

Page 255, lines 44, 45.—2 Tim. iv. 22, "Grace be with you," corresponds with the Arabic, "Rahoona aleek," "God be with you."

Page 290, lines 22, 23, Stereo. Edit.—Zech. ix. 10, should be ix. 3.

The Chapters, from page 406 to 557, are numbered wrong. The Chapter commencing on page 406 should have been XXXV., and so on progressively to XLIV. This occurs in some copies only.

I have no doubt that many other errors have made their appearance; but the preceding are all that have as yet met my eye.

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LONDON: J. GADSBY, BOUVERIE STREET.

SCRIPTURE INDEX

TO

J. GADSBY'S "WANDERINGS."

☞ Many of the references in the following Index, being merely *parallel* passages, will not be found directly quoted in the pages respectively assigned to them; but they are all equally explained. For instance: On page 295 the quotation is given, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" and the immediate reference is Jer. viii. 22. But Gen. xxxvii. 25 is also given for the same page: "And, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery and *balm* and myrrh." So, again, page 187, "The middle wall of partition," Eph. ii. 14, is given; but Gal. iii. 28, Rom. x. 12, 1 Cor. xii. 13, and Col. iii. 11, "There is neither Jew nor Greek; ye are all one in Christ Jesus," are also given, having a similar meaning to Eph. ii. 14. The same remarks apply to at least 300 other references. Indeed, in many of the passages adduced, merely two or three words will be found upon the respective pages, as "Hired servant," Exod. xii. 45, page 249; "They bowed their heads," Exod. iv. 31, page 164; "Honeycomb," Prov. v. 3, page 459;" &c. &c.; but in every instance an explanation will be found of *some part* of the passage, if not the whole.

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